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THE TRADER'S WIFE

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

I

HARFORD watched his wife pack her clothes. It was a strange thing, he thought, that he could not modify her industry. All her savings, the fruit of that life of drudgery from which their marriage had withdrawn her, were transmuted into furbelows that were tossed about the room. An open box received her bodice of green velvet, a lemon-colored dolman with fringe, a padded jacket—he fidgeted and gazed moodily at the padded jacket, remembering the West Coast. He sighed with a memory too heavy of its heavy air. He wished he could prepare his wife for Africa; he roused himself to try again, but she walked away from him into the dimmer end of the long room, to tauten the square end of her Paisley shawl, one end of which he found himself, incredibly, to be holding. Her white arms were busy with the many-colored fabric, folding it with large gestures, intent on bringing it into small compass. She had no inner ear for his warning.

‘I understand, Mr. Harford, it will be warm. But a lady must maintain her common state; those about her must be done the honor of an effort to please.’

‘Those about her!’ said Harford.

‘Who and where are they? I tell you, Lucy, there are not to be five white men in ten days’ journey—no, nor in a month of journeying.’ But he checked himself; he was not a man to persist in futile effort, and his wife’s eyes, wide at gaze, were empty of apprehension. She would dress, she said, for the five.

He suddenly wished that she were a sea captain’s daughter—there were many of these in the town of Newport. Surely a captain’s daughter would entertain some faint misgiving as to the isolations and miseries of the wilderness. And might—the idea visited him—he induced to stay at home. And would be, perhaps, likely enough, less romantic. He sighed. His animosities toward her passionate vanities died down, and in the ebb of these there emerged a fundamental misgiving of the circumstance. How came he to have married her? Not for her beauty—though she was good-looking, he thought, dwelling on her now in her vivid animations, white-armed among the velvets and silks of her novel and cherished wardrobe. A fine figure of a woman, pressing out into her future like a ship’s head, the figure-head on the *Abundance*, that ship on which he had last served his country—like that, with her skirts surging behind

her activities like the garments of that eternally wind-blown eager image. Eager, that was the word — how came he to have married an eager woman? And the vast lassitudes of his African experience flowed in upon him. He drowned in that tide.

An hour from then he must dress in the room that was his and Lucy's. He was forty-six years old and had not, until his marriage, occupied a common room. He would not, he thought, in Africa; there, he thought, he would take this matter in hand. 'Before we settle down we will settle that' — and he found himself remembering the bark cabin he had built himself on his last tour, silent in its forest clearing halfway round the world, empty of any civilized convenience; and a good thing, too, he told himself, looking about at the clutter of their quarters. His wife at the dressing table drew out the long sweep of her hair — white arms and black hair, the daffodil blossoms of the candles, and a golden light on her breast. He saw that her gesture was noble. Their eyes meeting in the mirror, hers fastened upon this appreciation, and, turning about, she offered her lips with a smiling assurance. Her innocent abandonment moved him; he proceeded in a lighter mood.

The weather was cold; he felt the comfort of the buffalo robe that covered them in the sleigh, and, with his faculties of appreciation sharpened by his African exile, he appreciated the glowing lights of the house into which they came, shedding their snow at the door. Warmth and warm lights gushed out upon them; they saw the stir of women with sleek hair, their dresses full about them like flowers. His misgiving that he was to suffer the untellable miseries of ennui fell away from his heart; he would be, he promised himself, the ten-day bridegroom

that he was, and more truly his wife's husband, taking thought of her pride and the value she put upon her conquest, which she had no art to cover. He swore he would not dwell on this to-night, and forced his attention from her frank display and her dovelike preenings.

He answered with the necessary civility the habitual questions about the West Coast, its climate, its comforts and provender, its peoples; and he watched with his habitual bitterness the uncomprehending laughter at things not humorous and the tentative returns to the aspect of the Negro and his nudity. A black maid was in waiting; she wore a gown of linsey over hoops; she paused in midstream to dwell upon his sayings, something haunted in her eyes. He thought, 'There is a fine figure of a girl,' and he saw her packed in the middle tray of a slaver, brought out to the air at sunrise and at sunset, sluiced down with water daily, and shivering in the advancing cold of the voyage. He felt the irony of her skirt and hoop; his civilized and determined urbanity was on the ebb, and when he had to answer the toast to his marriage, with its larded phrases of romantic anticipation, its allusions to his wife's reputation as a poetess, — a tenth Muse, and now to be the Muse of travel, — he rose to his feet a rebel, disclaiming the romantic aspects of their future and hoping tersely that his wife would have the courage and the good sense to bear her lot in a dull and monotonous round.

Poetry would never help her to do that, and if she felt herself irrevocably dedicated to the romantic she had best, he said, stay at home among her admirers, while he went abroad about his business. And he sat down, pleased neither with himself — knowing well the degree of his self-indulgence — nor

with the company, who were past rallying. Lucy, who was pale, fixed him with a stricken eye, and he looked away from her to meet the gaze of the Negress, wide and fascinated. The glance he gave her was a blow and the very movement of his irritation. She vanished; and so, if he could have had his will, would have vanished the dinner company. But no, they were reviving, and soon he must agree with them that the antislavery activities of Mr. Garrison were unseemly and that the institution of slavery was holy, forecast in the Bible. To his own mind Mr. Garrison had been negligible, an idealist. He had neither read his speeches nor leaned to his reputed opinions, but he felt a present unsuspected repulsion and bitterness of negation of these people, so remote from blood and stench. They were telling, without imagination, of the ladies of Boston who had been but recently stoned for their antislavery pretensions.

II

Later he begged Lucy to stay at home. 'You have n't an idea of what it is like,' he told her; 'it is dreary — unspeakably; the surf is a wall, and the forest is another, about an empty room.' And while he spoke to her of this, African solitudes possessed his heart like an enchantment. But they were not for her, he was sure. As for slavery and slaving — he could not think either she or her friends would survive the scent of a slave ship, let alone the sight of one or the sound. Lucy, looking at him, was startled out of her mood of self-pity. 'It is no more than my duty,' she told him.

Lucy's duty, which he had married with Lucy, was to be, he began to feel, a governing factor in his life. He wondered how much of his panic and rebellion was due to bile — the

West Coast life, as he well knew, was a thing of bile and spleen; but Lucy was not to be told when he had a chill, else her duty to nurse him would be more than he could bear.

To church on Sunday, as Lucy's duty, the two of them went, admirable in aspect, as was much observed. A stranger in the pulpit was preaching an abolition sermon — a zealous soul all tortured with his zeal. 'This very day,' he told them, 'while you sit at ease in Zion, a free people in a free country, there are wretched blacks at sea, packed in trays like dried fish, stinking like fish, some of them to die before the sun has set and to be cast into the sea. Who are the murderers of these?'

'The abolitionists do so much exaggerate,' Lucy told him on the way home. 'They could not exaggerate,' he said; and at that she wondered, not knowing how he could speak so, whose business had once been, in his youth, the Trade. She would have questioned him, but his grim look checked her.

'My husband is a stern man,' she told her friends, 'but not with me'; and she contrived for their benefit a melting Harford, tender and yielding. She had really at first supposed this to be true — else why had he married her? She had only to remember the speed of their courtship to be reassured, even now, that he was tender and yielding. They were not three weeks met when they were married. Lucy and her friends thought this romantic. They had met in Captain Shaw's house at a dinner. Lucy, in white with blue ribbons, had been that gay creature whose sorrows are hidden — all her friends knew this of her, and presently one of them told Harford: —

'There is the pluckiest, the most brilliant girl in the city of Newport. To see her, you would never know that it is her fate to be a drudge. She is a

drudge, sir — an orphan; nothing but her own courage and industry lies between her and want.' It was told him further that she was much desired as a reader, and that her poetry, written in her rare leisure, was impassioned, noble, and uplifting.

That she was a pretty woman Harford had observed; but her local fame did not hang, it seemed, upon that. Indeed, her local fame was kept bright by her female friends; her schoolmates, grown up and married, assiduously told their husbands how superior a person Lucy Williams was, and the reports passed on to Harford were verbatim. Harford, meeting her, had them by heart, and in a conversation prematurely intimate he had from herself the sad story of her life. All her gayety omitted, she discovered to him her long struggle, her hours of labor late and early, and her present favorable reputation. Harford had, it seemed, read a long tale of hers in verse; he had thought it fine, and told her so. Tears filled her gray eyes; they brimmed on her curled lashes, and Harford was moved. The evoked image was clear, and it was quite true of him, as Lucy supposed, that he was vulnerable.

But the chink in the armor, if indeed it was over the heart, was not to be pierced by passion. Harford was compassionate to poverty; he knew her to be poor. Newly come from the isolations of Africa, he was more susceptible than was his habit to the appeal of a pretty woman. He was pursued, and he did not shy away. As for Lucy, she knew herself to be incapable of the indelicacies of a pursuit. She was not, she hoped, a woman to love a man unasked — there was that in him, she told her friends, that broke down her reserve. It cannot truly be said that Harford married her from an impulse of pity and in cold blood; it was one of those marriages that are fortuitous —

the fruit of a favorable season. It is quite certain that if Harford had been married before he would not have married again.

They sailed upon the *Arrow*. Captain Rogers was in measure a partner in Harford's trading venture, had known him for years, and had shipped more than one cargo for him before the slave trade had ceased to be, for Harford, a legitimate business. The captain had brought the trader to Newport, from which a line of goods was to be had of the sort that was replacing, for a growing demand, the slaver's cargo. Rogers had Harford's little fortune in the hold of the *Arrow*; the beads and calicoes and ironware — above all, the rum — were there. Harford would be trading for ivory, ebony, and palm oil. He had a theoretical passion for his venture; it was the fruit of a slow-grown conviction that the commercial future of Africa was dawning with the decline of the slave trade. He brought to his business a perfected technique of contact with the primitive African, and he felt himself to touch upon the time when his many projects, not realizable in the slave trade, would justify themselves. His designs pressed the more upon his attention because there was none with whom he might share them — not the captain, and certainly not his wife.

Captain Rogers had known Lucy Williams all her life, and for him her presence on his ship was a madness. He could not reconcile it with anything he knew either of the West Coast, which in itself he despised, or of Harford, whom he admired. He gave it up once at least every day. Lucy came aboard drowned in tears — and well, he thought, she did to cry. He gave her the best of his cabins, save his own. Vaguely he hoped, and he strangely expected, that she would be seasick the better part of the voyage. He had

been sixty days at sea on his last return. He was unprepared for her appearance on deck the third day out and on the next day for her appearance at mess with her assembled airs and graces.

Lucy, pale but affable, put him ill at ease in his own saloon. It annoyed him to put his pipe aside when he entered there. It annoyed him to see his chief mate's head sleeked with pomade and to smell it. It fretted him to find her at his elbow when at midday he took his reckonings, and he dreaded her questioning about the ship's run and the morrow's weather and about his personal adventures — in particular, about the slave trade. It was not in his experience to discuss the slave trade except as a business. He was not ashamed of it; he considered that his equipment was of the best and that his methods were as good as might be. He had never thrown a cargo into the sea — he recounted this to his credit, and he told Lucy of the time when he had with his own hands, after the death of his surgeon, dressed the more deadly sores of his poor wretches. But he found a strange complacency in this young lady who was reconciled to the noted miseries of the middle passage. He supposed that she could hardly know the truth of them, and, musing further, he sniffed the air of his cabin, suffering from an odor which it seemed to him had not quite gone off his ship.

'I hate like hell the smell of those niggers,' he told Harford. 'The last lot had been a month in barracoon, and for that, or for some other cause, they smelled the worst of any cargo I ever carried. I had the ship painted in Baltimore, but I smell it even in my sleep.' Harford, looking at the old man's grimace, said he did n't smell it; but he did, the whiff of it bringing back his own contacts with such cargoes in his time. It was curious that

Lucy never spoke of this, the more as they were coming into tropical latitudes, when a ship gives up her essential odor of whatever kind.

III

Lucy, who had at first cried out all day upon the novelty of her circumstance, was now crying out upon its monotony, for with an unbroken easy monotony the ship slid into the tropics. It was a voyage without port of call, and without incident but one. Of this incident the captain loved to tell until the day he died; there was no mate to it in his experience. On the fortieth day out from Newport, the ship then being Lat. 9°, Long. 17°, and off the Ivory Coast, the morning being fair and the sea calm, the ship overhauled a man adrift on the flat of a squared log, very large. The log was such as is shipped from the West Coast, of African mahogany. It was the strangeness of that lonely craft, so dark on the wrinkled brilliance of the morning sea, that struck the captain's imagination. The man was black; he lay upon the log asprawl — dead to the eye, or dying. But he did not die; the sailors tended him, and with evening he began to revive. Within a day or two he stood upon his legs that were shackled. Naked in his tattoo and chains, he stood before the captain. He had no word to say; he looked at the sea and the ship with a vacant eye. A rag was put about him, and he sat with his back against a capstan.

In the week after this adventure Lucy had a birthday, and said so; the captain then made her a present of the man.

'He is lost from a slaver, ma'am, either by way of escape or because he was thrown away with others when the ship was overhauled by a cruiser — though that would not be likely; those

that are put over the side in such a time are weighted. Well, we'll never know from him. He has a look of the people of the Niger — he will be a handsome nigger when his sores are healed and he has put a stone or two on his bones. I trust he will do you many years' service. Bring him aft,' he told the steward, 'and see that he comes decent to the lady.'

Lucy thought this a most romantic present. She waited, smiling, in the pool of the cabin light until the Negro was thrust in and stood by the door. He was now recovered from the blight of his privations; the steward had put a red cloth about his loins. His age would be near to thirty; he was of a good black, tall, and elegant with an animal elegance. In his face that was a tragic mask his eyes were shocking in their vitality — they looked about the world in vain. Coming to light upon Lucy, they rested, they were stayed with wonder; wonder then possessed them, and the poor wretch who had long not known ease from rage and fear was eased by a preoccupation.

Lucy was intimidated by the strangeness of that creature breathing presently so close to her, for the captain had the steward bring him forward, and himself with his hand on the nape of the Negro's neck made him kneel. He bent his dark body beside her white skirt.

'This be your big Massa,' the captain told him, and by that word 'Massa,' or by some intimation that hung in the air, the Negro was informed — Harford knew it; he knew too that the Negro was enchanted by his wonder, asking himself if this were a boy or a girl or a woman, looking with an immediate hunger of curiosity into Lucy's face, pale between bands of dark hair.

Harford saw his wife fluttered. She had thought of a slave as she had known

slaves — civilized and broken, dressed in linsey-woolsey, and saying, 'Yes, ma'am'; but this man — so striding and so wild, looking at her with such wide eyes — she did not feel to be a slave.

She looked at her husband, and he drew the Negro's eyes. 'Get up!' he told him, and the man rose. Smart fellow, Harford thought, and had him led away.

Thereafter Lucy's slave was pupil to the steward and began to learn the difference between a towel and a pillow case. Harford, who had taught many a black boy to lay the cloth, thought well of this one. He gave him the name Atemba. The possession of Atemba was a burning pride in the heart of his mistress, and she became habituated to it. In the letters she wrote home she exploited this event, and a kind of epic account of it appeared a year from then, in the *Newport News*. Old sea captains read it and grinned at Lucy Williams's account of her nigger.

But Harford saw it as a reconciling element in his wife's introduction to the Coast. His imagination began to be busy with this difficulty; he had no illusions as to the bleakness of the prospect, and the captain, with the best will in the world, did nothing to help him. The customary West Coast gossip recurred; the deaths by fever, the misadventures and extremes of nostalgia, the fatalities by poison, by snake bite, the lonely madresses — all these familiar makings of African biography were, as ever, common talk at the table. Only there were none of the crew so hardy as to talk of women — for all Lucy heard, the white man in West Africa was a celibate.

The ship's course was set to Gaboon, where the captain would take on his Kru boys, discharge his cargo, and turn his vessel over to the Spaniards, with

whom his agreement was made and who would assume command and ship the slaves that were gathered and waiting in barracoons. Under Spanish colors the *Arrow*, as the *Esperanza*, would make for a South American port. 'But never fear,' the captain told Lucy; 'the *Arrow* will come to anchor off Newport as clean as she left it, for I'll have her painted once she is discharged at Bahia. Any little thing you will be sending your friends for a present I'll put into their hands myself. An ivory tusk, now; or a grass mat made by the Galway people — though my wife complained when I brought her a mat; she said it smelled of mould. And so it did, ma'am — you'll see for yourself there is a smell of mould that hangs about the equator.'

On the forty-seventh day out, the *Arrow* passed within landfall of the lovely small island of Elobi, ringed in its white surf. Every creature on the ship rejoiced to see it shining in an afternoon light on a pale sea. Lucy, holding the captain's glass to an inexperienced eye, saw it swing into the empty air, perfectly brilliant. Vines hung down its white cliffs, and on the white sands below dark groups of people gathered and scattered and hailed the ship, their voices lost at sea. The captain told Lucy of a trader who had been killed there, the Benga people claiming that he had robbed them. The captain had rescued the trader's wife, calling a month after the murder; he had found her in a little hut on the west side of the island, where she had kept herself without harm. The women of the island had fed her, but she had come aboard ship all but dead, and she had died at sea. 'It's a hard country for a lady, ma'am,' the captain told Lucy, who said that any country was hard for a dishonest man or woman of a poor spirit. And she watched the embowered island set in its ring of

surf. She had no question to ask of that woman whose body, as the captain sometimes unhappily remembered, had been let down into the sea. 'Your lady has a brave spirit,' he told Harford, 'but not an idea of this country.'

With the next morning Lucy woke to the odor of land; past her porthole green trees drifted, and she heard the quartermaster chanting the mark on the lead line. She had slept while the ship came about into the Gaboon estuary. But Harford had hardly slept the night; he saw the daylight come above the low dark land; presently the morning sky was pricked by the crests of the great trees that stood at the water's edge where the eyes of mariners looked to take their bearings. The surf running up the beach broke enormously, and, when the ship made the bar, broke there. With the sight of that surf, so familiar to him in his wandering, he accepted Africa afresh; the feeling of it came to him across the waters; what had seemed so strange to him in his chosen life as he had thought of it in civilized countries returned to inhabit his very soul, not stranger now than his own breath. Only his absence from these circumscribed and familiar things began already to seem strange; and, already almost forgotten, the sights and the sounds of the North began to sink down over the slope of the sea as the ship came about into the still waters of the estuary.

Atemba leaned on the rail; he looked landward with an empty face. Harford judged that he was not a beach man and that he had no hope of a home beside the sea — of an inland tribe, doubtless, and certainly without the tribal marks of these parts. Harford was familiar with the tribes about the Gaboon; he had gone over this country with a fair degree of interest when he was planning his present venture. And

his mind, fresh from his absence, sprang to meet his prospects; he told himself that he had the finest stock of trade goods that had ever been put ashore on these beaches, and the only stock of trade that was not for slaving. He could watch the slave trade perish, as he knew it must, without regret. The day for a legitimate trade had dawned, and he was ready for it.

IV

Two schooners lay at anchor off the settlement of Glass. They carried the Spanish flag and he knew them for slavers, and he wondered whether old mates of his were aboard them. Neither had taken cargo as yet; their captains would wait for the dark to load, and would load, when they did, in one night; their trade was now precarious, and their cargo would be brought down in canoes from some hidden point up-river. A third steamer, a four-master, he made out to be the *Straw*; she was taking lumber over the side. He rejoiced to see her, as he must come to agreements with her master. The sound of her winches, faint across the water, was sweet to him; he would be giving her cargo on her next voyage — pray God it would not be long. From the villages that lay along the north shore, and where the small huts were now visible, he heard the rhythm of drums — or did not hear them, so well he knew that sound. He marked the long wall of Taylor's barracoon and that no smoke of fires rose above the wattled walls — it must be that Taylor no longer kept his slaves there and that it was in disuse since the Patrol had become stricter.

When Lucy brushed in between him and the motionless Atemba, Harford was shocked to see her, so utterly had she perished from his mind. Now she leaned on the rail, her sleek hair un-

ruffled in the slight way of the ship, her cheek brown and red from the long voyage, not yet heated, her white dress spreading over the hoops she had resumed. Atemba looked at her without focus; for him she was not there, while for Harford she was there — strangely present. She began to ask questions; why had he not prepared himself for these?

He answered her with a half-attention. The Kru boys, laughing and shouting, were coming alongside in canoes, climbing the rope with their bundles in their teeth. His two or three friends were coming in their gigs; they would be looking for their rare letters. Taylor was first on deck, pulling at the collar of his shirt when he saw a woman, and, when he saw her to be a lady, entirely confounded. His poor face, so pallid under the eye of Harford, fresh from home, was unshorn; his white cotton suit, entirely clean, was threadbare. He bowed as he had not done these five years, and he told Mrs. Harford, 'I am proud to meet you, ma'am.' He woke with a start when Harford told him they must beg his hospitality for the day or two before they should go up the river. Taylor was then painfully preoccupied, casting about in his mind, as Harford well knew, to remember the state of his quarters. And presently he rushed away.

'I'll not bring her ashore until evening,' Harford told him.

'You damn fool, to bring a lady to this hole!' Taylor hissed as he passed him.

Harford sighed; neither he nor Taylor would have thought it a hole if it had not been for Lucy, and the two of them had a day's business pressing them that would not wait. The captain himself must turn his eyes from his proper concerns because the Mpongwe girls, until to-day so welcome, had begun to clutter the deck. He began to

bully them — what were the little sluts doing aboard a decent ship like his? 'You take them beach girls for slop side,' he told a tall grave Mpongwe youth, who was Taylor's headman, and who had serious business aboard ship.

'Them beach girls be fine too much,' said the youth, and he was indignant; 'what for they no be fit for live for deck?'

'You no see white woman? You take them beach girls for slop side — white woman no be fit for like them beach girls!'

But the captain was wrong. Between the Mpongwe girls and Lucy there was a strong magnetism and a passionate curiosity. Lucy was looking upon the flower of a notable tribe; those heads so smoothly dressed and set with fretted combs of ivory were all turned her way. Those dark faces, emptied by wonder of any lesser feeling, all fed upon her strangeness. They drifted to her softly, they softly knelt beside her, and when she smiled they laughed, clapping their hands. The odor of the dye of their bright cloths and of trade scent was all about her — a strange odor; their healthy bodies, their dark smooth skins, their dark bright eyes, their white teeth between their laughing brown lips, were strangely near her, in a great perfection of vigor and freedom. Her own image shone in their every eye. They were entirely enchanted by her presence and her sex. Only a mulatress, very slim, with tawny hair and a golden skin, leaned against the cabin wall, withdrawn from Lucy's successes. A small boy, very black, approached Lucy with a gift of pawpaws; the fruit, like yellow melons in a basket, he laid at her feet. And presently all the bright fruits that had come aboard for the crew were heaped before Lucy.

Harford, passing by, was struck by the opulent aspect of that group of girls and fruit. Beauty moved him

freshly, and he was released from a burden of care. The evening stole over the estuary of Gaboon — how infinitely sweet it was, with a remembered sweetness. With the failure of the sunlight the shore drew near; he saw the settlement beside the water, — that would be Glass, — and behind the plateau he saw the great trees by which mariners had laid their course for generations, as they would do for years to come. Like acorns fallen from great oaks were the little cabins of the settlements of Gaboon. His business with the captain must wait until the morning. He and Atemba gathered up the weary Lucy and her spoils, intimidating with their busy ways the Mpongwe girls. The captain came to wish her farewell (Harford knew his thought — that she would not live the year out: 'And a fine woman too, but has n't an idea of the country'), and Lucy went over the side, laughing at the difficulties of the ladder, and little knowing how she was observed through the captain's glass of the French ship that lay to leeward of the *Straw*. She would like it if she knew, thought Harford, when he was at leisure in the canoe.

The canoe was his own, and a fine one. It had been made for him in the year of his absence. The young captain of the crew of six was his headman — a Fang. Harford had a liking for the forest tribes; his business, he hoped, would come more and more to be with them, and he had himself trained a group of Fang traders. No other had done so, and no other had set himself against the custom of trust that was so smooth a beginning and so inevitable a destruction of friendship. He told the Fang that the canoe was a good one and that he would be paid for it in the morning. They spoke together of the things of trade.

Lucy listened to that strange tongue; the canoers sang and paddled; the

shadow of evening was in the water; her attention, weary with strain, drowsed, and they came to shore. Harford gave her a hand as she left the canoe. He thought to himself suddenly, 'Never again to be the same!' He thought of the change that waits the white man in Africa — Lucy did not know of this change. She left herself there in the canoe and did not know that it must be so. She gave herself to Africa without thought. She passed the little houses by the sea and did not know that these were now her town; she went up the steps to the door of Taylor's house and did not mark that it was a house with a verandah — a deck house. She was met by a desperate Taylor and did not guess that he was sick with excitement, or that he had never thought to see a formidable white woman there.

She accepted the poverty of that poor shelter as exceptional — she did not know that there was no better shelter within a month's journey. She did not see a woman's dress hanging on the rude plank wall of Taylor's bedroom, and she did not miss that dress when it was whisked away by a stricken Taylor. She sat at table on Taylor's verandah without thought of its fine red and white checked cloth; spreading her wide white skirts, she leaned on her hand and looked out to sea, where three vessels hung their lights against the dusk — and she had no knowledge of the ageless intervals when there was no ship there to prick the evening with her lights.

The nostalgias of Taylor, pushed back into brief surcease, did not weigh upon the air. All went well, thought Taylor, and so it did. What an escape! What a day of escape, and a night! How long, he wondered vaguely, with his eyes upon Lucy. But he did not envy Harford — no, it would be too difficult. He thought of his Iwengosono, with her tawny hair and yellow

eyes. She was going to have a baby, and perhaps it would be a black baby — he hoped she would keep well out of the way. Iveki, as good a steward as he could put his hand on, was serving at the table, Mpongwe hauteur giving dignity to his crude fashion. There was palm oil and other country chop on the table; wine, too, and fine fruit. Behind Lucy stood Atemba, sunk in his own despair — as lost among the Mpongwe as he had been in the sea. Harford supposed that he must have seen the land-fall with some hope of his own tribe and country.

With the hour the land breeze fell, and there was a stillness before the sea breeze should rise at eight o'clock; the hurricane lamp brimmed its circle of light, laving the faces that were half in shadow; the sea sighed; the plumes of the bamboo whispered; and in the dark about them — where there was a murmur of comment and laughter — were the curious who gathered to see the white people fresh from the sea. Harford heard the legato of the Mpongwe and the staccato of the Fang tongues. He wished to be seeing his own Fang, who had come down the river in three canoes — they would be bedded near by in Taylor's compound, where they would be without doubt the butt of the fine Mpongwe. He rose, excusing himself. Taylor, in a panic, rose with him, and Lucy was left to look about that bamboo shelter where the white sand drifted on the gray plank of the floor.

Within a little room a bed was spread for her with a bright country cloth. A mirror, gray in a tarnished frame, gave back her image dimmed. Atemba held the lantern for her self-scrutiny, and he looked at himself without a smile. There was a great earthen basin and a jug of water; these were brightly flowered and bore the name of King Toko. The night came in at the windows,

where there was no glass, only a shutter that Lucy barred and then threw open again, leaning out to feel against her cheek the stir of the sea breeze. And then, from the dark, dark voices spoke to her softly; Iwengosono and her girl friends were watching her from the ground below the window. They admired her, speaking to her in Mpongwe, which certainly she did not understand; but they saw her smiling in the lamplight. They laughed, and would have come in to her, but the voice of an old woman spoke sharply, and they went away.

Lucy sighed with pleasure. She felt herself deliciously free of the ship; she could not be still in that empty room, and she passionately desired to be abroad. Atemba followed her, the lantern swinging at his knee. She smelt the frangipani that blossoms in beach settlements, and the odor of wood fires. Taylor's little house stood in a trodden clearing surrounded by a brush fence. Beyond this there was a camp ground; the sound of laughter and of drumming came from this compound.

Through a breach in the stockade Lucy saw Africa at play—dark bodies leaping to incredibly accurate

rhythms, dark voices joining in an intelligible phrase and recurrent sudden shout. There were a hundred people there, and on the ground the blaze of twenty fires; there was such a freedom as Lucy had not known. A long time she watched those free people eddying in a dance without logic, struck with firelight and with moonlight. Harford, coming back with Taylor, found her there, Atemba beside her; he drew her with him to the house; he was struck by a lack of focus in her dazzled eyes. She had not complained of the heat—Harford was to find her uncomplaining.

Three days later, facing her in the canoe as they pointed upriver, he heard her join the Fang paddlers in their boat song. The Fang shouted with laughter; singing the songs of free men, they shot past the old barracoon. The estuary was clean silver over its whole expanse, and without a sail, the slaves having been loaded in the night and the ships having cleared before dawn. Harford's ten canoes of barter trailed the canoe of the 'Big Massa,' who was richer now, the Fang told each other, by a woman. A fine woman, bought with a great price, surely. And much goods besides, in his many canoes.

(To be continued)

WHAT THE NEGRO MEANS TO AMERICA

BY HERMANN KEYSERLING

I

THE negro influence cannot, of course, be accounted for by the spirit of the American continent. The emotional vacuum within the soul of the colonial, which must inevitably be filled from without, accounts for it to a certain extent, but another reason may be found in the rejuvenation of America — its relapse, or rather lapse, into primitivity. As a primitive, the colored man is naturally superior to his white brother, his expressions are more authentic, more genuine, and this superiority is enhanced by the great emotional endowment and the equally great gift of artistic expression of the negro; perfection of expression makes even those enter into his feelings and emotions who personally lack them altogether. But the chief reason for the influence is the fact that hitherto the black native of America has been, from the point of view of Mother Earth, a more authentic American than the white native, even though there may have been no admixture of alien blood since the days of the *Mayflower*.

I know that my American readers will not like this assertion, but there is no evading the truth. The American negro is a purely American type and much more convincing as such than any living white type. I do not in any way beg the question. His convincing power has asserted itself all over the earth; nothing America has created so far can bear comparison with the convincing power of negro dancing and

music — possibly with the one exception of Christian Science.

But is the type of the American negro really native-born? Of course it is. There has never been anything like the American negro in Africa, nor is there anything like him in the West Indies or in South America. The negro dance, the jazz music, those songs which sweep every American audience, are self-expressions of the *emancipated* negro, of what the black man has developed into on American soil since the Civil War. He is, accordingly, an American as opposed to his forbears, as much as any Middle Westerner of old pioneer stock can claim to be. And since the black American happens to have native-born feelings and emotions true to the American soil, which the white man has not as yet developed, he really supplements the latter. This is, in my opinion, the chief reason for the fact that almost all expressions of American emotionalism seem to be of negro origin. They really are of American origin. But since the white man's soul has not yet grown in this respect beyond the stage of receptivity and imitation, it must needs express itself in the black man's way in order to live out its own life.

It is perhaps as well if in this connection I say as much on the subject of the very delicate negro problem as the context allows. The colored man is as true an American as his white brother. The American Constitution does not allow any kind of persecution of citizens, and owing to the extreme con-

servatism of the American temperament there is little likelihood that the Constitution will ever be changed. There will probably continue to be a certain amount of lynching, as a sort of safety valve, for a considerable time to come, but I cannot imagine that a consistent antinegro policy will ever be carried through. The social question is already solved, as far as a solution is possible under the circumstances.

In the South, at any rate, a tacitly acknowledged caste system is in existence, and nothing wiser could have been invented. There is equality before the law, but the white and the black lead separate lives. Such a state of things is always possible; not only do the various species of animals live closely together without mixing, but a similar situation has existed in most countries inhabited by various races — such as India, for instance. The American Constitution, however, takes care that the superiority of one caste does not involve oppression of the others. Thus the negroes need not feel humiliated; they can develop, as *Americans*, a racial pride of their own. And they will perhaps even build up a culture of their own.

Let us remember at this point what we said of the great emotional and artistic endowment of the colored man; the first really far-reaching influence from the New World emanated from him. For only the soul has direct attractive power — not intellect, or technical achievement. For only the soul really is 'man.' If America had nothing more to show than technical invention, then there could be no question at all of a lasting American influence on the world. The printing press was invented in Germany — but the world has not become German because of that; had Germany produced nothing else, its very existence would soon have been forgotten. For

technical inventions are soulless and can be appropriated by everybody; they eventually belong to him who gives them a soul.

There is nothing paradoxical, therefore, in my assertion that the greatest achievements of America in the past, from the point of view of human culture, are due to her black sons. But it may easily come to pass that the great achievements of the future will be due to them as well. This is the less improbable since the white man's prejudices will have it that whoever has only a drop of negro blood in his veins is counted among the black. If only the really black were thought of and treated as negroes, then the superiority of the white man would continue in all fields for centuries to come. But there is an immense percentage of really white people in the negro caste. Under these circumstances there is nothing improbable in the expectation, considering the emotional and artistic under-endowment of the white American race, that the first original geniuses of the New World will belong to the black. Let us remember that the grandfathers of both Pushkin, Russia's greatest poet, and Alexandre Dumas were colored men.

II

Under all circumstances, there are two varieties of authentic natives of America — a white and a black variety. And we have to face the possibility that time may work for the latter on all lines. Not only is the white colonial type lacking in soul, but he is also lacking in physical vitality. He is undoubtedly less vital on the whole than the European, except for those cases in which the immigrant has really become a son of the new North. His health is not really good; erotically he is less strong than the European; the American man who has passed the

forties with extraordinary frequency looks spinsterlike. He is very active and energetic on one single line, but usually constitutionally unable to concentrate on others at the same time. He is rarely creative. The mere fact that he puts up with such an inordinate amount and degree of routine life proves lack of original vitality. This is sometimes due to degeneration; the pioneers or the other first generations of immigrants have very often had to work so hard that their descendants have to pay for it. It may also be due, in part, to the earth in this respect — that this continent breeds a comparatively unvital type of man; in this connection the red Indians are closely akin to the white Americans I am thinking of.

But the chief reason for the white American's lack of original vitality should be the same as that which accounts for American soullessness. Mother Earth was there before man; she will outlive him. Physical life has its source in the earth, and this means more than that man requires food and shelter. If a race becomes almost entirely a race of town dwellers, to whom the country means nothing but a raw material, the prospects of the race cannot possibly be hopeful. Towns there must be; they may be compared to the brain in the physical organism, where forces are spent for the benefit of the whole. Thus Paris thinks and acts practically for the whole of France. But very few Parisians of importance were born in Paris. As far as we can look back in history, towns were, from the point of view of biology, places of spending and not of earning or saving. If they were not again and again replenished by stolid and sturdy sons of the soil, degeneration and decay would set in. The same will hold good until doomsday. It is true that industrial civilization has created new conditions,

but this civilization will become stable only when a new state of balance has been arrived at between man the son of the earth and man the exploiter of the earth. The race of those who belong only to the latter type will inevitably pass away. It is because Europe realizes this that it is giving more and more attention to the establishment of a new life close to nature.

Now in America there is a very real danger that the whole continent — with the exception of a few mountain ranges — will become one single town. It is not easy even to-day to determine where New York ends and Boston begins; owing to the fact that all latter-day town planning and building has been carried out under the assumption that everybody owns a motor car, there is no limit to the extension of suburbs. Chicago even to-day covers a territory which would have sufficed to form a handsome kingdom thirty years ago. The standardization of American life makes it ever so much easier and cheaper to live in town than in the country, all the more so since, or if, farming does not pay. Nor is there any probability of a tradition-bound farmer type developing in the near future, for the only solution of the farmer problem which the Department of Agriculture at Washington seems to visualize is the creation of an exceptionally intelligent and scientifically trained farmer type — and all human history goes to prove that active intellects never found lasting happiness in conforming to the ever-slow processes of nature.

All these circumstances coöperate in producing a general town-dweller psychology. The love of crowds and the extraordinary docility of all Americans in following the suggestions of advertising agents help to complete the picture; the territory of the United States may really some day become one single

town. I spent several weeks at that wonderful place in the Californian desert which bears the name of Palm Springs. It counted hardly a couple of hundred permanent residents, but there were no less than sixty-three real-estate agents. One radiant morning I went up a hill. From the summit of it I saw the whole desert already plotted out with street names and the rest. And then I realized with terror that the whole of the Californian desert may soon grow to be one single town, and that this town may even soon merge into ever-spreading Chicago.

But, all joking apart, the problem is

really very serious. For, if the white American continues on his present line of development, then America may end by becoming the black continent of modern days. We know to-day that from palæolithic days onward there have been at least three great civilizations in Africa the original representatives of which were not black. In those early days the negro seems to have played a part similar to that of the gorilla to-day. But the ruling races eventually lost their vitality; they lived too much aloof from Mother Earth. So the negro, notwithstanding his position, has the last word.

THE CONVENTION OF GOING TO COLLEGE

An Appeal to Parents

BY WILLIAM I. NICHOLS

I

OUR passion for well-rounded education is such that we are in danger of manufacturing a nation of billiard balls.

The catalogue of any American college gives a fair idea of the final steps in the educational process as it is now applied. The student must first concentrate, or major, in one subject, and take several courses in that; then he must distribute, or minor, in other courses, taken from prescribed combinations of subjects. The first will make him profound; the second will make him broad. In most cases, moreover, he must have studied a certain amount of Latin or Greek, to make him clas-

sical, and modern languages in certain combinations to make him erudite.

His body, as well as his mind, must undergo certain treatments at the same time. He cannot matriculate until he has shown a certificate of vaccination. He cannot graduate until he has demonstrated his ability to swim. He must have fulfilled his physical-training requirements by taking part in an approved sport for at least three hours a week, by taking special corrective exercises if his posture is deficient, and by attending a series of lectures on hygiene.

When he emerges from the stages of this process and receives the imprint of a college degree—behold, the Greek ideal, healthy mind in healthy

body, and both as well rounded as can be.

On the whole it is a good thing that he should be well rounded; at least, he will now be able to roll smoothly and comfortably through life. If he was born into the world with normal interests and average abilities, if his main ambition is to obtain a good job, settle down, pay his bills, and in other ways become a respectable member of the community, college will have given him the proper equipment. His concentration will have given him sufficient knowledge and training to hold his job; his distribution will have endowed him with certain stimulating outside interests to serve as retreats from his job; his social and athletic training will have given him friends, and prepared him to spend his leisure time amiably.

But occasionally there appear students with outstanding abilities and independent interests who ought not to be made spherical; who should be left as they are — elliptical, oblong, or triangular.

These are irregular and unusual students, and so it will be hard to speak of them in categories. But, on broad lines and with necessary qualifications, it can be said that there are four classes of college students who suffer most from the mass-production methods which American colleges have necessarily adopted to fit their students for their places in a mass-production world: —

1. The true scholars — those who have a passion to go exploring in the world of ideas, tracing down the lost, mislaid, and undiscovered facts pertaining to some particular subject.

2. The adventurers — those who long to be off to explore the material world, in airplanes, sailboats, and dog sleds, following the four winds, and sitting beside each of the seven seas.

3. The artisans — those who are

happiest when they are at work with their hands at tangible things, in farms, forests, laboratories, and workshops.

4. The artists — those who take joy in working with true colors, fragile harmonies, and graceful lines, striving after perfection in the creative arts.

It is to these students that the institutional training furnished by our colleges may be particularly harmful. I would appeal for them, and direct my appeal to their parents, for it is generally as a result of parental influence that they find themselves in college. In practically every case of serious maladjustment which I have discovered among college students, I have come ultimately to the statement, 'I did n't really want to come to college; I just did it to please the family.' It develops that the student has been persuaded into college by his parents and his contemporaries (who have in turn been influenced by their parents), and then found himself in an environment which is totally unsympathetic to him.

With the best intentions in the world, parents coerce their sons into college, just as they coerce them into the dentist's office. Now it is possible to send a boy to the dentist twice a year and assume that his teeth are taken care of. But sending him to school and college is by no means so easy or so certain. Parents must not place too much faith in pedagogues. Rather, they should be constantly on their guard against them. The educators, for all their efforts, have developed no sort of X-ray to diagnose students and discover the inner qualities of their minds and hearts. The institutions which they administer have to be run on 'plans' and 'systems' (most of them very similar to that just summarized) to supply the needs of the majority of the students. The best system in the world can be fatal to

individual students who are not suited to it. It is for this reason that parents must keep constant watch over the education of their children. Scholastic-aptitude tests and intelligence quotients alone will not reveal whether they are adapted to one system or another. There is no substitute for the knowledge which springs from continued discernment, understanding, and deep affection.

A few colleges which have remained loyal to their academic tradition can still help the true scholar. But even the best colleges seldom do good, and often harm, to the artist, the artisan, and the adventurer. The reason for this is not far to seek: the interests and abilities of these boys are not academic; they lie completely beyond college boundaries. Analyze the activities in which they are absorbed, and it becomes apparent that they are activities of the hand as much as of the head. Academic work, unrelated to the concrete and tangible, lacks reality and importance: it is half-existence, life in the head alone, and consequently boring and meaningless to the boys in these three groups.

The liberal college can develop and enrich the interests of its students in many directions. But there are some things which it cannot do: it cannot teach a boy to fly an airplane, or drive a team of husky dogs, or breed sheep, or carve a statue. If a boy's mind is absorbed in one of these things, he will have to fight against the curriculum to find time for it. The result will often be bitter failure, both in his college career and in the private and personal career which he had imagined for himself. There are a great many places where a boy may obtain training outside the colleges. There are aviation schools, agricultural colleges, conservatories of music, training ships, art schools, and, most important of all,

that almost-forgotten educational expedient, apprenticeship in the world.

As long as any nonacademic interest occupies first place in a boy's scale of values he should be given 'time out' to investigate it before he is sent to college. It may be that the boy will find that he is totally mistaken. A little actual experience on a farm may convince him that his interest in agriculture is not so deep as it once seemed; some time in a studio may reveal that his talent is not so great as he fancied. In that case, he can always return to college. But, until he has cleared the way for himself, and convinced himself that he belongs in college, he will never approach his college work with that singleness of purpose which brings success and satisfaction.

It is not a waste of time for a boy to spend a year after leaving preparatory school in such experiment. Either he finds that he likes his work and continues in it or he finds that he does not and comes to college without misgivings. In either case, he will have avoided the aimless and meaningless college years which are the real waste — a waste of mind and spirit, as well as time, for many students. There is much talk now of the desirability of sending boys to college earlier, but I have found that some of the best students are those who have spent some time 'knocking about' in the world after leaving preparatory school.

II

It may seem an anomalous thing to say that the true scholar is out of place in our institutions of higher learning, but such is very frequently the case. Ever since the word went out that a college diploma was the only possible pass-key to wealth, wisdom, and social success, the rush of students coming to college for irrelevant reasons has

threatened to swamp the true scholar. In 1895, the enrollment in American colleges was 45,000. At present it is well over 500,000. Some of the new arrivals came to snatch the technical training which would enable them to get good jobs as quickly as possible; others to make those contacts which are believed to be profitable in certain forms of business; others to postpone for four years the period of going to work; others to take part in the hurly-burly of athletics, fraternities, and other undergraduate activities which constitute college life; others, without any motive save that everybody else was doing it.

In the face of this invasion of students who had come to do anything but study, who had no understanding of the old-fashioned scholarly attitude or any sympathy with it, the colleges were obliged to create elaborate systems which would force upon these irresponsibles the required minimum of academic nourishment. They found it necessary to devise innumerable rules as to selection of courses, attendance, tests, and examinations; and to empower squadrons of deans, proctors, and monitors to enforce them. All this was good for the irresponsibles, but bad for the scholars, for whom the colleges were originally intended. Often, it is true, the pedantic and uninspired scholar was able to adapt himself happily and successfully to this scheme of things, but the scholar with roving and adventurous mind found his wings sadly clipped by it. Each time he started off on some new and fascinating line of independent research he found himself pulled back to earth by the necessity of conforming to the requirements.

In many colleges, better days are at hand for the scholar of this type. Some colleges have been able to limit their enrollments and raise their entrance

requirements, shutting out the most palpable loafers. This has given the colleges a chance to abandon some of their old methods of forcible feeding. It has enabled them to place a certain amount of confidence in all their students, and especial trust in those who demonstrate themselves exceptionally worthy of it.

In Harvard College, for example, all students after their freshman year are freed from classes and lectures for two three-week 'reading periods' each year. As seniors, the students are excused from classes and certain examinations during the second half of the year, when they are preparing for their general examinations. Exceptional seniors, moreover, are allowed to work at the two- rather than the four-course rate, leaving half their time free for independent work with their tutors. Similar liberty has been granted under certain conditions at Princeton, Swarthmore, and Smith. Some institutions go still further. Dartmouth, and St. John's College, Maryland, give complete freedom to certain carefully selected seniors, in order that they may devote full time to their own work. The Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin, and Rollins College, Florida, have abandoned formal lectures and classes altogether in favor of conferences, in which student and teacher may work out their problems in partnership.

III

The time is near, then, when the quiet boy with adventurous, scholarly tastes will be able to enter college and hope to attain that degree of fulfillment to which his abilities entitle him. But what of the others — the artists, the artisans, and the adventurers?

The artisan is the most humble and least understood of the three types of

students, so I shall speak first of him. He is familiar enough in every school, and, alas, in every college. He is the tortoise of the class, who struggles wearily on before the proddings of his parents and his schoolmasters. In the discreet fastness of the faculty room, his masters will tell you that he is a complete moron. His mother, on the other hand, will assure you that he is really quite brilliant, only he is so shy and sensitive that his masters never know it, for he becomes tongue-tied in class and paralyzed in examinations. Often enough, both are wrong. If the boy can be found some afternoon (when he should be studying) engaged in conversation with a neighborhood farmer or chauffeur or shopkeeper, it may be observed that he is neither stupid nor reticent. In fact, he may be very wise about certain things, such as farms, or gasoline engines, or boats, and he can talk to you almost with eloquence about what makes the bees swarm, or what causes that splutter in your motor car, or how to shoot the sun with a sextant. If you take the trouble to ask, he will perhaps reveal to you his shy ambition to become a ranger in the government forestry service, to join the merchant marine, to be a dairy farmer, or to set up in business with his printing press.

Given the proper encouragement and assistance, or even left to his own devices, he might, in his slow, quiet, roundabout way, arrive at a very happy and honorable career in any one of these things. But no! Family pride and the established order of things demand that he should be sent round the academic steeplechase, in the hope that he will arrive at the conventional respectability which consists in membership in the Harvard, Yale, or Princeton club, and a brokerage office downtown.

Often enough, he falls at the first

fence. Even if he does not, it is a selfish and rather stupid thing to enter him in a race for which he was not intended. When the boy is hungering in his quiet, inarticulate way for the training which could best be supplied by an agricultural college, or a trade school, or in a factory, or out in the world, he is crowded through school and college by every known method of hook and crook.

Some time ago, I discovered a student of this type who was completely beaten by college. He had failed in all his prescribed subjects, and his attitude toward his work was one of hopeless apathy. After some conversation I found that none of his courses interested him, nor any of the college activities.

'But surely you're interested in *something*?' I asked, in desperation.

'Why, yes,' he said, almost apologetically, 'I'm awfully interested in bird banding.'

We began talking about the subject, and gradually the boy came to life, revealing an interest, an enthusiasm, and a knowledge about birds which were surprising.

Now this boy would not have made his fortune as an ornithologist. On the other hand, he would not have made his fortune in his father's business. Besides, the point is that he was not interested in making fortunes — what he was interested in was birds. For such a boy, a humble job in a museum or a bird reservation would have brought more happiness, and more success, than the college education which he was failing completely to comprehend.

It is a pleasant thing, to be sure, for mother, at her meeting of the Women's Alliance, for father, in the locker room of his club, to refer to 'my boy Henry, you know, a freshman at —.' But think of Henry, dragooned into college,

crammed in and kept in by tutoring schools; treated to the condescension of his fellows; thrust among activities which bewilder him and scare him; shut off from those which excite and interest him. Small wonder that he begins to lose faith in himself as he observes his failures in the face of more adroit contemporaries who excel him at work he was never designed to undertake.

I do not wish to imply that all boys in this class are unworldly. On the contrary, some of them have very practical ambitions in business and industry; so practical that they rebel against four years or more of theoretical training. If such boys have given evidence of energy, ambition, and business instinct, there is no reason why they should not enter business directly.

Only recently the newspapers carried an account of a small New England mill town, where the factories had been shut down for over three years. The son of one of the owners, while still in school, became interested in the problems of the mill and of the village which depended on it. On graduating from school, he entered a neighboring factory as a mill hand, and served a thorough apprenticeship. He then took over his father's mills on his own initiative and reorganized them. This summer the mills reopened, and the abandoned village came to life again.

Whether their interests lie in practical matters, such as the textile industry, or in impractical ones, such as ornithology, the artisans are concerned primarily with concrete things — with solving actual and not theoretical problems. Shut up in college, away from the world, they are like Hudibras's 'trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,' which

For want of fighting was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.

There would be far less tragic work for college psychiatrists if boys of this type were set to hewing and hacking before their enthusiasms had been allowed to evaporate and their minds to turn inward, in the course of four unreal years in the thin air of college.

IV

The problem of the adventurer is very much akin to this problem of the artisan. Ulysses is the prototype of our adventurer, and Ulysses, however 'crafty,' was not a scholar. Ever since the days of the *Iliad*, his followers have been striving, seeking, finding, in every generation, but they have not been studying very much. After all, why should they? The activities in which they are engaged call for brave hearts and ready wits, but not necessarily for academic minds.

On some subject which fires his imagination and arouses his energies the adventurer can work intensively and well. But he does not need the quietness and continuity of mind which would make him a successful scholar.

Styles in adventure have changed in the last century. In the 1800's the young men of good families with adventurous hearts and independent minds ran away to sea, and sailed around the Horn; in the 1850's and 1890's they joined the gold rushes to California and the Klondike. In the times of our nation's wars, they furnished the bravest leaders in the armies and navies.

At present, for the most part, they become explorers, vagabonds, and aviators. Or would become, if, again, they had not been subjected to pressure from parents, schoolmasters, and friends to conform to the accepted notions of education. They, too, are crammed into college by tutoring

school methods. Once in, they clutch their pens and stumble through their French exercises and English compositions, but their thoughts are with the wind and the sea. They are crossing the Atlantic in a forty-footer, riding brake beams, or guiding a plane through difficult nose spins and side-slips.

One of the greatest problems confronting the deans of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton is that of undergraduate aviators. At Princeton, the students are no longer allowed to have airplanes. At Yale and Harvard, undergraduate flying clubs flourish under very lukewarm official approval. In both communities, the clubs have become exceedingly popular. Their members are adroit and expert aviators, but, for the most part, lamentable scholars. The academic mortality of members of the flying clubs far outruns that of the pedestrian students; and naturally enough, for the members spend so much of their time at the airports that they soon leave their studies far in arrears. It is a far more challenging thing to a boy of this temperament to obtain his pilot's license than to labor all year for three dull C's and a D in his college courses. That being the case, would he not, more logically, be a student at an aviation school than at Harvard or Yale? In the end, he might decide that a college diploma is even more desirable than the pilot's license. If he did, he could then dismiss aviation from his mind, enter college, and settle down to work without any of the conflicts which now disturb him.

Aviation is not the only activity which appeals to boys of this type. Expeditions of all sorts recruit largely from them. On medical expeditions up the Congo and Amazon, on geological surveys in the Alps, on game hunts in Alaska and Indo-China, on polar expeditions, and on the less pretentious

trips of those vagabonds who are following the royal road to romance, some of the most able and stalwart wanderers are rebels escaped from collegiate routine. Of the four Harvard men with Commander Byrd in the antarctic, for example, only one has a Harvard degree. The remaining three left college prematurely after various sorts of difficulty with their work.

It is not tactless to mention this fact, for it casts no reflection on these particular boys, and it does serve to illustrate again the moral that college does not offer training for certain very legitimate forms of human activity. There is no connection between the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht and flying an airplane; or between the French Romanticists and driving a team of husky dogs. A boy cannot become all things, and it is important to help him to become that thing which seems to him to have more reality than any other.

V

I turn to the last group with a certain amount of hesitation. The artist must not be confused with the aesthete, the amateur, or the student of art. For these last, the colleges offer many opportunities in their activities and their courses on the history and the appreciation of music, literature, fine arts, the drama, and so forth. But for those boys who have a desire to use one of these forms of art as a creative medium the college can do very little. It is in this respect that mass methods of education fail most conspicuously, for in the creative arts the student must do much of his work alone, and the rest under individual instruction.

A boy whose main interest is in striving after perfection in one of the creative arts finds himself in a hopeless dilemma if he enters college. If he

devotes himself whole-heartedly to his artistic interests, he must withdraw almost completely from the social and intellectual life of the college and work by himself, in which case he will ever be in danger of discipline from the college office. If, on the other hand, he puts his work to one side for the sake of complying with the college requirements, he is in danger of mislaying his talent permanently: four years are a long time in the life of a young artist, and he cannot transfer his interest from his art to his college work for four years without suffering the consequences. It would be far better if such a boy were to omit college altogether and study under individual instruction, or at an art school or a conservatory of music.

In the past year, I met two boys whose histories may well be compared in this respect. At school they showed equal promise as concert violinists. One came to college. There he attempted to keep up to his very high standard of musical performance. In addition to practising, taking lessons, and attending concerts, he attempted to participate in the activities of one of the college orchestras. Naturally he soon dropped behind in his work. The dean's office, in accordance with its rules, could do nothing but place him on probation. Parental pressure was brought to bear, and he was forced to forgo his beloved concerts, drop his lessons, and give up his orchestra, in order to devote himself to a round of requirements which had little significance for him. Meanwhile the other boy, living what might seem to his preparatory-school classmates a solitary life, had been able to devote all his time to his music under a single instructor and advance far down the road toward perfection in an art which was more important to him than anything else.

In spite of the many exceptions which can instantly be produced to take the glitter off this generality, it is, I think, fair to say that the colleges have trained very few creative artists in any field of art, with the possible exception of literature. Even in that department it is interesting to recall Barrett Wendell's complaint that, during his twenty-five years as a teacher of English composition, he had produced not a single great writer.

College often mars creative artists; it seldom makes them. It appears to be true that artists develop more quickly and more completely in Grub Street than in the classroom. It was on the basis of these considerations, I think, that Harvard University allowed its school of drama to die, at the same time that it created a school of business administration. However unhappy a fact it may be, it is none the less a fact that business administration is a subject which can be taught to large groups more successfully than play-writing or any other creative art.

VI

Why should boys of these three types ever appear in this college environment, for which they are so manifestly unsuited? Generally they come as a result of parental pressure, which derives its strength from several current misconceptions about college.

It is still generally believed, for one thing, that a college education brings a dignified position in the world, and economic security. The notion persists that a college degree carries with it a white-collar job, and that a white-collar job brings prestige and prosperity. Possibly it did in grandfather's day, when the college graduates comprised a very small and select group of young men, destined, for the most part, for the learned professions. But since

the huge increase in college enrollment some of the humblest laws of economics have come into play. The supply of college graduates has outrun the demand; and the cash value of a diploma, like the cash value of any currency which has been inflated beyond reason, has depreciated to a fraction of its previous worth.

This development has been commented on so often that it needs no emphasis here. Journals are filled with rather hysterical articles on the subject. One says that of the 500,000 college students only a quarter can hope to earn more than \$5000 a year; another that there are less than 200,000 positions in the United States requiring first-class minds. The figures vary, but the fact seems to remain the same: even assuming that success consists in having one's name engraved on a business letterhead and printed in the income-tax lists, it becomes obvious that a college degree will not automatically bring such success, even to those who put their whole souls and hearts into obtaining it, and far less to those men whose interest in such work must be acquired and secondary.

It is also commonly believed that four years in college aid in social and personal development. In a more ingenuous age, I imagine that college played an important part in tempering young men for the world. But schools and colleges, like everything else, have speeded up to keep pace with the twentieth century. At present many of the large preparatory schools, with their fraternities, teams, student councils, newspapers, debating teams, and all the interscholastic contests and conferences that these involve, supply nearly as much as can the college toward this form of development. The 'activity man' is gradually dying out in the colleges, simply because he is discovering that college activities

are only a rather stale continuation of those at school. A sixth-former in any large school is often as self-reliant as the college student of a generation ago; and, thanks to prohibition, motor cars, and the vacation travel which is now possible, he is nearly as worldly-wise. Socially, he is ready for the world, and there is no reason why he should not go to it direct, unless he sees clearly the necessity of further intellectual training of the sort that the colleges can offer him.

The social and financial motives I have just described are equally strong among parents who were and parents who were not college graduates. Among those who were, there is the additional motive of college loyalty. The strength of this loyalty, especially among the graduates of certain Eastern colleges, is truly surprising. In the class of 1932 at Harvard, two hundred and twenty-one students were the sons of Harvard graduates, as compared with five sons of Yale graduates and three of Princeton graduates. At Yale and Princeton, I understand that similar proportions are to be found. I have seen a mother with tears in her eyes because her son had chosen to betray a long line of Yale ancestors and come to Harvard. It would have been less of a family tragedy had the boy robbed a bank or eloped with a chorus girl.

Loyalty is an admirable emotion, but it can often lead thinking astray, as has been demonstrated many times in the case of patriotism, or national loyalty. It is always well to confine loyalties to those fields where they can do most good and least mischief.

As concerns the present problem, loyalty could far better be transferred from the colleges to the preparatory schools. For schools, on the whole, teach the same subjects in the same way, but colleges vary greatly in

scope and method, and from generation to generation. Where colleges of the same type are concerned, loyalty does no harm. But there are colleges of all types: large and small; rural, urban, and suburban; Modernist and Fundamentalist; rich and poor. Moreover, there are the other institutions previously referred to — military and naval academies, aviation schools, art schools, agricultural schools, technical colleges. It should be obvious that a student's fitness for one or the other is not to be governed by the laws of heredity alone. Yet it is on this basis that many loyal alumni found the educational plans which they make for their sons.

VII

Although this paper has been called an appeal to parents, it seems, at times, to have taken on the tone of angry remonstrance rather than polite appeal. If this is so, the situation has been distorted. Parents are not heartless tyrants. Nor could they be, even if they wanted to. In this day, and with this generation, children are not *forced* into college, but they are very often persuaded in, and, as far as the children are concerned, the effect is the same. Ever since they can remember, they have been told that college is the only 'correct' place for young gentlemen to go, and given to understand that any other ambition is a little bit 'queer.' After years of this peaceful penetration, any boy who has any vestige of honor for his father and mother will succumb, feeling that he must be doing the right thing in going to college, simply because his parents have told him so so many times. He tucks away, and tries to forget, those personal interests which contain his real promise, thinking them not quite respectable, when he should have been given every encouragement in the world to take

them and attempt to develop them.

And so another boy goes to college 'just to please the family.' Of course the family were governed by the best of motives. The only error was that they failed to consider their son as an individual with peculiar needs and problems, and contented themselves with applying the prevailing methods of mass education. Because these methods had been successful with other people's sons, they had applied them to their son, stage after stage, — country day school, boarding school, college, — blindly confident that, in the long run, these expedients would prove equally successful with him. In seven cases out of ten the family would be right, for to the average boy college is undeniably an enriching experience; but if he is one of the three, college may turn into a near tragedy for him.

The system now in vogue at most colleges trains average people to do useful and honorable work along standard lines. But it does not encourage individuality. It helps and encourages students to follow the broad cement roads to quick and apparent forms of success, but it does not guide them along the side roads and bypaths which often lead to great and unexpected discoveries.

Most of us belong on the main road. The scholars, the artists, the artisans, and the adventurers do not. They are a small minority, but they are a very important minority. It is to them that we must look for many of our greatest achievements. I appeal for them, because it is more important to our civilization that one potential artist like Shelley, one scholar like Gibbon, one artisan like Edison, one adventurer like Lindbergh, be kept out of college than that a thousand more incipient junior executives, Ph.D. candidates, and museum curators be let in.

A WOMAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

BY MAMIE HALL PORRITT

I AM one of those individuals who gained by marriage, in addition to a husband, another nationality. Under the present law of the United States of America I am still an American citizen and am duly registered in the Consul-General's office in Shanghai under the name of 'Mamie Fraser Hall Porritt.' I am registered in His Britannic Majesty's Consulate-General under the name of 'Mamie Fraser Porritt, wife of James C. Porritt.' To be perfectly British I have to drop that good English name 'Hall,' retaining the Scotch 'Fraser' and American 'Mamie.'

This dual nationality is not without interest or incident. Its perplexities began before marriage and its privileges last even longer. It required three marriage certificates, each issued in duplicate, to make the marriage legal and me law-abiding. I arrived in Shanghai three days before I was to be married, to find that my husband-to-be had arranged everything, from the first cherub on the wedding cake to the last bottle of champagne, except to find out our bearings in the matrimonial sea of entangling alliances. From the dock we went to the American Consulate, filled in numerous forms, and satisfied the powers that be that I really was an American citizen. Technically we followed the law, but they knew I was an American before I finished asking for the certificate, since I was born and lived twenty-five good years in Georgia, and the only possible way I can keep that a

secret from the world is to keep my mouth forever closed, for I have a pure and undefiled Southern drawl and a United Daughters of the Confederacy medal, of both of which I am very proud.

Having satisfied the American Consul, been assured that he would send a representative to the Cathedral to witness the ceremony and that he would write a letter to the British Consul certifying to my American nationality, and that I should still remain American after I was married, we went to the Dean of the English Cathedral and there filled out various forms, thus fulfilling the religious requirements of the British law. Three days later we were married in the English Cathedral. The American Consul, true to his word, witnessed the ceremony and issued us two certificates. The Dean of the Cathedral likewise gave us two, properly signed and witnessed, which looked as if they would be good for alimony in any court in the world.

But we were not through. There was the British civil ceremony. I had lived in Shanghai for two years previously and established proper residence according to American law. But under the British requirements I had to reside here three weeks immediately preceding the posting of the marital banns in the British Consulate. Armed with four marriage certificates, we spent a two weeks' honeymoon in Hongkong, returning to Shanghai like any properly married couple. Three weeks after our

return, and five weeks after we had been married in the English Cathedral, we went to the British Consulate, applied for marriage forms, filled in many and various questions, and our wedding banns were posted. And the joke here is that the British Consulate had to recognize the Cathedral ceremony, and the banns were posted in my married name. They read like this: 'Mamie Fraser Porritt, formerly Hall, to James Charlesworth Porritt.' After the banns had been up for ten days we arranged to be married again, got our bridesmaid and best man for witnesses, and went through another ceremony. By that time I was beginning to wonder if I was ever going to be properly married.

It was very difficult for me to remember the correct way to sign my name. First I signed it 'Mamie Fraser Hall, formerly Porritt,' which was all wrong and had to be done over, and the second time I signed it 'Mamie Fraser Porritt, formerly Porritt,' to the disgust of the official, who thought I was getting old enough to know my own name.

Now, according to British law, I am a British subject and can claim its privileges and protection. According to American law, I am still American. Formerly I should have lost my nationality and gained British citizenship; but the present law allows me to keep my own American nationality if I so desire. Alien women marrying American citizens, however, do not gain American citizenship. Consequently, a British woman who marries an American citizen loses her own and does not gain any nationality. She is literally 'a woman without a country.' Not long after we were married I received a notice from the American Consulate to register myself there as a citizen, and at the same time I had my American passport amended to

show my married name. Unfortunately an Italian visa had been put in the space reserved for amendments, and my amended married name had to go forward several pages. While this brought on no serious consequences, it was the cause of more than one amusing incident. I want to keep my American citizenship, and to do so I must register regularly every year and must make periodical visits to America. Otherwise, I become an alien, and cannot reside there at any future time for longer than six months.

In the summer of 1928 we were traveling to England from China via Siberia. We were advised by our respective consuls to travel on separate passports. If I traveled on my husband's British passport it would complicate my standing as an American citizen when we visited the United States on our return trip to China. On our way from Shanghai to the Siberian border we had to stay two days in Harbin, a very interesting Chinese-Russian city full of the backwash and salvage of two nations. At the hotel where we stayed we had to give in our passports for identification. Later that day we came into the lobby of the hotel and our sense of propriety was shocked to read on the published guests' list: 'Room 216 — Jas. C. Porritt, Esq., and Miss M. F. Hall.' The clerk at the desk had failed to notice the amendment to my passport. The Soviet official on the trans-Siberian train looked dubiously at our two passports, and, with an extra-officious and searching look at me, asked in brusque Russian, 'Who is this dame?' The same thing happened in Poland, Germany, and France, where the officials were unaccustomed to married couples traveling on separate passports. At Dover, England, I came through the gate with my husband as a British

subject and had to go out and come in through another gate as an alien with an American passport.

In the event of my husband's death I am still a British subject and can claim citizenship privileges anywhere within the Empire. If I fail to keep registered at the American Consulate, or if I fail to return to America for periodical visits, I automatically lose my rights as a citizen of the United States of America. It is easy to register, but rather difficult to make periodical visits from this distance. What shall I do? Shall I give up my American citizenship? Under the present law, if I give it up I can never reside there again for longer than six months at a

time, unless I take out papers and become naturalized. Imagine going through the process of naturalization when one of my grandfathers rode horseback from Georgia to Philadelphia to sign the Declaration of Independence!

In the making of laws the good to the greatest number must be kept in mind, and any inconvenience the present law causes to the few of us who have dual citizenship is n't important. We are doubtless twice blessed. The unfortunate ones are those who, whether for the good of the majority or not, lose their own nationality and rights of citizenship and do not gain another by marriage.

HIGH WAGES AND SHORT JOBS

BY DEAN CHAMBERLIN

I

FOUR graduates sat on the porch of the fraternity house in the post-Commencement tranquillity, exchanging addresses and plans. One, just created a civil engineer, was bound for Cuba and the sugar plantations. The second had been accepted by a New York bank as a 'runner.' The third, in the fall, was to teach high-school algebra in Massachusetts. And I, because I had learned a trade between high school and college and so had acquired a union card, intended to supplement my college degree by working as a journeyman carpenter.

Unanimously my three friends proclaimed me lucky. 'Twelve dollars a day,' one of them remarked enviously

to the ivied walls, 'and beginning a week after graduation! What a roll you'll have in a year!' It seemed that I might, in comparison with what they might expect to save from their salaries, ranging between twelve and eighteen hundred dollars.

Just three years later, the same four friends had dinner together and informally audited their experience. The civil engineer had been shifted to the home office as a cost expert at \$3500; the bank runner was in 'the cage' handling securities at \$2500; the third, still teaching, but profiting by two advances of salary, had just been married on \$2400. All had bank accounts, good prospects, and delightful associations. I had forty dollars in the world, a fair chance for a job in another

week, and three bandaged fingers. I think it cheered them somewhat to learn that my hands had not been able to keep pace with their heads, commercially. Still, to them it was all very strange.

They had read of fabulous amounts paid to workers in the building trades: bonuses, double time for overtime, three times the salaries of college professors. I too had read the same deceptive reports. But direct experience had put an altogether new aspect on the life and rewards of the construction worker.

II

Two days after Commencement, with a union card and a tool box, I arrived at the Sesquicentennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Carpenters had been called for a rush job, mainly characterized by graft and careless workmanship. It was forbidden to use level, square, or line, so that little satisfaction could be found in the work. But at least it meant ample money. I served as a 'pusher,' with forty carpenters under me. We were building a toy lagoon; the work lasted three weeks and gave me wages of \$310. Then came the depression.

Philadelphia was full of itinerant building tradesmen. Ironworkers from the Florida building boom, carpenters who had been knocking together sets at Hollywood, masons from the New York skyscrapers, laborers from the depressed textile towns of New England, all had swarmed into the city hoping to profit by the Exposition. We were too highly concentrated; some of us would have to recognize that we were supernumeraries, and look elsewhere.

I chose to stay and take my chances, and a month later, through luck, secured work with a local company which was building a sugar refinery.

It was necessary to replace sixty old boilers with five modern ones which would do the same work. We carpenters used two tools: a machinist's hammer and a Stillson wrench. The unions began to mutter. Were n't we taking work away from boilermakers, or ironworkers or millwrights or steam fitters? Not that it mattered which category we were depriving of the opportunity to labor, but why should we ourselves have the work? How did carpenters come to be dealing with wind boxes, burners, gaskets, and steam lines? We got ready to leave. Exasperated, the builders replied that all the other trades had been given a trial and had proved incompetent. In desperation carpenters had been brought in and were somehow doing the job well. So we won our point and the hatred of the other trades. It is remarkable how deadly a millwright can be with a half-inch nut when a carpenter is his target! It was intolerably dirty work, and the boilers were agonizingly hot to work in half an hour after the fire was pulled; but it was a steady job which lasted two months.

Philadelphia was overcrowded. A friend wrote me of a large power-house development starting 'down somewhere near Boston,' and I set out for the North. Two weeks later I was punching the clock as #2620, at the hourly wage rate of \$1.25. I was engaged as a timberman, a post which came under the jurisdiction of carpentry. We were a heterogeneous crew, made up largely of Canadian French, Prince Edward Islanders, and Cape Cod fishermen who had lost their dories rum-running. The greater part of the men were members of the Legion, unmarried and about thirty-five years old, hard-bitten, hard drinkers, fighters, and workers.

The plant we were helping to build was situated on tidewater. We worked

for six months in hip boots, mud, and cold. Our only tools were cross-cut saws, electric and air drills, twelve-pound sledges, adzes, and cant dogs. We drove piles, fitted and placed 'cribbing,' usually of Georgia pine timbers, sixteen inches square; we built towers and trestles for the locomotive cranes. Pneumonia had its way with three of us, and we all counted on losing about four days a month by minor accidents such as infected cuts, falls, rope burns, and the like. We all went overboard at different times, an experience which in hip boots is not, as someone said, 'like bathing at Nantasket.'

We worked steadily, except when it rained, and it rained copiously that fall, usually about two days a week. For a time we worked under all conditions, until an epidemic of flu, bringing stiff muscles and reducing the amount we could accomplish, convinced the boss that we were 'only working for the doctor.' I suppose our average wages were about forty dollars a week in a twenty-five-dollar town. Yet Micky, my helper, remarked one rainy day as we played seven-card stud in the tool shanty and watched the nor'easter whip across Dorchester Bay, 'When ye git that wind with *snow* on it, boys, ye'll wish ye'd saved yer summer's wages.'

We finished foundations and began the superstructure just as the first snow found us. From that time the job became madness, and the previous months seemed like a remote island of peace and ease. There was rush and shouting everywhere in the frenzied effort to get the roof on before the big storms came. The ironworkers drove the steel up in three weeks. The scaffolds of the masons climbed higher and higher, and the hot hoists whined constantly to give them brick and mortar. The pipers and electricians ran miles of

pipe and cable. The lathes in the machine shops and the planers in the sawmill buzzed interminably through long three-shift days, knocking out fittings for the men aloft. The maintenance gang ran lines of temporary steam, water, air, and electricity everywhere they might be needed. The tool sheds bulged with extra equipment. Endless streams of trucks thumped through with cement, sand, stone, for the hungry mixers that never stopped spitting out concrete to the forms.

Above the din of it all, everybody yelled at once for 'wood butchers.' For once we became important. Our pusher was worn down to nerves and futile blasphemy. The master mechanic needed bolt boxes, and needed them to-day! 'Give me six men to build a hundred-'n'-fifty-foot concrete tower,' demanded the superintendent. The engineers needed more office room. The 'wire jerkers' needed scaffolds, the ironworkers an A-frame. Everywhere went up the shout: 'Where in hell are those carpenters?' We used every tool in our kits and some that had to be imported, from pinch bars to micrometers, to keep them all happy. We made money during that stretch — and earned it.

Meanwhile, of course, the accident list mounted. A rigger fell from somewhere aloft, a jack hammer ran wild and killed a carpenter, an electrician lost an arm. Safety signs appeared, and everyone seemed to be swabbed with mercurochrome or swathed in adhesive. I lost a week by stepping on an eightpenny nail, point up through a plank. Then I had to buy thirty dollars' worth of winter working clothes and replace some 'borrowed' tools. I lost thirty dollars in a crap game and gave ten for sick collections. Then the union delegate threatened to tie up the job because we were not working a five-day week. The local union refused

to let us vote at its meetings because we had not spent a year in its jurisdiction. Just what did the term 'journeyman' mean?

Finally the roof took its place in the completed structure. Abruptly the madhouse came to an end as suddenly as it had started. Half of us were at once laid off, suspended until material for turbine foundations should be received.

The turbine foundation was a sixty-foot concrete hill in the middle of the building, on which would be mounted the steam turbines, spinning at thirty thousand revolutions a minute. That meant extra-heavy concrete, well reinforced to resist vibration. A great deal of form work by the carpenters would be necessary. Fifty more men were hired to make up for lost time; in the end we had enough men to eat the work, and we finished altogether too quickly to please us.

I was the victim of a splinter in the thumb. We handled so much lumber that I never could tell how or when I received it. But sepsis and blood poisoning followed. I spent two months out of work trying to save my arm, and I found that twenty dollars a week workmen's compensation was hardly adequate to my predicament.

On my first day back at work we set to building ten tremendous manholes which would enable new transformers to go into service. The main power plant of Greater Boston was in imminent danger of breakdown. It was imperative that these transformers go into action at once, or Boston might be without lights. We started Thursday morning to rush the work to a finish and worked until Saturday noon, when the circuits clicked through. On that fifty-two-hour stretch we ate every six hours, but we never slept. We started sixty men and ended twelve, eyes reddened, lips chapped,

dirty, nervous, exhausted, and one or two singing hysterically. Those of us who stuck made a total week's pay of \$160, but we were n't allowed to come back to work for a week (they said we needed rest), and none of us felt right for a month.

Then the job petered out altogether, except for the pipe fitters, who were putting the boiler house in shape. I began a new branch of experience by going to sea as a 'chips.' Two voyages in the banana navy as a ship's carpenter at eighty dollars a month, with ports of call such as Havana and Panama, did not prove lucrative. But ship routine of sounding the tanks, running the anchor winches, and building banana gratings or a radio table for the captain was restful after the madhouse of big-time construction. We met one hurricane, but, as we were snugged down in preparation, it was much less exciting than an eight-hour pour with the concrete gang on chutes and runways.

III

Returning from the sea, I found vagrant jobs here and there of a few weeks' duration. Duct lines in Springfield, a concrete reservoir in Greenwich, a spell of house building, kept me at least partly occupied. I never knew when the pink discharge slip would be handed to me. I wanted another madhouse, greater permanence.

I took my way to a dam that my former employers were building on the Susquehanna River. Five thousand men were housed in a big construction camp: ironworkers; Cherokee Indians; French Canadian rivermen, three hundred strong, from the drives of the Allagash; carpenters; concrete men; Italians; common labor; blacks; general mechanics. The undertaking promised to be colorful, and it was, but some of the zest departed when we learned that

we were working ten hours a day at considerably less than union wages elsewhere. And hard work, never out of overalls. The camp was miles from a city, desolate and grim.

It enjoyed a fringe called Death Valley. Here was every variety of 'gin mill,' 'hop joint,' brothel, and gambling den that such an army of men would demand. Croupiers with green visors watched spinning roulette wheels from high stools. Craps captains, with one hand constantly in a back pocket, uttered their stock patter in smoke-filled shanties where greasy riveters elbowed immaculate timekeepers for a chance at the dice. 'Roll down, boys. Pay the line. Pay the race horse and take the field. Seven to four odds in the house game, boys.' Occasional gun play took place. Ten deputized ex-marines were assigned to keep order. Otherwise it was nothing but eat, sleep, work, and damn the job.

This madhouse, too, came to an end and I started for the skyscraper country where the money is supposed to live.

I helped build apartment houses on Long Island. My function was to run a circular saw and cut floor joists. Then opportunity came to move into the city itself, where the 'big ones,' the many-story office buildings and hotels, exemplify modern construction at its most towering aspect. I started building footings for a forty-floor hotel and working with the dynamite gang. Very quickly I learned that there is nowhere less work for a carpenter than on a skyscraper. The use of wood has been reduced to a minimum. Such work as exists is intricately specialized and subdivided. There are shorers, wall builders, arch men, protection men, door hangers, floor layers, lathers, stair builders, scaffold men, fireproofers, trimmers, shop men, and a variety of others. And each performs a highly

specialized task. The New York City trade laborer is not the all-around mechanic that is found in the provinces.

The carpenter installs practically nothing which is permanent except the fast-disappearing wooden window frames. His part is the temporary work; he supplies forms, outside waste chutes, protections, and stagings. As an example of the degree of specialization which prevails, four distinct kinds of carpenters are used in building the arch forms for a concrete floor of a skyscraper. One hangs the joists, another the beam bottoms, another the beam sides, and the last man nails on the 'decking' for the concrete slab. All these workers must and do work at top speed.

It is an exceptional skyscraper job which provides the mechanic work for more than six weeks. Two weeks is probably nearer the average. Then comes an indeterminate (longer rather than shorter) interval in which he has to find another job. He simply knocks about from job to job unless he is one of the very few exceptional men who have some sort of direct contact with their employer. Labor is simply a commodity, like brick and stone, with the difference that, on account of its high hourly wage, it is hired as late as possible and dispensed with as soon as feasible.

The skyscraper, from the workman's point of view, is the most prosaic and least interesting type of structure to build. From its third sub-basement, chiseled from the granite of Manhattan, to the roof of the pent house fifty-odd floors above, it is all 'typical': that is to say, every floor is like every other floor. The worker hardly learns the name of his partner (mechanics work in pairs). I suppose I have had forty partners in the last three years, so rapidly does the mechanic shift from job to job. A sky-

scraper, as the workman knows it, is altogether like a factory job in its sameness and monotony. It lacks the variety of a bridge or dam job.

In other kinds of employment, there is always news at the noon hour. Kelly is running a job in Beaumont, Texas. T— and L— have just landed a three-year contract in the Azores. McGuire's wife is making good beer these days. Gus is getting a new Nash. But the sole noon-hour topic in the shacks that nestle on the second floor of the skyscrapers is 'When do we get it?' And by 'it' is meant the lay-off, the 'crash,' the 'walk.'

IV

Old age, accident, and unemployment are, of course, the chief terrors of itinerant labor. It has been said that the first of these never affects the ironworkers, because an ironworker is always killed before he grows old. Colonel W. A. Starrett, in his *Sky-scrapers and the Men Who Build Them*, has this comment:—

The game itself is a killer. One passing a large metropolitan building during construction is apt to notice the young, virile men, with nonchalant manner, who so confidently go about their tasks. Few people stop to consider these same men after twenty-five or thirty years of this rigorous, exposed life. They are hearty eaters and gulp their food, frequently carried to the job cold; or, if bought at the ubiquitous hot-dog stand, it is generally of the fried variety with little thought of the science of dietetics. Their inordinate use of tobacco and small attention to dental hygiene, nowadays recognized as of such importance to middle-aged good health, leave them susceptible to the occupational ailments which their work sometimes engenders. . . . The admiring spectator sees young men, but little realizes the shadow that an uncertain future is casting. The experienced builder, however, sees the

prematurely aged building mechanic, sometimes a pathetic figure, standing on the sidewalk week after week, in the furtive hope that a job commensurate with his now narrowed abilities is available for him.

The unions have done and have been able to do but little toward the solution of this problem. Their benefits are inadequate, but that is not their fault.

Naturally the occupation of any workman about a building in process of construction is hazardous. Some occupations are more hazardous than others. It is significant that in New York the insurance rate for steel erectors was, in 1928, \$24.93 per hundred dollars of pay roll. Carpenters were rated at \$17.11. The greatest amount of compensation is \$25 per week.

But the average workman worries little about old age and accident; in fact, he is too complacent about them. Intermittency is the chief spectre. Lost time due to weather, tardy delivery of material, and completion of the job are factors beyond the control of either the worker or the employer. The problem of finding a new job, which is based on *whom* and not *what* the worker knows, is more acute in the building trades than in most industries, on account of the entire dissociation of employer and workman.

The reason for intermittent employment is the fault of no one group in the organization of the building trade, perhaps not the fault of all the groups. The fault is inherent in the nature of the work itself. Its very driving power is uncertainty. This zest of gambling with men, materials, and the elements can make for nothing but instability.

That is why I am not perhaps as well off as my three friends who entered safer levels of employment. Through training and education I am more fortunate than most of my fellow construction workers; other fields are open

to me, now that I have demonstrated to myself that skilled labor to-day simply does not pay. They, however, are in a situation which is greatly misunderstood.

It is difficult to equate these 'high wages' to a yearly stipend. The proper scale of remuneration, as mentioned above, is in terms of hours. In an occupation which pays eighty dollars one week, twenty the next, and nothing for the next two, it is hard to save money systematically.

This instability fosters a sort of false economy. I have known mechanics who have made first payments on a new car after two or three weeks heavy with overtime, apparently with no thought for the lean weeks which inevitably must follow a period of rush.

Not a few of them confess that they never saved a penny until they were married, although it is difficult to see just how this estate bettered their situation, for a man with ties is in no position to follow the big jobs from place to place. It is true, however, that no one is more prodigal with his money, when he has it, than a young man engaged in physical and dangerous work.

Nearly every carpenter, at one time or another, has been in the contracting business for himself, but insufficient business or backing usually forces him back to using tools very quickly.

Unionism has, of course, greatly improved the position of labor. The individual trade-unionist, however, sees his local primarily as an agency that furnishes him with an opportunity to

pay dues. Rightly or not, the union is generally regarded as an organization dominated by small cliques. Its members distrust its efficiency as an employment bureau.

The function of the local is largely social. It gives the worker something to talk about on and off the job. Then, too, it has a tremendous welding power. Its members are, if its severest critics, also its most loyal supporters, and they back its policies resolutely, if not enthusiastically.

V

My experience has been pretty typical. There has been little of the collegiate in it, little thinking about economic theory, for it has been my living. I no longer speak of making twelve dollars a day, but rather a dollar and a half an hour — *when you can get it*. When my three friends asked me, 'Good experience, was n't it?' I said, 'Splendid. I would n't swap with any of you.' 'High wages?' But at this I grew just a little exasperated, and told them: 'A million dollars a year is good wages, but if you're laid off at the end of the first minute it does n't mean much.'

I offer no suggestion toward the solution of the problem, beyond, perhaps, a restriction of the apprentice quota temporarily and a greater insistence on unionism, which after all does produce competent craftsmen, and ameliorates, to some extent, the madhouse life of high wages and short jobs.

THE FIRST AMERICAN NOVEL

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

I

Who wrote the first American novel? Who launched the first of the innumerable and various craft of that fleet of fiction which American novelists have sent forth into the world?

The book was well named for such a venture: *The Emigrants, or the History of an Expatriated Family—Being a Delineation of English manners, drawn from Real Characters, written in America by G. Imlay*. Though Captain Gilbert Imlay, the author of this tale in three volumes published in England in 1793, has been destined to be known to the world rather as the recipient of Mary Wollstonecraft's famous love letters than as a writer of fiction, there is no doubt that he was our first American novelist.

The rarity¹ of *The Emigrants* must account for its omission from our histories of American literature. The book is of remarkable historical interest for every reader who chances to have been fascinated by the great and picaresque story of the struggle of the Kentucky, Ohio, and Mississippi River border for the Western land of North America, after the American Revolution.

In his preface Imlay says: 'In this history I have scrupulously attended

to natural circumstances and the manners of the day; and in every particular I have had a real character for my model. The principal part of the story is founded upon facts, and I was only induced to give the work in the style of a novel, from believing it would prove more acceptable to the generality of readers.'

While these words concerning the reality of the narrative must not be taken too literally, still everyone who has read the wild and heterogeneous tales of the Western border settlement, commerce, and warfare of the day will recognize in the social picture presented by *The Emigrants* many familiar outlines and traces of some of the most vivid figures of the period—Boone, Richard Henderson, Sinclair, General Wilkinson, Crèvecoeur, George Rogers Clark.

Aside from its historical interest, this novel may claim the distinction of being our first piece of fiction consciously concerned with a social problem. The author's intent, as stated in his preface, is no less than that of exposing the evils of the state of the marriage laws of England.

Though Imlay's views of marriage laws and of the position of women are progressive and enlightened, again his social picture must not be taken too literally. For the picture is subdued to the dye of the eighteenth-century novel. It belongs to the age of 'sensitivity,' and of Jane Austen's acute mockery of sensibility; and one observes with amusement and curiosity

¹The five copies of *The Emigrants* which research has so far discovered are severally owned by Brown University, the University of Illinois, the New York Public Library, the British Museum (only the first of the three volumes), and the University of Chicago.—AUTHOR

that Captain Imlay, obviously familiar with all the roughness and rawness of border settlement and Indian warfare, revels in the excessive 'delicacy and refinement' of the literary fashion of the day.

One has not read far in his eloquent pages before discovering that this mixture of lively imbecility and shrewd common sense, *The Emigrants*, is buoyed up by what may be called the greater silliness — the silliness floating hundreds of novels of to-day and of the last hundred years, and perhaps of a thousand years to come.

The novel tells the story of the fortunes of the T——n family of London — Mr. and Mrs. T——n, with their unlovely son, the torpid George, and their two lovely daughters, Mary and Caroline, the heroine, with 'long blue eyes,' 'fair complexion,' 'a peculiar elegance of manners,' and 'a blandishment which accompanies every word she utters that goes directly to the heart.' Mrs. T——n has ruined the character of George by her snob-bishness in obtaining a commission for him in the Horse Guards. 'The idea of trade shocked her delicacy.'

They come to Philadelphia to repair their fortunes, leaving the remnant of their money in a bank, and start out on a pack trip across Pennsylvania to their friends Major and Mrs. W—— in Pittsburgh. And after this the novel is all pack trips and mountains and rocks and laurel, and streams with umbrageous chestnut and 'sugar' trees, and Indians and Indian prisoners, and squirrels and quail and camping and cooking outdoors, and 'chasing the antelope over the plains.'

The story is told in the form of letters, the correspondence of the T——n family and of their friends — many of the letters from Caroline. Most of the letters, however, pass between a Mr. Il——ray and a Captain Arl——ton,

both natives of the neighborhood of Baltimore, constantly journeying about on horseback or on river rafts in different directions in North America.

Il——ray and Arl——ton are both smart, upstanding men made of 'sensibility' and public spirit, and in the very van of progress; haters of superstition, contemners of dueling; consumedly literary; quoters of Voltaire, Tasso, Montesquieu, La Rochefoucauld, and Pope; and evincing a strong familiarity with the writings and ideas of Mary Wollstonecraft, William Godwin, and Tom Paine.

Il——ray chances to meet the T——n family on their arrival in Philadelphia, and commends them to the good offices of Arl——ton, who is riding up from Baltimore to Pittsburgh and manages to overtake them on the road and to walk most of the way with Caroline. The novel is pervaded by the meditative presence of an elderly philosopher who 'possesses so much the manner of a gentleman you would immediately conclude he had been a man of fashion, though he dresses in the plain garb of the country.' Caroline and Arl——ton meet him on their walk: Mr. P—— P——, the recluse of 'Laurel Mount.'

Among the many incidents of Mr. P—— P——'s life, one of startling activity for a recluse, is the episode of his military service in Braddock's Defeat many years before, when he had been left for dead. It is very soon seen that he is a long-lost brother of Mrs. T——n. Caroline instantly becomes his favorite niece, and his wide knowledge of the world and of philosophy are the means of finally thwarting the machinations of her ambitious sister Mary, who contrives to part Caroline and Arl——ton and to keep them in a miserable state of despondency through most of the story.

Indeed, in spite of the exhilarating nature of their occupations, all the

finer natures of the novel are saddened by the low motives they frequently observe in others. Perhaps this high mood among them may be best indicated by a letter to Arl—ton from Il—ray in Philadelphia concerning the debased George, who had been sent back to procure and convey to his family the remnant of their fortune left in the bank.

'I wish that it was in my power to alleviate the suffering of those charming girls . . . for at this moment, I blush at the depravity to which the human heart may be reduced and feel the utmost indignation at the baseness of their unworthy brother. . . . Wicked and atrocious as it may appear, it is however certain, he has left the place with a phaeton and pair and a servant mounted upon a third horse, for New York; and is thus wantonly dissipating that small pittance which was the only prop to his reduced family,—and whose destruction his former dissipation had been one of the material causes.

'This is one of those circumstances that requires no exaggeration to confound the imagination, or to be related with embellishment and pathos, to shock every sentiment of humanity, gratitude, generosity and honor.'

Yet at the close, by the mysterious processes of 'perfectability,' even George is awakened to better things under the refining influence of the scenes at 'the falls of the Ohio' at Louisville, and the helpful proximity of Caroline and Arl—ton, now united after Caroline's exciting captivity among the Indians of 'the country of the Illinois.'

But what has all this to do with English divorce laws? Nothing. *The Emigrants*, like Puff's play in *The Critic*, has an underplot—indeed, many underplots, all about exquisite young women with disagreeable hus-

bands. Much the most desperate of these underplots is the affair of the quiet, impressive Mr. P— P—. On his return to England after Braddock's Defeat, he fell in with a designing and coarsened Lord B—, who wished to obtain a divorce from his refined wife. Lady B—'s literary tastes and Mr. P— P—'s were congenial, and Lord B—, a violent enemy of all the literary, sets a footman to spy upon them. The unsuspecting Mr. P— P— reads *Othello* aloud to his imaginative hostess.

'She became so absorbed in the story, that when Othello said "put out the light" and "then—put out the light" she fainted as completely as though the circumstance had been real and present to her view. . . . I had caught her in my arms when a footman started upon us, and said that my Lord had sent his compliments to me, and wished I would take an airing with him in his curricule. I desired him in answer to tell his Lordship that I was reading with Lady B— and begged that he would excuse me; for it would not only have been a breach of politeness to have broken a prior engagement, but it would have been inhuman to have left her even when she had recovered.'

I quote this delightful passage as an instance of Imlay's skill and flow both in the lesser silliness peculiar to his day and in the greater silliness. The reader will hardly be surprised to learn that, through the evidence secured by the suborned footman, Lord B— gets all Lady B—'s fortune; and drives her and Mr. P— P— into the direst poverty; and hounds them out of England to the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, where we will not follow their striking and picturesque fortunes—a little like those of Crève-cœur's family, a little like Sinclair's history.

Imlay has such rich resources of

human history to draw on, and is so extremely resourceful with the larger silliness, that one experiences no wonder in his solution of all the complicated marital difficulties of the underplots — partly by the convenient natural deaths of overbearing husbands, but mainly by the sufferers' settling on land in Kentucky. A remarkable and bracing feature of the book is that, though the happiness of the final union of Caroline and Arl—ton is mentioned, yet this happiness is entirely secondary to their absorbed interest in what may be called their new subdivision across the river from Louisville.

Here they have possession of one hundred and sixty-six square miles, which they dispense among land-hungry friends, soldiers and officers of the American Revolution, as well as the sufferers from the English divorce laws; and here 'perfectability' is pursued, and a democratic government is established, and Mr. P—— P—— in his redoubtable quietude comes to live as a species of perpetual president — recalling the vanished forest-state of Transylvania and Richard Henderson, and the grant allotted to George Rogers Clark and the 'Officers' Lands,' after the Revolution.

Indeed, in spite of the silliness of *The Emigrants*, the beauty of a genuine love of freedom, the fascination of the air of virgin country, breathe from its pages. Caroline, Il——ray, divorcee in England, and all the rest of it, are dominated by the author's passion for the wild land, its streams, valleys, mountain forests, and wide-spreading high prairies.

The book has the poetry of this passion. It has genuine charm — the charm of spaciousness, of spontaneity. When Caroline and Il——ray cross the river on the raft, after her captivity in 'the country of the Illinois,' the reader

lives with them in a fine and novel sense of mankind's free heritage of the beauty of earth.

One has, too, a feeling which Caroline and Il——ray could not have known — a feeling that one is looking on scenes existing in the past of the great forest and prairie history of this country, but now vanished forever from human experience. No one had ever presented scenes quite like these before. No one can ever present them again from the same consciousness of American life as Imlay's.

II

Who was this man who wrote *The Emigrants*? Our annals of him are scattered and few. 'Never say you know the last word of any human heart,' says Henry James in 'Louisa Pallant'; and the motto is excellent counsel for those who seek to understand Gilbert Imlay.

Our information of him has been enriched in the last six years by two monographs which we owe to the valuable studies of Mr. Ralph Leslie Rusk and Mr. Oliver Farrar Emerson. According to these researches, Imlay was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey, at some time in the 1750's, probably 1754.

He was the son of Peter Imlay, and belonged to a family of some distinction and importance, according to the minute books of the local court. He appears in the Revolution as wounded at the Battle of Monmouth, which occurred at his birthplace, and as negotiating the release of prisoners in Philadelphia.

Later he is mentioned in England and in France, in French official documents and on the title-pages of his publications, as 'Captain,' which we may assume to be his authentic rank.

After the war, in 1783, Imlay purchased land in Kentucky, and in 1784 we find him in that region, where he had been appointed Deputy Surveyor and 'Commissioner for laying out land in the back settlements.'

Within the following three years he bought more and more Kentucky land. He entered into a project for the establishment of ironworks, and signed no less than three bonds; and was pursued in the courts by three creditors. The ironworks project failed. By the sale of some of his acres he paid a portion of his debts. Others he never paid. But, according to one of the latest American records of him we possess, this fact did not deter him from receiving patents in Virginia for a large tract of land, late in the year 1786; and then he left the country, and we hear nothing more of him for six years.

Imlay had left his tangled legal affairs in the hands of General James Wilkinson — brave, shifty, bombastic, devoted to army intrigue, one of the most curious figures in our history of the West. Like Captain Arl——ton, Wilkinson was a native of the region of Baltimore who had gone up to Philadelphia, and thence to Kentucky in the year of Imlay's arrival. Like Arl——ton and Il——ray, General Wilkinson was a lover of the art of letters, and, as his memoirs tell us, had cultivated sensibility and 'refined enjoyment.'

At about the time when Imlay disappeared from the United States, General Wilkinson indulged his taste for refined enjoyment in an original manner. He boldly loaded several flatboats with a contraband freight of tobacco, flour, bacon, and butter, and steered down the Kentucky River to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. In *The Emigrants*,

Il——ray makes this voyage; and the novel certainly gives some color to the theory that Imlay may have accompanied Wilkinson.

In New Orleans, although Wilkinson's goods were contraband, he managed to avoid arrest by seeking an interview with the Spanish authorities, Miro and Navarro. Always an adroit liar, Wilkinson rapidly convinced them that his arrival with his cargo was only a ruse, to mask a larger project of immense benefit to Spanish America. Wilkinson's larger project was no less than the separation of the region of Kentucky from the United States, and its confederation with Spain.

Till the close of the century and during Wilkinson's Northwest campaigns as an officer of the United States army, he was receiving a pension of eighteen hundred dollars a year from New Orleans and the Spanish Crown for his alleged industry in fomenting his vast scheme for the revolt of Kentucky to the government of Spain. What was even more advantageous to him was the secret monopoly of trade on the Mississippi, a further privilege he received from New Orleans.

Such was the 'Spanish Plot.' In other words, General Wilkinson was the Spanish Plot, through a bold and singular career running now outside our story — a career to which only the gifts of the late Frank R. Stockton could do justice.

How far was Imlay involved in all this? Did he act as Wilkinson's representative later perhaps in Spain? Did he ship European cargoes for Wilkinson's Mississippi trade monopoly? It seems significant that in *The Emigrants* Il——ray embarks from New Orleans for Spain, and after crossing the Pyrenees visits France and England, where we next find traces of Gilbert Imlay's presence.

III

In the year 1792 Imlay published in London *A Topographical History of the Western Territory of North America*.

For me, as with *The Emigrants*, this attractive old book has an endless fascination in its power of evoking the past of forest and prairie, with its panoramic tale of the great timber, catalpa, and red-flowering maple, hickory and pine, hemlock and live oak and fir; the flight of wild ducks, mallards, heron and bittern; the full-flowering prairie, columbine and mint and wild rose and rue; the Homeric enumerations of varieties of trees, of wild flowers, of wild game and Indian tribes now tragically vanished.

'Having been brought up in the interior parts of America, he is the most natural, unaffected creature,' Mary Wollstonecraft wrote a few years later of Imlay to her sister Everina. And the spontaneity and naturalness of the *Topographical History* are not the least of its merits.

The book abounds in advanced opinions. But this is too light a dismissal of Imlay's genuine loathing of snobbishness, his warm-hearted hatred of race prejudice, his wise and humane plan for the abolition of slavery, and his enlightened contempt for superstition.

Two later editions presented to an international public the text of two documents of momentous importance in the Western history of the United States — Washington's great Treaty with Spain, opening the Mississippi to navigation for the commerce of the border settlers; and the record of the Piankishaw Council and Treaty, which served with increasing effect to free the border of the horror of Indian attack and massacre.

These later editions also give fuller accounts of the Western regions, and

of even better ways of making maple sugar; and reprint Filson's *Discovery and Settlement of Kentucky and Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boone* — the last a masterpiece.

To digress for a moment: in connection with this capital old piece of Filson's, we possess, through W. H. Bogart, a tradition of the pleasure of one admirer of Filson's biography which ought to be true if it is not. Though it is well known that Daniel Boone had an imperfect literary education, and read and wrote at best with difficulty, yet the style of Filson's *Life*, written ostensibly from the Long Hunter's dictation, is highly literary, flowing and ornate, opening with the sentence: —

'Curiosity is natural to the soul of man, and interesting objects have a powerful influence on our affections.'

It is said that in his last years Daniel Boone, sitting in his coonskin cap with his rifle across his knees in the grassy yard of the house of his son, Major Nathan Boone, in the Osage region of Missouri, would derive a peculiarly rich enjoyment from listening while a friend read aloud to him the rolling periods attributed to him by the art of John Filson. 'I now live in peace and safety, enjoying the sweets of liberty and the bounties of Providence with my once fellow-sufferers.'

Though the *Topographical History* is better known than Imlay's novel, it is all too little known. For Imlay's ability as an editor, as well as the charm and historical interest of his own contribution, this book deserves to be reprinted. Both *The Emigrants* and the *Topographical History* should be made accessible to a wider circle of readers.

IV

Moncure Conway's biography of Tom Paine tells us that late in the

year 1792 an intimate international group of men and women used to gather in the evenings at the house of the author of *Common Sense* in the Faubourg Saint-Denis; among these men and women, Roland and Madame Roland, the editor Bonneville, the English merchant Christie and his wife, Madame Brissot, Brissot, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Gilbert Imlay.

Brissot had been active in forming the Genêt project for the French conquest of Spanish territory in North America. Through Brissot at this period, in the winter of 1792-93, Imlay sent two memorials on Louisiana to the Committee of Safety—documents purporting to give authentic information of the trans-Alleghany region, and portraying this sparsely settled and poverty-stricken country as ready to muster forty thousand well-equipped troops and large sums of money for the benefit of France. Certainly in these manifestoes the author seems a mere untrustworthy informant of France, and quite unconcerned in risking the lives and hard-won livelihoods of his countrymen.

If one knew Imlay only by the voice of the Louisiana memorials of his own authorship, one might regard him as hardly better than an unscrupulous land booster. But though a writer, and a writer of importance in his own day, it has been his curious destiny to possess a world-wide fame from the sound of voices not his own—the passionate, lyrical voice of Mary Wollstonecraft, the quiet philosophic voice of William Godwin.

It was in 1793 that he met Mary Wollstonecraft, with the circle of people surrounding Tom Paine. She was writing a history of the French Revolution. But this had not been her purpose in coming to France. She had come in the hope of escaping from a

passion of hers which has been thrust too hastily into the background by many of those who have been interested in her life, myself among them. To those following the biographies of Kegan Paul and of Mrs. Pennell this is natural. But a little closer reading of Godwin and the biography of G. R. Stirling Taylor will convince one of one's error.

A few months before her arrival in France, Mary Wollstonecraft had fallen deeply in love with the painter Fuseli. Though she said to him, 'If I thought my passion criminal I would conquer it, or die in the attempt,' she was too perturbed to be able to follow the even tenor of her days as a reader, translator, and writer for her friend the publisher Johnson. She was obsessed by her inner vision of Fuseli. She besought his wife to permit her to come to live with them, a request which she says arises 'from the sincere affection which I have for your husband, for I find that I cannot live without the satisfaction of seeing and conversing with him daily.'

Mrs. Fuseli thought it unwise to grant Mary Wollstonecraft's candid request, though throughout Mary's life they remained friends. Before Mary's feeling for Fuseli had risen to these proportions, the three had planned to go to France together, and now Mary went alone.

'Her personal and ardent affection,' Godwin tells us, 'was a source of perpetual torment to her. She conceived it necessary to snap the chain,' and in her voyage 'the single object she had in view was that of an endeavor to heal her distempered mind.'

All the emotion Mary Wollstonecraft had repressed on leaving Fuseli now rose for Imlay. Everyone knows the story: how they loved each other, and lived together in Paris, while the Terror and the might of Robespierre

overwhelmed the city, and Paine was imprisoned in the Luxembourg, and Brissot was guillotined; how Imlay came and went on unknown and doubtful business, and her ardent letters, spontaneous, humorous, brave, bewildered, followed him in his comings and goings; how they lived together in Havre from February till autumn, and a child of theirs, Fanny Imlay, was born there in May in 1794, and seven months later Imlay went to London and became fascinated by 'a young strolling actress'; and how after that, with many changes and eddies, and endless, inconsistent claimings, and two hopeless trials of living with him in London, Mary Wollstonecraft's passion for him plunged down a final chasm of despair.

The candor of the Letters to Imlay has fascinated the world. Their free movement is so strong that one is carried away by the tide of their emotion. It is hard to look at Mary Wollstonecraft's or at Imlay's life before or after the striking episodes the Letters narrate; and though people have known of Mary's feeling for Fuseli, they have been slow in realizing fully that she had been deeply in love only a few months before she knew Imlay, and that she was involved in a third passionate attachment — to Godwin — only a few months after her last parting from Imlay in the spring of 1796, three years after their first meeting.

In the Letters we see Imlay as cold-hearted and trivial, and preoccupied with business undertakings of which she knows little, though she mistrusts and disapproves of them. After their parting she wrote of the American settlers of the West in a reference which may well point to Imlay:—

'The resolution that led them in pursuit of independence to search for unknown shores, and to sleep under

the hovering mists of endless forests, whose baleful damps agued their limbs, was now turned into commercial speculations, till the national character exhibited a phenomenon in the history of the human mind — a head enthusiastically enterprising, with cold selfishness of heart.'

At the time of their union she writes to him with contempt of 'this crooked business.' Was it his offices for Wilkinson in the Spanish Plot for the Western Territory? Was it his offices against Spain in the French Plot for the Western Territory? Was it something connected with the well-known New Orleans talent of the time for privateering? Whatever she knew, or Godwin knew later, they were rather careful not to tell. Even when Mary goes to Norway and Sweden to collect Imlay's monies for him, she gives no hint of the nature of his commercial transactions in the north.

He seems not to have been poor in Europe or in England. He obtains and furnishes a house for Mary in London. He desires to continue to send her money, and to support his daughter. Or at least he says he desires to, but perhaps his profession is no more to be credited than his memorial on Louisiana.

Whatever he professed, throughout the tragedy of her short life and long after her mother's death Fanny Imlay was cared for and protected by her stepfather Godwin. In his account of Imlay which prefaces the Letters and the Memoir of Mary Wollstonecraft, Godwin speaks with generous deference of his predecessor. He says, too, that his wife would never permit anything despicable to be spoken of Imlay in her presence.

Paradoxically enough, both he and Mary Wollstonecraft, the very persons who have presented Imlay to posterity as a mere light-o'-love and craven

deserter, have also magnanimously said for him about all that can be said from their knowledge of him.

V

Theirs was for many years the last word about Imlay. Nothing more was known of him until 1903, when Mr. Richard Garnett in the London *Athenæum* published an article mentioning that he had recently learned that in 1828 a Gilbert Imlay had been buried in St. Brelade's Parish in Jersey, one of the Channel Islands. The inscription has disappeared from the churchyard, but Mr. Emerson has obtained a copy of the entry in the parish register: —

M. Gilbert Imlay fut enterré, le vingt quatrième jour de Novembre mil huit cent vingt huit, âgé de 74 ans.

This may have been a different individual from the captain in the American Revolution. But no other person of this Christian name appears in the records of the Imlays. There is no further record of him in Jersey of the Channel Islands.

This absence of record may show that he was there unoccupied — maybe as a health seeker; or it may show that he engaged in an occupation which avoided record. It is of interest that we hear of Imlay at Hamburg (in the Letters from Norway), that his hero journeys to New Orleans, and that his memorial and the 1797 edition of the *Topographical History* show a considerable knowledge of the latter city as a port — both New Orleans and Hamburg being harbors for illegitimate international traffic of the time; and that then we learn of the death of a Gilbert Imlay in Jersey, an island which had been, in the period of Captain Gilbert Imlay's life, a notorious resort of the privateers, pirates, and smugglers of Spain, and a rendezvous for Napoleonic refugees and plotters.

The historical background of Imlay's life after the American Revolution is that of the great struggle of the border for the Western land of North America. Though only a guess, one has a certain large basis for guessing that throughout his life after the Revolution Imlay may have been interested and active in the commercial and political traffic of the international plots and counterplots for the Western Territory. In the many-sided and dramatic story of the struggle for the land of North America west of the Alleghanies in the half-century after 1770, he has a vital part in giving us a stirring and authentic picture of the borderland itself.

He was a man of the border. He is always giving his bridle rein a shake and saying adieu forevermore. We find him frequently with people who are lying in ambush. Yet in some respects his is a figure of more familiar and pedestrian outline — that of a person who cares too much about money and not enough about human understanding. But the man we see in our scattered record of Imlay's life, the man we see in his writings, is not to be dismissed by a formula.

We see him as unscrupulous, independent, courageous, a dodger of debts to the poor, a deserter, a protector of the helpless, a revolutionist, a man of enlightenment beyond his age, a greedy and treacherous land booster. You will hardly have made up your mind that he is a mere border ruffian and shirker of obligation on both continents when he will say something so generously conceived as to charm you out of your opinion.

Though a flare of loyalty to the ideas of those he admires glimmers through his writings, this too, like everything else about him, is flickering and uncertain. He casts a strange passing light on some of the most curious and striking figures about him;

and yet one feels that he did not understand them very well himself. Certainly he did not understand Mary Wollstonecraft.

In his associates, his correspondents, and the ideas and principles of his acquaintances which he presents in his books, what an assemblage of human beings appears — Wilkinson, Henderson, the ruler of the border state of Transylvania, Daniel Boone, Mary Wollstonecraft, Tom Paine, Brissot! If you had known them, if you had known Imlay among them, could you have understood them, no matter how often you saw them, no matter what they said in your presence? Probably not.

To understand these people you would have had to know what it meant to fight typhus and the Miamis and to trick Spanish grandees, as Wilkinson did; what it meant to rule in a blockhouse in the wilderness, as Henderson did; to be desperate with the defeat and hunger of a misprized passion and to try to drown yourself in a dark city river, like Mary Wollstonecraft; to go half-naked and cold, as a painted Indian captive alone with the Indians on the open prairie, like Daniel Boone; to sicken to unconsciousness in a filthy prison in Paris, like Tom Paine; to ride in a tumbril to a guillotine for your love of freedom, like Brissot.

Like Gilbert Imlay, the men and women of his acquaintance were all in their several kinds people of the border.

To appreciate him and them you would have to understand things not dreamed of in the philosophy of Goethe or Shakespeare or of any of the Regulars — nor in the philosophy of the Regulars of the other side, either, like Byron, the Regulars of Sinning and Wild Living in capital letters. Yet, diverse as they are in the scenes and aims of their lives, — these people of the border over the world, associated with Gilbert Imlay, — one is struck with certain qualities standing out clearly enough in them and in him. All have courage. All have speed. All have the love of freedom.

Even as we see him now, with the worst of his faults and feeblenesses on his head, Imlay has the love of freedom. He has speed and courage. We cannot pluck out the heart of his mystery. But we could not, as I hope, if we had lived on earth with him. In the course of learning to know any human being, the curious reader of history, the curious reader of life, will prefer the experience of a thousand corrected impressions to any formulaic judgment.

To understand Imlay at all, and to enjoy his various narratives, it is necessary not to regard him or them in the hope of obtaining a conclusive and unified impression of his character. It is better to remember that 'curiosity is natural to the soul of man, and interesting objects have a powerful influence on our affections.'

TWO SONNETS

I

LET us be quiet for a little space.
If I should lay my hand upon your hair
The world might seem a less conclusive place
Than this I dwell assured of. Love may dare
All things save this — to strike before the hour.
We who have held our purpose consecrate
To truth know well the immitigable power
She wields ere yet the soul and body mate.

We have outgrown the Thracian mysteries
Whose joy was of the earth. We may not raise
Glad hearts as theirs who sought each other's eyes
Only to hymn the Virgin's holy praise.
Greece and Assisi perish; there remain
Love, and a new integrity of pain.

II

Now we are come unto the shore who strove
Against the wind and tide to no avail.
Let others speak vain words in praise of love
Who have not read to the ending of the tale.
We love as eyes might see that long had lost
Vision; we walk, whose limbs have ceased to writhe;
We stand, who watched the Lord's embattled host
Go down like wheat before the leveling scythe.

No more we'll seek a place among the stars
To seal our joy's abiding; we are come
Red with the passion of a hundred wars'
Long siege of crystal cities far from home
To pledge in tears the life that has its birth
When the first man stands forth on granite earth.

HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

GROWING UP WITH IOWA¹

Episodes in a Life of a Hundred Years

BY HARRIET CONNOR BROWN

(ALTHOUGH Ames Township rather boasts of having led Athens County in the matter of establishing libraries and schools, the educational advantages of the community in the early fifties were not such as to have greatly impressed Grandmother Brown's small sons, when they reached school age. 'When Charlie came home from his first day at school,' said she, 'I asked him what he thought of it. "I like it," he answered, "but I would n't be a teacher for anything." "Why not?" "My temper'd fly up and I'd kill some of them and then I'd have to be hung," he answered.'

The Harvard influence so strong in the Ames schools of early day—praised by Judge Cutler for their 'elevated character'—seems to have waned a bit by this time. Also, the customs of the people would seem to have become somewhat less decorous during their half century of struggle with the wilderness. According to Judge Cutler, the early settlers had 'entered into an agreement not to use ardent spirits at elections, or the fourth of July, at social parties, raisings, logging-bees, or any public occasion, and to this engagement they strictly adhered for many years.' But by the time Daniel and Maria Brown took up their residence in Amesville, this self-denying ordinance against 'ardent

spirits' had been forgotten. Whiskey was freely dispensed in every village store. According to Walker, even the clergy were active in transporting it, indeed in profiting by it. The lower settlement in Ames Township enjoyed, indeed, the services of a circuit-riding Free Will Baptist, one Elder Asa Stearns, who preached to the people once a month and received in pay three barrels of whiskey.

In the meantime, Maria Brown was attending to her home and family, and the firm of Brown and Dickey was pursuing industriously the difficult and delicate art of merchandising.)

I

When Dan'l went into business with Austin Dickey at Ames (said Grandmother Brown), they dealt in all kinds of food and grain, dry goods and hardware. Their store occupied the lower floor of a corner on Amesville's one street. Gradually they built on additions, until finally it covered a whole block. Their most important addition was a big smokehouse. Raising hogs proved profitable. While hogs, unlike horses and cattle, could n't be driven a long distance to market, they could be fattened at home on soaked wheat and sold as pork and bacon to the Southern plantations. Then Dan'l had lofts and barns where wool and hides could be stored, so he used to buy

¹ Earlier chapters of these reminiscences were published in August and September. — EDITOR

sheep, shear them, pack the wool into sacks, tan the hides and hang them up in his barns, feeding the carcasses to the hogs.

In the fall, Dan'l and his partner used to go into the tall timber, about a mile from the store, cut down logs, and have the carpenters build them in Federal Creek a scow or flatboat. This they stored with grain, bacon, wool, tobacco, dried fruits. They'd have oxen to load the boat, pulling their goods through the mire. Then they waited for the spring freshets to raise the creek and float them into the Hocking River. Sometimes the waters would come with a rush before Dan'l was ready to go, before the boat was fully outfitted. I can remember the tense excitement of such days.

Dan'l could never sleep when he was waiting for the spring flood. In the meantime, Kate and I would be making biscuits and doughnuts all night long, expecting any moment to hear the rush of waters.

Since the timbers have been cut, that old creek does n't rise any more at all. But in those days it was a thrilling thing to see the boat swing off down the creek, knowing it would be carried into the stream of the Hocking, next into the flow of the Ohio, and finally into the channel of the Mississippi. Propelled by oars and poles, swinging and turning, it swept on its way, irresistibly, to far-away New Orleans.

At points along the way, Dan'l and his partner stopped to trade off their wares. At Cincinnati they got rid of some grain and tobacco. At plantations along the lower Mississippi they exchanged bacon for molasses. The negroes used to come to their boat to barter with them. At New Orleans they exchanged that plantation molasses for refined sugar.

That New Orleans sugar was shipped in hogsheads up to the mouth of the

Hocking River. Dan'l then hauled it sixteen miles to the store. It was white and in sugar-loaf form, covered first with white paper and then with purple. We'd save the purple paper for coloring. I remember that I dyed white silk gloves with it.

At New Orleans Dan'l always sold the boat, took the cash returns of the enterprise in the form of Mexican silver, put the money into axe-head boxes, packed those into a small black horsehair trunk, — one does n't see such trunks any more, — and brought the trunk into the stateroom of the steamboat on which he took passage for home. They always tried to act as though the trunk was light; and one person always lay around the stateroom guarding the trunk when the other wandered about the boat.

The profits of this venture were usually about \$2000. With this money in their possession, they would go to Pittsburgh to invest in hardware or push on to Philadelphia to buy general merchandise, — dry goods and household furniture and farming implements, — all of which was later brought over the mountains to them by freighters. This was the long and laborious process by which the products of the Northern soil were collected and bartered through the South for money which was spent in the East for merchandise needed by the farmers of the Northwest Territory. The merchandising of goods was a complicated thing in those days — most of it done directly without the help of the banker.

I remember how exciting it used to be when the freighters drove in with their big wagons of goods. 'Pennsylvania schooners' we called them — immense wagons, each with six horses, each with a canvas top hooped and drawn in with ropes. The driver used to ride on the horse at the right next to the wagon. He carried a long whip, and

with a whirl of it could hit the front horse. They did n't undertake to move fast, but it was an exciting business just the same — seeing things opened at the store when the boxes of muslins and delaines were brought in. At the end of the first year we had lost a good deal of money, but Dan'l borrowed some more and went ahead, and after that 'the gilt began to stick to our fingers,' as he used to say.

II

We lived in Amesville eleven years. Then we sold out and joined the Western migration. We bought a farm in Iowa and moved there in the summer of 1856.

Dan'l had got the Western fever, and I was willing to go to any place where I thought we might better our fortunes. A cousin of Dan'l's who had been in California, going out by land and returning around the Horn, visited us in '55 and told interesting tales of his experience. Dan'l himself had made two trips to the West, looking for land. He thought of settling in Geneseo, Illinois, where cousins had established themselves. But he went on into Iowa, where another cousin named Oliver Brown was living, and came back saying he had bought a farm across the road from Oliver's.

Brown and Dickey sold their business for \$10,000, each getting \$5000 in cash. The price of our Iowa farm was \$3500 in gold. The rest of our money went to buy a fine team of mares, a new wagon, and a new carriage, all of which had taken prizes at the county fair. We sold the bulk of our household goods, but I managed to have the cherry dresser packed for transportation; also a big roll of Brussels carpet.

It was a considerable undertaking, in those days, to move one's family from Ohio to Iowa. There were no

railroads to carry us across country, and we had to go by steamboat down the Hocking River to the Ohio, down the Ohio to St. Louis, and then up the Mississippi River to Keokuk, and overland the rest of the way by carriage. We were twenty days on the journey. But compared with what our grandparents had had to overcome in moving from Massachusetts to New York and Vermont, and from those places on to Ohio, it was nothing. And then I never thought about its being hard. I was used to things being hard.

I was very busy, those last days in Amesville, getting myself and the children ready for the journey. You may be sure that I fixed my children up so they looked nice. Will and Charlie were nine and seven years old by this time, Lizzie past four, and Gus two. Gus was old enough to be weaned, but, knowing that we were likely to move, I had kept on nursing him, anxious not to change his food before we got to our journey's end. So they were all rosy and in fine condition. Will and Charlie had such pretty little suits — long trousers with little roundabout coats and hats with visors. I made them ruffled linen collars that were very becoming with their suits, and I did those collars up on the boat, so that the boys looked fresh and clean all the way.

Whenever I stopped to think, my heart was heavy at the thought of leaving Ohio and going to such a far, strange country. But I did n't have much time for thinking. And one thing made it easier — my mother was going along. Mr. Hatch had died not long after he came home from the Mexican War, and my mother was going West to visit Brother John, who had settled in Minnesota, where his father-in-law was a land agent for the Government. Dan'l's father, Grandpa Brown, also joined us, and a cousin, Will

Foster, so we were a company of nine people when gathered at the mouth of the Hocking, looking for a steamboat to carry us towards our new home in the West.

Our journey West began with three days of tedious waiting at the mouth of the Hocking River. One boat after another refused to carry us, because we were too many in numbers or our freight too bulky for accommodation. But the Lord was watching over us, because one of those steamers that refused us was wrecked soon after it left us and all lives on board were lost.

We spent those three days at the Hoyt Williams House. What interested our children most at that place was two parrots. One of them could only say, 'Oh, Hoyt!' but the other was quite conversational. This parrot ate at the second table with the children, pecking away at a plate of things very politely. One morning after breakfast, coming out on the porch with Gus in my arms and the other children following along, I found that this smart parrot was very sick. He was vomiting at the railing and kept screaming, 'Polly drank too much! Polly drank too much!' Willie regarded him with considerable awe. 'Seems to me, Mother,' he said, 'a bird that can talk like that just *ought* to have a soul.'

Finally we were off. The boats of those days were interesting places, carrying all kinds of human beings, black and white. The rough work was done by colored roustabouts. Some of the passengers were quite fashionable. There was dancing every night to music furnished by a band made up of colored waiters. There was card playing, too. Indeed, the boat was infested with blackleg gamblers. Every evening after dinner the card tables were set out. There was a bar, too, where you could get anything you'd a mind to pay for.

Our boat was a side-wheeler, and was loaded to the guards with freight. It moved very slowly. I got *so* tired before the journey was ended. I had my children's clothes to wash and iron every day, but I didn't have much anxiety about the children themselves. All of them kept well. I felt so sorry for a lady who had a baby about the age of Gus. She had weaned him, and said it was *such* a mistake. The baby cried and she walked the deck with him night after night. Will and Charlie were obedient little boys and never wandered far from my sight. Naturally they were all eyes.

They never saw a railroad train until we came near Cairo, Illinois. To most of the passengers it was a curiosity. The people rushed to that side of the boat to watch it go by. Look at the difference now, seventy years after. I've heard Dan'l tell about some of those first railroads in the East, that they were just stone abutments with timbers laid on top and spiked down. Travel over them had a tendency to loosen the timbers, and sometimes the ends actually ran up into the car and endangered the people there. What an advance has been made in railroad travel! Just look now at the smooth performances of the Santa Fe! When first I heard people talking about railroads, I thought they meant roads made of fence rails laid across the mud to keep the wheels from sinking into the soft ground! Well, to continue: when we got to St. Louis there was a half mile of boats headed in at the wharf, and we had to wait a long time before we could land. We stopped in St. Louis long enough to buy some dishes and a cookstove. It was a good stove; there never was a better. Made by Bridge, Beech and Company and called the 'Golden Era.' Those were the years of the California gold excitement, and every door of the stove

had the picture of a gold piece on it.

Finally we reached Keokuk, 'the head of navigation' in those days. We could n't go above the rapids in the river, there being no canal as yet. So we landed at Keokuk, and Ma and I with baby and Lizzie were put into our fine new carriage, with Grandpa Brown and Cousin Will Foster to drive us to our farm. That was eight miles from Fort Madison, and twelve miles from Burlington, which were towns of considerable size. Dan'l stayed behind in Keokuk with the little boys to look after the landing of our goods.

After several hours' driving we arrived at Oliver Brown's house. We were welcomed with great excitement, for Oliver had begun to be awfully uneasy, fearing that Dan'l had been robbed and murdered for his money. The care of that money had been our main concern all through the trip. Dan'l had the paper money in a belt around his waist—I have that old belt yet, that and Dan'l's tuning fork (it's a C). The gold for the farm was left with me. The gold pieces were wrapped separately in paper and put in a sack of linen bird's-eye which had been woven by Dan'l's mother (I gave that little sack to Lizzie, not long ago, thinking that she might like to have a piece of her Grandmother Brown's weaving). This sack of gold I kept in a carpetbag where I had the children's soiled clothes. We did not, of course, want to give the impression that we had any quantity of money with us. I felt deeply the responsibility of looking after it.

As we were leaving Keokuk, Dan'l brought the carpetbag and, depositing it at my feet, said cheerfully, 'There, Mother! There's your farm!' Then off we drove.

There were so many of us that we could not all be accommodated, that first night, at Oliver Brown's. Ma and

I went up the road with the little ones to sleep at the home of a cousin named Tom Stephenson. 'Where shall I leave the carpetbag?' I asked Oliver Brown's wife. 'Why, put it in the room where Oliver and Will will sleep. Put it behind the door,' she said. And so I went peacefully to bed.

But the next morning, when I looked for my gold in the carpetbag, it was *gone*. Oh, I shall *never* forget the horror of the next few hours. I thought I should lose my mind. The gold simply was n't there. Oliver and Will had risen early and started with a wagon and team back to Keokuk to help Dan'l move our things. Of course we thought that they might have moved the gold, which was, in fact, what they had done, having taken it out of the carpetbag and locked it in Oliver's desk before they set out that morning. But they neglected to tell anyone that they had moved it. I kept remembering how Dan'l had called out at Keokuk, when he put the gold at my feet, 'There, Mother! There's your farm!' And I imagined that some thief, hanging about, had overheard, followed us, and robbed us in the night. Tom Stephenson got out his horse and rode off in haste to meet the party coming from Keokuk to announce to them the misfortune that had befallen us. In the meantime I walked the floor. The fruits of ten years' work and saving entrusted to my care and lost in a single night! Oh, why had I, at the very last, let that carpetbag from my sight? My hair turned gray early; I think it must have started to turn that day when I thought that our farm had been lost, and lost through me.

In the meantime the folks coming up the road from Keokuk were having a little excitement of their own. Oliver Brown and Will Foster had joined them with a team of farm horses, but one of the horses took a notion to balk.

They could n't move him. There they stuck. And then, just in the nick of time, came Tom Stephenson pounding down the road, his horse all lathered, waving his arms and shouting: 'The gold's gone!' But Oliver Brown and Will Foster knew where the gold was and naturally could n't be excited about it. 'Oh, the gold's safe,' was all they said. 'It's in Oliver's desk. Get off your horse, Tom.' And they took Tom's horse, all covered with foam as it was, put him in harness in place of the balky one, and they all moved forward again. It seemed very exciting and dramatic to the small boys, and they would have called it a drama of 'The Balky Horse,' I suppose, whereas to me it was a tragedy of 'The Lost Gold.'

III

And so it was that the Brown family came to Iowa.

When I got over my excitement about the gold and looked around me, my heart sank. 'Don't let's unpack our goods,' I said to Dan'l. 'It looks so wild here. Let's go home.' But we had bought the farm and there we were.

We lived there fourteen years, and I was never reconciled to it. I had never lived in the country before. The drudgery was unending. The isolation was worse. In time, we knew a few families with whom we had friendly relations, but they were very few. At first we had the Oliver Browns across the way. They were always great readers, were educated, and sent their children away to school. But they were frontiersmen by nature, always moving west, and a couple of years after we came to Iowa they sold their farm and moved on.

We had a good farm of rich black soil. But it is people that really make a country, not soil. Those who had settled in that neighborhood were of

American stock, but it was poor in quality. I like to be with people who know something, who want something. One of our neighbors let three years go by before she came to see us. 'I woulda come before,' she said, 'but I heard you had Brussels carpet on the floor!' Why, she should have come to see what it was like!

The nearest town to us was Augusta. It was about two miles away on Skunk River, a narrow winding little stream not entirely without beauty.

There was a bridge across the river, a bridge that Dan'l helped pay for. The old flour mills that stood there once and the miller in his white suit are gone.

Oh, Augusta once showed some signs of life, though not a very cultivated life. It had two mills and two blacksmith shops, several stores. Things don't look as prosperous out that way now as they did fifty years ago.

The road past our farm, which was once a main highway, is now a bypath only. Where a double row of shade trees ran along the road a half century ago, one sees now only rows of stumps. We had three bearing orchards when we left and a fourth coming on. Where are they now? To be sure, we knew nothing then of the pests that prey on fruit trees now. But nowadays one sees few flowers and gardens about the houses. And the fields seem deserted. Of course, with all the new machines not so many men are needed to work the fields. But it does seem as if all people care for out here now is to get the crop. There is less pride in the way things look. Perhaps the bad Iowa roads have something to do with it. But the road that runs past Denmark — which the railroads have missed all these years — is part of the system of permanent State roads, and perhaps in time this part of the world may look like something again.

Denmark was a pretty village, a really charming town in some respects. It had an air of refinement. It had been settled by educated people from the East. They had a fine academy and a good church there. But it was five miles from us, and five miles in days of bad roads was a real barrier. We could not often spare the time or use the horses to drive so far to church. The first Sunday we were at the farm we drove to the poor little church on Lost Creek.

It used to have two front doors; men went in one and women in the other. When a man and wife from town came in and sat beside each other, the children giggled.

And what a woodsy congregation it was! Lizzie kept whispering that first Sunday: 'Oh, Mother, I'd rather be in Ohio. I'd rather hear Aunt Ann sing!' It brought tears to my eyes and a homesick lump to my throat to hear her carry on so. It was just the way I felt.

From our immediate community around Lost Creek and Skunk River so little inspiration was to be drawn that it took constant assertion of character to keep from going backward. When Ma took leave of me after seeing us settled on the farm, she said to me, rather solemnly, 'Now, Maria, you'll be tempted to grow careless, living off here away from everybody. People who live in the country seldom change their dress in the afternoon, as you've been brought up to do. Now keep on doing the way you've done all your life. After dinner, take a bath and clean up and keep yourself nice, even if there's no one to see you.' And so I always did. Coming in, Oliver Brown would say: 'Going some place?' 'No.' 'Company coming?' 'No.' They learned, after a while, that it was my way. I could sew and I could wash and iron, and so I was independent

always in the matter of wardrobe. I always had plenty of clean white wrappers and fresh cuffs and collars. I can't help but think that children have more respect for a tidy mother than for a 'clatty' one. Webster says a 'slut' is a careless, dirty woman, or a female dog.

And it took the same sort of watchfulness to keep from sliding backward in other ways. The work of the farm interfered with regular family worship, but Dan'l always asked the blessing. I had been brought up to keep the Sabbath Day holy, and it seemed to me that my children should be taught to do so also. On our farm were many acres of hazel nuts. The boys gathered them and laid them out on top of the woodhouse to dry. Charlie wanted to climb up there and shell them out on Sunday. 'Can't I shell them out on Sunday, Mother, if I sing a hymn all the while?' he teased. 'Seems to me I'd have let him do it,' Sister Libbie said. But I would n't. I'll not compromise when I think a thing is wrong.

Our land was virgin soil. Much of it had never been broken, but the farm was twenty years old when we bought it. Dan'l paid \$17.50 an acre for that farm. There were 202 acres, which was about the average size of the farms in the neighborhood. The two acres were thrown in extra. Eighty of the 202 acres were timber land, a grove of walnut trees on Skunk River. The timber had been used most wastefully. The best logs had been cut. There was an old log house on the place that had a siding of walnut boards and a roofing an inch thick made out of walnut logs. The granary and barn were also made of wide walnut boards. Such wastefulness!

Just think, if Dan'l had only been a financier, those eighty acres of walnut trees would have enabled him to die a rich man. But then, what's the use

of fretting about it now? We lived and worked and had our being, and burned that nice walnut wood in our stoves and kept our house warm and comfortable. Otherwise, there was no wastefulness in that house of ours. Four rooms with cellar and attic were all we got. It was a well-built, good house, painted white, but without a single extra thing. No shutters; no porch; no closets. Not even a nail to hang a dish rag on! Just house!

All about the house, at first, was a tangle of hazel brush. It grew so close about us that the cows could n't get between it and the house.

Yes, it was wild enough when we first came there. But when we left, after fourteen years, it was pretty much all under cultivation. All our stock was under shelter. At first we had only a log barn, but later we built two new barns, one with a fine stone basement with room for our carriage and with five stalls for horses. Once we had reached the farm we had very little use for our carriage and for our silver-mounted harness — a rarity in Iowa. One of the first things that Dan'l did was to get me some muslin in Fort Madison, and I made a cover for that beautiful carriage. We set it away on the threshing floor and kept it clean and bright until we had a chance to sell it in later years.

IV

In time the place came to look rather nice. No amount of cultivation could make it beautiful in the sense that the hills around Athens are beautiful. It was doomed to be flat and uninteresting by comparison. On the farm one could see a mile in every direction. The first morning there Lizzie looked about her and exclaimed, 'Oh, Mother, is n't this a wide town!'

Our road drove in past an orchard

which was half grown when we came there. Later we planted others and had a nice selection of fruit. At the left of the barn grew a clump of jack oaks — they have one smooth leaf, you know, not the leaf with scalloped edges like the big oak. There we had a box for the martins. And there was a rather pretty tree near the house, a silver poplar with white leaves that were always shaking. In the hazel brush the wild violets were as thick as could be. How Gus loved to gather them! He would come with his fat little hands full of the blossoms, and Ma would put them in water for him; he was so fond of her, and Lizzie would be jealous, because she was fond of Grandma, too, and wanted her attentions.

We had so many more birds then than we have now. One time I shall never forget. I was washing outdoors on the shady side of the house and I heard a bird with an unfamiliar note. I left my washing and followed it into the orchard, where I saw it quite plainly. I rushed into the house and consulted the Bird Book I had bought for my children. A Baltimore oriole! They build their nests of thread. Is n't it wonderful how a bird can do that — take thread and weave a nest for its babies and line it soft and nice with feathers from its own breast?

At night it used to make me so lonesome, sitting at the front door in the dusk, — we had supper at five o'clock, — to hear the prairie chickens calling over the meadow, 'Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!' Charlie could make a noise exactly like their three calls.

'T was sufficiently settled up in Iowa by the time we got there so that there were no prairie wolves about. It was n't like Chicago when my cousin, Mary Harper, went to live there — she was Aunt Lucinda's daughter. I have heard her tell how one time, when

Mr. Harper lay very sick, the wolves howled about the house all night. But I did see three wolves go past our house once — just once — on the lope. They went the length of our farm as far as I could see. I don't know where they were going and I guess they did n't know, either.

We were too late for the Indians also. They too had gone before we came. But once, driving home from Fort Madison, Dan'l did overtake two braves. He asked them to ride. When he reached home they sat down under a tree in the yard. I fixed up a big trayful of good things to eat and sent it out to them. There they squatted in paint and feathers, showing their whole nakedness as they ate. They were the first Indians I ever saw.

Outside, in the fields, the men folks had their full share of trials before our farm was well under cultivation. To begin with, soon after we arrived Dan'l began shaking with fever and ague, having got infected on the river as we came here. I myself never had a chill in my life, but Dan'l suffered one season terribly. He always claimed that he cured himself eating wild plums.

Then the weather was very trying during our first years on the farm. The summer of '57 was terribly wet. Soon after came a summer that was just as terribly dry. The grass actually crackled when we walked over it and the corn shriveled and dried up in the stalk. Then the winters of '58 and '59 were unheard of in their severity. For months the snow was knee-deep between the house and the outhouses. To cultivate and develop a farm in a new country when the weather is unfavorable is no easy task.

The first piece of ground Dan'l undertook to break was a twenty-acre piece that proved to be full of bumblebees. One boy always had to follow along behind the team with a shovel,

smothering the bees with earth whenever the plough turned them up. The horses used to get panicky. Old Sal wanted to run off, and our sober Bob was so scared by the bees that he jumped and cut his foot on the plough. Grandpa advised us to buy a yoke of oxen. We did so, but they'd twist their tails when the bumblebees flew out about them and run almost as fast as the horses did. People used to say that clover would n't grow unless there were bumblebees about to carry the pollen.

Dan'l was looking out for any kind of help he could get, to do the farming. He bought the first mowing machine I ever saw, one of the first lot ever shipped west of the Mississippi. It was made by Walter A. Wood and Company and cost about sixty-five dollars. The first hay put up in Iowa was cut with a scythe. We did n't have much meadowland on our farm — not more than about three acres — because of the difficulty of cutting it with a scythe. A traveling man who had met the agent for the mowing machine told Dan'l about it. 'If there's a machine like that, I'm going to have one,' said Dan'l. It only cut four feet wide. The mowers nowadays cut six or seven feet.

In Ohio, where the soil is very stumpy, we had used cast-iron ploughs. In Iowa, steel ploughs made in Moline were considered the best. But they were not polished — were made of raw black steel. We had to polish them ourselves — go into the road and drag them up and down. It used to take a week to get them so they'd work.

The first farmers of our Middle West ploughed the land too much. They loosened the ground so thoroughly that it would n't hold the moisture. When the rains came, the good deep soil ran off and left the clay banks. And then, they had no idea at that time of rotation of crops.

We did n't have any reapers until a year or two before Charlie married. The first was a Buckeye reaper and mower combined. McCormick put out a harvester about the same time, but it was no good for mowing.

The Atkinson self-raker we had when we came to Iowa. That raked, but did not bind. We had to bind by hand.

In Ohio, folks used a threshing machine that was a 'chaff piler' — that is, it ran the grain through the machine all together, scattering the wheat and oats about. After the machine was gone, it was necessary to take a fanning mill and run the grain through it to get it clean. For threshing buckwheat they used a hickory flail. In Iowa, we first tried to thresh with a treadmill. It did n't work very well, because Jule and Sal, the horses, got rebellious. I don't blame 'em!

We finally attached the horses to poles and drove them round and round. That was threshing by so-called 'horse power.' Of course no motors were dreamed of in those days.

We had a good deal of stock at times. We kept sheep for a while. Always we had hogs which we butchered ourselves and sold. We always saved enough hogs for our own use. Fine hams and shoulders came out of our smokehouses — not hams like the soft white things these present-day ones are. Dan'l used to drive a wagonload of his hams and shoulders up to Burlington. Or perhaps he would drive the hogs up there on foot.

In the fifties, there were no railroads in Iowa. It was some years after we came to Iowa before there was a bridge across the Mississippi or even a railway between Fort Madison and Burlington. In disposing of farm products we were not much beyond the period of barter and exchange that we had known at Amesville. Dan'l was

more of a trader than he was a farmer. When our boys had raised things, he could drive a bargain with them.

V

Schooling! That was the great mistake in our moving West. There were no educational facilities on Skunk River that could compare with those in Athens or Amesville, and even such as there were my children could not take full advantage of.

There was a little white schoolhouse a mile up the road from us where children could receive instruction three months of the year. I remember only once when there was a four-months term. Our children went to school there, when Dan'l did n't have something on the farm for them to do. If there was any work going on in the fields or orchards at which the children could help, Dan'l seemed to have no scruples about keeping them out of school to do it. It is a very poor way to educate children. The work of the farm always seemed to Dan'l more important than that of the schools. Nothing I said could change him. I never could understand why he was so blind on this one subject. Generally speaking, too, the Browns were a bookish lot and set great store by education. That was one thing I liked about Oliver Brown. He sent his children away to school.

Yes, Dan'l believed in education, but he had the idea that if a person had it in him to profit by any particular kind of training he'd reach for it himself.

He thought it was not necessary to force on a child anything beyond the ability to read and write and cipher. The rest he could get for himself if he wanted it badly enough, and if he did n't want it why waste education on him anyway? The pioneering, self-

made man was the hero of Dan'l's day, the typical American of that time. Dan'l himself had a logical, active mind and a natural faculty for reasoning out a problem. He used to say that he could solve any mathematical problem he ever heard of by the Rule of Three. Fact was, he could think straight, straighter than most of the young men around Athens or Ames whom he had to cope with, including those who had been to college, and I think he knew it, modest as he was. He could write a better letter than any of them, and he was an easy talker, too, and could beat them in an argument if he set about it. He was interested in public questions and that was one reason he liked to keep a store. The general store in those days was the village club. And yet Dan'l never belonged to lodges or societies or organizations. Nothing but the Republican Party and the Baptist or Presbyterian Church. He was a good mixer, Dan'l was, and enjoyed drawing people together under his roof in a group for sociability's sake. He felt equipped to meet the life of his time. He honestly thought he did his children a service by forcing them to stand on their own feet at an early age. He did n't realize that times were changing and his children would have to meet competition in a very different world from the pioneer society he had helped to make — a new world where technical information would be at a premium.

He did n't realize it, and I could n't make him. But I must say this for Dan'l: he felt differently late in life — after his own children were grown up and gone. He was eager to do for Lizzie's children what he never thought necessary for his own. He saw, too, that his own boys were resentful of the way he had let them scramble for an education or go without, and it hurt him. He grieved over it a good bit at

the last, especially over Herbert, who was having a hard struggle about the time Dan'l died.

I know, too, that Dan'l did n't feel things just the way some of the children did and so he could n't understand, because when he was a boy he had n't wanted the *kind* of things some of them wanted. But I knew that Willie wanted to make music the way I had wanted to make pictures when I was a little girl. And I knew that he loved birds and bugs too the way I did, and would have liked to study about them. And Herbie was crazy over machinery of all kinds and should have had an engineer's education. All my sons are better mechanics than Dan'l was. They got that faculty from me. I always liked to invent ways of simplifying my work. For instance, long before I ever saw an egg beater for sale in a store I had made one for myself. I took heavy wire and bent it into the shape of a spoon, and bound it together with lighter wire. If there was any tinkering to be done about the house, 't was I who did it. Dan'l was n't so much interested in finding out ways to make things run slick and smooth. But my boys were. Charlie always contrived to have everything conveniently arranged where *he* was working. While selling sewing machines, Will invented a ruffler that another man patented and made a fortune out of. In the paper mill Gus invented a machine for putting up paper in rolls instead of packages. He got a patent on it and made a good many thousand dollars out of it until someone invented a better machine. At another time he invented a machine for working over leather scraps. Frank has experimented with numerous devices to facilitate the work around the ice plant, and Herbie began when he was just a child to work out mechanical short cuts of one kind and another. Why, I remember, when he

was n't more than ten years old, how he rigged up a piece of old board with some burlap and wire and hitched it to the back of the lawn mower to save himself the trouble of raking the lawn. A few years later he built himself a snowplough. To this he hitched his pony, and so he saved himself the work of shoveling off the walks. And when he began to use a typewriter he worked out a touch system of his own — a new thing then — that made him very proficient. Oh, my children all had special talents that nowadays parents would delight to develop.

The Denmark Academy was probably as good as any school in Ohio, but we were not so situated as to be able to take advantage of it. Mr. H. K. Edson, the man who was principal of the Academy, was a remarkable person, and some well-known men came from that Academy. At one time they had an enrollment of several hundred, the children of Illinois and Iowa farmers. The people of Denmark were unusual, too, known far and wide as abolitionists. Denmark was famous as a station on the underground railway in the days before the war. Unfortunately we did n't live in Denmark, but five miles from it, and the roads of those days were often almost impassable.

VI

Oh, those were busy days! Besides the everyday routine of cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, and baby tending, there were many things to be done that nowadays women might consider extras. I never did any gardening — that was thought to be men's work in our house — and I never milked any cows or made the cheese. But I looked after the chickens and eggs and butter.

I often did the washing, with and without help. There was no running water in the house in those days. Still,

we women had it pretty convenient with a well on the porch and a good cistern. In summer we washed under the cherry trees.

There was always enough cooking to be done, and at threshing time we had to lay in unusual quantities of food to feed the extra hands. The men of the countryside helped each other in their harvesting, and the neighbor women took turns helping each other feed the men. Often, at those times, Dan'l would let Charlie come in the house to help me. Until Lizzie was twelve years old, Charlie was my chief assistant in ironing and making pies. He would take the moulding board down cellar where it was cool and where flies did n't bother him, and would roll out as fine a batch of pies as threshers ever ate.

And the sewing we had to do! We could get almost nothing ready-made, and sewing machines had not been invented. Men's shirts and underwear, as well as women's clothes, had to be made at home by hand. I think I had more faculty for that sort of thing than most women have, but, goodness knows, it was hard enough for the most skillful of us. Probably it was I who made the first knit underwear for babies. At least I used to feel very proud of the beautiful gauzelike shirts I'd make for my babies out of the tops of my old white cotton stockings, and I never knew any other woman who thought of doing it.

I even made the men's clothes at times. Dan'l came home from Fort Madison, one day, bringing cloth for a suit. 'Why, Dan'l, I never cut out a man's coat,' I told him. 'Well, if you can cut a coat for the boys, why not for me?' he asked. Emma Farnsworth was to come and help me; her mother had been a tailoress. She was amazed. 'You don't mean to tell me you cut out this coat!' she exclaimed. 'Are all these chalk marks yours? Why, *he'd*

have sold a cow before he would have done that himself.' I suppose I *was* a big simpleton to do such work. Oh, no — I guess it was right. It did n't hurt me and it saved money. We got ahead.

Such a way of living is hard, *hard*, *HARD*. The only thing that can make it endurable for a woman is love and plenty of it. I remember one day on the farm when Dan'l was going up to Burlington. I remember that before he left he kissed me, kissed me and my little sick baby lying so white on her pillow. I had many things to do that day. But my, how the work flew under my hands! What a difference a kiss can make!

When everything else was disposed of, we women always had knitting to do. Everybody's stockings had to be knitted by hand, and so a ball of wool with the knitting needles stuck through it was carried around in one's apron pocket or set up on the kitchen window sill ready to be taken up when one had a moment free from more pressing duties. Mrs. Glazier in Amesville told me that in Ireland it was the men who did the knitting, the women the sewing. That seems to me like a fair division of labor. Of course the men were pretty tired in the evening after a day in the field, but the women were just as tired after a day of cooking and ironing.

Our work had to go on after dark by light that was none too good. We had only candles on the farm at first. I had an iron candlestick with a hook on it that I hung on the back of my chair, so I could get light on my work. The wicks of those candles were as thick as your little finger.

Making the candles was part of our work too — winter's work, for candles must be made in cold weather. I remember that once we dipped four hundred candles in four hours. We brought our candle rods with us from Ohio. First, we laid down paper to keep the drips off the floor. Then we brought in the scantling and set it up in rows. Next the wash boiler, with hot water in the bottom and hot tallow on top. We took up a candle rod with wick hanging from it, dipped it once, straightened the wick, dipped again, and laid on the scantling. After a while the tallow grew thin. Then we poured in beeswax and moulded the candles in candle moulds. A dozen at a time. We laid them away in the coldest part of the cellar.

The first lamp I ever saw Will brought home from Denmark when he was a young man. It was made of glass, and it exploded. Dan'l and I had gone to bed when Lizzie came downstairs into the sitting room carrying the lamp in her hand. I heard a pop and an exclamation. I rushed to the door and saw her still holding the lamp in her hand. The wick had blown out over the top and half the oil was gone, but scattered in so fine a spray that we could n't see any shadow of oil in the room.

Just think what I have seen in my lifetime in the way of development in illumination! When I was a child, the only kind of lantern known was the tin can with holes punched in it to allow the checkered candlelight to shine through. Lanterns, candles, oil lamps, electric incandescents — I have seen them all.

(The concluding chapters of Grandmother Brown's life story will appear in the November issue)

NOT WITHOUT DUST AND HEAT

BY LUCY WILCOX ADAMS

I

'Do you think he will show himself to-day?' The voice came from a row of white-clad figures squatting in the thread of shade under the eaves.

'This is the fifth day,' murmured another. The heads of the speakers did not turn, but their low whispers ran clearly along the wall.

'The visitors are all annoyed because they cannot see him.'

'No one else ever comes here now. It is six months since he has had a new disciple.'

'You were the last, Abib,' Avendi's voice was slightly mocking. 'We all thought when you came it would be the beginning of a new time.'

The man at the end of the line did not reply, and the others lapsed into silence. The hot wind whipped up a little column of reddish dust which danced dervish-like on the beaten earth floor of the courtyard. Their eyes followed it through nearly closed lids.

Presently one of them broke the silence again. 'When I came it was like a court. Do you remember how gay it was?' He sighed reminiscently. 'So many people were camped here you might have thought you were in a city, and there was a bazaar where you could buy almost anything you wanted.' Chundra's voice trailed off into silence, and his head dropped lower over his fat knees.

'Mottee, the rug maker, is still here,' remarked Pertab with a slight chuckle.

'Did you hear him at the gateway this morning demanding a charm? I thought I should have to stuff his turban down his throat to silence him. He swears that no one but the master can cure his headaches.'

'Old Nada, now,' interrupted Chundra, 'says his charms have lost their power. His calf died last week.'

'Why does the master let them trouble him?' demanded Avendi impatiently. 'He listens to stupid women and babbling old men as though they were sages.'

'The angel Fazil on his visit to earth found Truth on a dunghheap,' said Chota oracularly, after a short pause.

Abib rose abruptly from his station under the wall and, pushing aside a cotton hanging which covered the arched doorway, went inside. He could feel the surprised glances of the others, but he shrugged his shoulders and continued along the bare passageway past a series of low doors until he reached his own cubicle. It was a narrow dark space not more than three feet wide. The only illumination came from four small openings through which the light filtered and lay like the fallen petals of a flower. Abib picked up a watering pot and sprinkled the floor and walls. A faint pleasant scent came from the trodden earth. He unrolled a thin mattress and stretched himself full length upon it, his hands under his head. The cool dusk was very soothing after the piercing white heat of the courtyard, and he lay with wide eyes staring up at the shadowed ceiling.

The silence was broken by a faint dry scratching as a lizard ran up the side of the tall water jar and came to rest under its broad lip. Abib watched it idly, his mind soothed by the beauty of its green body on the sombre jar. 'How easy to be a saint when one is alone,' he thought.

The consciousness of a frail brown figure sitting motionless in half darkness, every sense sealed, its spirit far away gathering light, oppressed him, and in some subtle sense left him drained of strength. They all felt it. Even the children in the school seemed absent-minded and listless, as though the master had absorbed something of them, too, and taken it with him on this far journey. 'We are like fish stranded by the tide, lying gasping till it reaches us again,' he thought.

To-morrow, or to-day perhaps, he would come forth with his mild face beaming, and his disciples would be filled with enthusiasm once more. The looms would weave faster, the spinning wheels whirl busily, and everyone would be full of talk and confidence.

Abib tossed restlessly on his mattress, startling the lizard, who scurried away out of sight. How absurd to think that all this was significant and important, that in this group of buildings a nation was being forged and a people welded together. Like children they played at ploughing and spinning and weaving, and sang songs, and fasted, while outside men and women were being killed.

He took a letter from the folds of his robe. It was from his father, and had come only that morning. It mentioned that two cousins with whom he had played as a child in the old compound had been arrested and thrown into prison as agitators. 'There is unrest everywhere,' his father wrote. 'Processions are fired upon, people are imprisoned. On our side there are divided

councils, some saying one thing and some another, and no one speaks with a clear voice.'

'No one speaks with a clear voice.' How different it had all been two years ago — a year ago, even. Freedom had seemed within their grasp. A word, surely, and it would have been theirs. Why had it not been spoken?

Abib thought of his coming to this place. Hot from the councils of students, he had been sent to urge the master to take up the leadership he seemed to have laid down. 'Wake him, Abib,' they said.

How strange it had all been. None of the pictures he had seen, or the descriptions of his friends, had quite prepared him for the tiny figure squatting on the floor. 'It's a child,' was his first astonished thought. Then he saw that the face lifted to his own was lined and worn, and the mouth sunken. Only the brown eyes still shone with the candor and innocence of childhood. The man smiled, showing dark, toothless gums.

'Come and sit with me while we pick over these lentils for to-morrow's meal,' he said in a high, cracked voice.

The young man sat down. His tongue trembled with the exhortation he had prepared, his hands were cold. Suddenly the shrill voice demanded, 'Can you tell me why the lizard is like the crow?'

Abib stammered in confusion that he could not. The master laughed, and it seemed to the youth that there was something impish in his mirth. 'I always ask my followers that when they come to me. No one has yet been able to tell me.'

'And what is the answer?' said Abib at last.

'Ah, if I told you it would no longer be a riddle.' He laughed again, and they worked a little in silence. Then he asked: —

'Can you sing songs?'

'No,' replied Abib.

'That is a pity. A man who cannot sing is more apt to fall into despair than one who can. You must learn. I will sing you a song I made to-day while I was spinning.'

He began to chant in a high, windy voice as tuneless as the drone of the cicada. Abib felt ashamed for the childish doggerel of the verses. The little brown man babbled on, laughing at his own sayings, while the boy's spirit grew sick. He would have liked to cover his face with his hands and creep away. Was this really the one to whom they all looked as their leader? When they had finished their task he rose awkwardly to go. His message would mean nothing to this man. They had been mistaken.

Suddenly the brown eyes became wells of light and the cracked voice full of tenderness and love.

'You are disappointed,' he said with gentle raillery. 'You expected to see wonderful things.' Abib bowed his head. 'You thought I should set to work at once on great plans.'

He looked away and sighed before he went on. 'Because you are young, my way will be hard for you. It will not be easy for you to see that it is by ploughing and spinning and not by speech or the sword that we become strong.'

He pointed to a pot in one corner where a bean sprout was pushing through the earth. 'I keep this to remind me of the mystery and power of the seed, which, buried out of sight, springs up, and by no will of ours bears fruit and becomes food for the hungry. The peasant does not rise and call on his fields to bring forth the harvest. He plants his seed and waits. If it is good seed and the gods are kind, it will bring forth a good harvest. You and I are to be that patient peasant.'

He paused and sifted the lentils through his fingers, and Abib thought

he had finished. His eyes were far away, and he seemed to have forgotten his visitor, but presently he spoke again. 'It is hard to be so patient. When I was young I dreamed of becoming a great leader. Now I am content to be the poor husbandman. I look at my bean sprout, and I am comforted.'

The boy had thrown himself at the feet of the little man. 'Master, teach me,' he had cried; and he had stayed.

How wonderful the days had been: the hours behind the plough, when after the first days, his muscles grown strong, he had trodden the moist furrows, and smelled the deep scent of the earth; quiet hours at the spinning wheel, when all life seemed to be caught and twisted into the thread he was spinning; mornings, when they hurried out like eager pilgrims to greet the sun's rising with song.

The wheel, the song, and the loom — the master's three symbols of salvation. They had acquired an almost godlike significance. In them lay a strange magic virtue. They were a mirror into which a people might look and see themselves and become strong. They were . . .

Abib sat up abruptly. They were poetry, not life. He looked at his father's letter again. 'No one speaks with a clear voice. It will be tragic if the noble spirit of freedom, like a sword in its sheath, rusts because there is no hand to draw it.'

II

The sound of a gong interrupted his reflections, and the young man rose reluctantly. He settled his robe about his hips, and took a long drink from the earthenware jar in the corner. The courtyard was deserted now except for one figure keeping watch outside the master's door. Abib paused in the arch-

way, looking out. In the hard afternoon light the place looked poor and mean. Nothing screened the low buildings from the glare of the sun, and there was about them an air of neglect and desertion. The fields which they cultivated were patchy and dry, and some of them showed traces still of the thriving little colony which at one time surrounded the master. Beyond the school were a number of huts, and encircling them all like a sea was the great plain which the master called Our Mother's Breast, because the whole country drew nourishment from it. Field and village, village and field, red clay, gray dust and yellow, it stretched for hundreds of miles. Abib, who had been born in the moist jungle lands, could never get used to its openness, or to the sense of being unable to hide which had overwhelmed him when he first came.

Voices in shrill dispute assailed his ears. One of them he recognized as Mottee's. He could not distinguish any words, but it was doubtless the daily argument over charms. He shrugged his shoulders and went on to the school. In the big main room a dozen men and women were seated at the clumsy hand looms weaving, singing as they worked. They made little effort at harmony, but above the clacking of the looms the singing had a pleasant sound like that of a running stream. Usually it pleased Abib, but to-day he was irritated by its lifelessness, and turned away without acknowledging the greeting of Chota.

He moved on to another room. Two women were squatting on the floor painting a great water jar, while a man shaped an earthenware lamp, and a girl bent over a bowl. Abib seated himself at one end of the room and took a fresh lump of clay from the mass under the wet sacking. The cool, yielding firmness of the material soothed him, and he sank his fingers deep into it. The

others glanced at him expectantly. Abib taught them history, but no one ever taught or listened with idle hands. Even the master stitched on canvas bags when he talked.

The young man was giving them a brief history of the Western world. To-day he had meant to talk to them about the Industrial Revolution; yet, looking at these placid faces, at the crude wheel, the slightly misshapen pots, it seemed impossible to make them understand. Not so impossible, perhaps, he thought abruptly. There were two empty spaces in the room which earlier in the month had been occupied. Those young men had been placid-eyed, too, but Avendi, who heard everything, said they had found work in Nala Longa's big pottery works, which employed over eight hundred men and women. Abib looked sharply at his fellow workers. Their smooth, bent faces told him nothing.

The two women commenced to whisper as they painted on the design of an eye and a feather which was older than the oldest building in the country, a design which had been found again and again in remote and unrelated parts of the world. Abib noticed it for the first time and, leaning forward, spoke to one of the women. 'What is the meaning of that design you are painting?'

She seemed surprised by his question, and after a moment's thought shook her head. 'I don't know.'

The other woman looked up. 'My mother always put it round the neck of water jars to keep away evil.'

'But it did n't prevent her from dying of typhoid,' growled the man beside her.

'My mother is still living, as you know well,' retorted the woman with spirit. 'Typhoid never visited us.'

'Perhaps not,' answered the man. 'But it did thousands of others.' He pressed the clay handle of the lamp into

place, and then looked up from his work. 'What I meant,' he explained, 'is, what is the use of our doing all these things that have been done for ten thousand years, and saying it will make a nation of us? We did them, having no choice, and see where it has brought us. Why should it be any better if we go on now and choose to do them? There should be new designs and new decorations and new ways.'

He looked at Abib defiantly, and then at the others. Abib's face was stern and thoughtful, and the women looked at him sorrowfully. No one argued with him, and the girl said, 'I suppose you will be following Rama and his brother to Nala Longa's.'

'Perhaps,' replied the man. 'Eight of us here can hardly make more than a few pots a day. At Nala Longa's we should be working on hundreds. Why should we limp when we can run?'

'The master . . .' began one of the women timidly.

'The master is a saint,' he answered.

They were all silent under the spell of the name. Their eyes grew wistful and gentle, and Abib thought that something childlike crept into their faces.

The song of the weavers came to them clearly through the stillness, and the women hummed softly. Now and then they glanced at Abib, but they were used to his silences, and they talked quietly among themselves.

'They are no surer than I,' he thought. Pity for the lonely figure of the master overwhelmed him. So many followers and disciples had left. Some of them he knew had even become enemies. Only a few foolish ones like Chundra remained faithful. Strange to think that two years ago the whole country hung on his words.

The tormenting questions that had lain so long in the background rushed upon him in their full force. Had the

master really faltered? Had he been afraid of his own power and hesitated to speak the freeing words? Was his part not played now, and something new needed to carry them on to the final goal? He thought of his father's words: 'A great many fires will have to be lighted and burn down before there is one hot enough to smelt this ore.' Would the new way be found here in this withdrawn spot, or must it not be fought for in the midst of the restlessness, and indecision, and turmoil outside?

As the young man pondered, the bell for evening preparation sounded. The women put aside their brushes, and Ramchandra covered the lamp on which he had been working. He looked at Abib as he passed, and seemed about to speak, but after a moment's hesitation followed the others out of the room. Abib frowned at his ruined cup and, crushing it back into a lump of clay again, put it under the wet sacking.

III

It was the hour of meditation; groups of twos and threes were walking up and down the courtyard with bent heads, and when they spoke it was in whispers. Abib joined them, though he longed to be striding across the open country. Here his thoughts were thrown back to him like echoes from the walls, and he felt himself imprisoned. Chundra fell into step beside him, and they paced slowly up and down.

'You are looking ill,' whispered Chundra at length. 'The food here does not agree with you.'

When his companion did not answer, he added with a sigh, 'I confess that today I went down into the village and bought some cakes and ate them as I came home through the fields. Saints must be born without stomachs.' He

patted his own round one ruefully.

Abib turned on him suddenly. 'Your father is very rich, Chundra?'

'Oh, yes,' responded the other indifferently. 'Very. He owns three mills. He is very angry with me.'

'You could go back to him and be comfortable and eat as much as you pleased?'

'Oh, yes — I could do that.'

'Then why don't you?'

Chundra stopped in his tracks. His little eyes grew round, and his fat cheeks puffed out.

'The master,' he said simply.

Abib felt a pang of mingled irritation and envy of this clear faith, but he smiled a little at the consternation on his companion's face and added lightly, 'In another life doubtless you will be born without a stomach.'

Suddenly the watcher outside the master's tent prostrated himself. The curtain was drawn back. The tiny familiar figure in its white cotton robe emerged, and, swaying a little, walked slowly to the middle of the court. Two arms no stouter than ropes were raised to the sky, and the high, windy voice intoned a prayer. The disciples knelt and bowed till their foreheads touched the ground, and as the invocation ceased a long sigh seemed to rise from the whole company. When they rose again their faces were eager and alive.

'When he is here,' said Chundra enthusiastically into Abib's ear, 'I feel as though I could do anything.'

The master moved about among them, stopping to speak to the little groups that gathered expectantly. His shrill laughter echoed from the walls, and Abib could hear him asking a new riddle. Under his gaze the men became talkative and animated, and the brooding inertia of the past days was cast off. When the first awe of his return had worn off, they crowded childishly to tell him all that had happened. With

many chuckles Pertab repeated the tale of Mottee's demands for charms, and Chota recited a new rhyme he had made. Then the huge steaming bowl of rice for their supper was brought in and set down on a stone slab in the centre.

'Rice,' cried Chundra, stooping to inhale the steam, 'and every grain like a little white egg.' He helped himself liberally and filled another bowl for Abib, who stood motionless in the shadow of the wall. During these days men and women had been brutally assaulted and killed, and they spoke of a rug maker's charms! He took the food which Chundra held out, and, sitting down, ate mechanically. For a moment an impulse rose in him to spring up and denounce them all, to tear away the mantle of leadership from the master and show them the figure that shivered behind it. But he put it away, with a hysterical desire to laugh as he thought of their stricken faces.

'Alone, my brother?' said a voice, and he looked up to find the master standing beside him. The others had finished their meal and were already laughing and talking together again. Before Abib could reply the other went on: 'Come and walk with us in the fields. It is five days since I have seen them.'

They streamed through the narrow archway on to the plain. Word had already gone forth that the master's fast was over, and a number of the villagers were gathered outside the walls and crowded as close as they dared to his side. Many of them had their children with them, and these skipped about among the dry furrows, shrieking and laughing. It was nearing sundown, and the cattle were being driven home to the villages. The dust raised by their plodding hoofs lay like a golden veil over the harvested fields. The powdery earth was still warm under their bare feet, and the master

picked up a handful, letting it drift through his fingers. 'What poet,' he said at last, addressing the grains that still clung to his palms, 'is great enough to sing the love between thee and me?'

As they walked their long shadows striped the fields, and the birds flew chattering toward the stream. The sun dropped lower through the golden mist, and the little company raised the chant, 'Farewell to Day.'

'The evening fields are bright carpets under thy feet, departing sun,' they sang, their voices rising shrill and sweet. A momentary peace descended on Abib. 'So it must have been in the first green days of the world,' he thought, and he wished dreamily that they might walk on forever in the sunset glory.

At the three trees on the stream's bank they paused to watch the last fiery spark of the sun burn out on the earth's rim, and to dabble their feet in the sluggish water. When they turned to go back the fields were already gray around them, and the little white moths rose like ghosts from the dry stalks.

At the gateway the master spoke to Abib. 'Come and sit with me to-night after the prayer.'

IV

Abib stood outside the master's door. He had been standing there some minutes, but he did not knock. He listened intently to the night noises. The insects chorused loudly from the fields, and from the village came the insistent barking of a dog. In the building he could hear indistinct murmurs and the slapping of sandals on the earth floors. How familiar they were, and yet he did not remember that he had ever noticed them before. He lifted the curtain and went in. The soft flames from the little oil lamps burned like golden leaves against the whitewashed wall. The

master sat sewing with a coarse needle on a pile of sacks. Abib seated himself opposite; taking up another needle, he threaded it carefully and began to stitch. The rough feel of the stuff against his fingers seemed to ease the pain in his throat a little.

'Master,' he said at last, 'I must go away.'

The other might not have heard. He sewed steadily, and did not lift his eyes.

Abib could bear it no longer and, throwing down his work, cried, 'Forgive me, master! I cannot stay. Outside, people are crying for help. There are riots and unrest everywhere, and wrongs. And you are silent. Surely the time is ripe and overripe for leadership, and you refuse it. Men come to you and say, "What shall we do?" and you tell them to return to their ploughs and spinning wheels, and to keep themselves free from evil thoughts.'

Still the man opposite did not look up, and the flying fingers held the needle firmly.

'Master,' pleaded Abib in anguish, 'forgive me if I cannot see. We believed you could lead us out of our degradation and make us a people again. We would have given our lives for you. We were ready for the word of power, and you withheld it. You laid aside your leadership when we most needed it.'

'Oh,' he exclaimed bitterly, 'it is pleasant to live here and pass our days simply, like children. But the crying beyond the walls troubles my dreams.'

The brown eyes lifted suddenly and gazed into his with such blazing intensity that Abib drew back.

'It is pain and suffering and penance to me,' said the master in a low voice. 'I have come on torn knees to this place.'

He fell silent again. Presently he resumed in a low monotone, so faint that

Abib had to bend forward to catch the words.

'Two years ago this room was like a king's council chamber. Our people were being persecuted, and it seemed to me that it would be evil for them to submit any longer. I would have had them throw off the badge of slavery. It was because I saw that under this bondage they were losing their souls and becoming false to their destiny. But I saw that in rebellion also there was danger that the soul might be destroyed, for it is only to pure souls that rebellion is salvation. It might be that, in lighting the fire which would destroy this one evil thing, we should destroy the whole house. Therefore I called on our people for sacrifice and purification. I was lifted up by the spirit I thought I saw. I told myself that one people should attain the heights without descending into the shambles.

'You know what I did. When the time seemed ready I bade the people fast so that in love and gentleness they should assume their birthright. You know what happened. Before the first hour of consecration had passed, some of our people rose up and massacred their oppressors. Then I knew that the time was not ripe. I had spoken too soon. It was my sin. I withheld the command. I bade them wait and cleanse their minds of all stain of that deed of blood. There were many words of bitterness because of what I had done. My friends were faithful, but I saw their doubts. I tried to purify my own mind by fasting and prayer. I remained nine days alone without food in contemplation here, but it seemed as though the voices of all the world were beating round my ears. Nowhere could I find a tiny place of silence to hide myself. Every turn of my thoughts seemed weighted with the destiny of millions. At last, in doubt and uncertainty, I bade the people fast and prepare them-

selves again. I set a day of deliverance. . . .'

He was silent for a space, and his words when they came again dropped slowly and heavily. 'Before that day came, others who called themselves my followers resisted provocation with bloodshed, and the evil thing became a devouring flame. Then I knew that the word which would free them was not yet born. I called back my own words. . . .'

'I was arrested and thrown into prison. I welcomed it, though my sin was one no court could punish.'

He paused again. The curtain stirred softly in the night breeze.

'In the prison, where one is much alone, one by one the weights dropped from my thoughts, the voices receded, and I found the place of silence. I lay there quivering like the hare which has been pursued by dogs, even when they have passed.

'Presently the voice of wisdom, which is not heard in the bazaar or the council chamber, spoke to me in my cell. I understood at last the nature of my sin. It was that I had tried to lift myself above our people, and had tried to mould them into one pattern with myself. For a time they were wax in my fingers. In the end they were less than I and greater than I, and they would not take my stamp. I had been caught in the snare of time. I could not wait, and the whole people suffered. . . .'

'But, master!' Abib cried.

'When I came out from prison I had learned my lesson — the lesson of the seed, which all great teachers have known.'

His head dropped lower on his chest, and the needle fell from his fingers.

'In the still place of silence, where time is but the even pulse of eternity, I saw the beauty of ordered working; I saw all who seek to lead as winds that

blow upon fields of grain, bending it this way and that. But the wind passes and the grain is not changed. I saw that that which is to last must come out of the ground itself.'

His voice trailed into silence, and Abib sat mute and shaken; but across his mind passed images of the wrongs and sufferings he had seen, memories of his comrades and the hours of conflict they had shared, and the thought of that strong spirit of freedom like a restive horse waiting for the rider. His breath quickened.

'Master,' he said at last, sorrowfully, 'your words come from too far away to reach us.'

The master picked up the needle again, and pushed it swiftly through the coarse cloth. 'I saw your spirit fretting, my brother, but I longed to keep you at my side. It was to gather light for you that I fasted.'

Abib knelt and touched the brown feet with his forehead. He would have spoken, but the master raised his hand.

'Go now,' he said, smiling a little wistfully. 'Whose hand can stay the lightning when it is ready to leap forth?'

V

The rosy east flamed to orange, and the gray plain woke to warmth and life. From the village came the sound of cattle, the tinkling of many small bells, and the exultant crow of a cock. As the light increased, the pale dust became golden, and the dry stalks of the weeds shone like silver. Birds chattered noisily in the few trees beside the water.

The solitary figure hurrying along the road toward the village turned and looked back. From the low cluster of buildings he had left, a procession of white-clad figures was just emerging. They moved slowly toward the east, and in another minute their voices reached him, sounding sweet and thin across the fields. 'The shadows of the night fly like birds before thy coming, O lord of light.' He sang the words softly under his breath, and his eyes grew misty as he watched the little group fall on its knees as the sun's rim rose above the edge of the plain. So it might be in some golden to-morrow of freedom. . . .

In the distance the whistle of a train blew shrilly, and Abib broke into a run.

THE HISTORIAN

It seemed a simple thing to write

'Died, such or such a date';

But not so simple, not so trite,

Himself to lie and wait.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

A DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT

When Washington Closed Our Vatican Ministry

IN 1867 Pope Pius IX, proscribing American Protestant worship on strictly Roman soil, ordered its removal to a point outside the Roman walls. According to the pontifical conviction, Rome was the consecrated centre of a single universal Church and an exclusively Catholic city. To the mind of the average non-Catholic American this proscription and exile reflected ancient Rome's refusal to enfranchise the 'barbarians' of Tivoli. The order fired the indignation of President Andrew Johnson, Secretary of State William H. Seward, and the Congress of the United States. Our ministry to the Holy See was closed summarily, and our representative practically withdrawn. Official Washington's independence was shown further by her rather unprecedented failure to proffer any explanation to the Supreme Pontiff.

Now, Secretary of State Stimson intimates that the Hoover administration will not send a minister to the present Papal Court, as reestablished by the Gasparri-Mussolini accords. The late spring intimation, made to the press, carried with it the reminder that the 1848 Congress was divided upon the advisability of opening the original ministry. However, Mr. Stimson declared that the Government probably would recognize the new Vatican State.

The first American minister to the Holy See journeyed Romeward against a heavy tide of opposition. There were many Americans, in office and

out, who recalled John Adams and his sentiments. The latter's counsels were underlined in a report made to an early American Congress and dated Braintree, August 4, 1779. The document, submitted upon the close of a European investigation, dealt with 'the general state of affairs in Europe so far as they relate to the interests of the United States.' In the findings of Mr. Adams, 'the Court of Rome, attached to ancient customs, would be one of the last to acknowledge our independence, if we were to solicit for it. But Congress will probably never send a Minister to His Holiness who can do them no service, upon condition of receiving a Catholic legate or nuncio in return; or, in other words, an ecclesiastical tyrant which, it is to be hoped, the U. S. will be too wise ever to admit into their territories.'

No less a president than Abraham Lincoln helped to map the diplomatic road which led once from Washington to Rome. But he, indications are, merely redrew old lines and emphasized old boundaries. Acting through his Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, he wrote thus to Richard M. Blatchford, Esq., American Minister to the Holy See in 1862: —

SIR: This government has not now, it seldom has had, any special transaction, either commercial or political, to engage the attention of a minister at Rome. Indeed, until a very late period the United States were without any representation at that ancient

and interesting capital. The first colonists in this country were chiefly Protestants, who had not merely recognized no ecclesiastical authority of the Pope, but were very jealous lest he might exert some ecclesiastical influence here which would be followed by an assumption of political power unfavorable to freedom and self-government on this continent. It was not seen that the political power of the Catholic church was a purely foreign affair, constituting an important part of the political system of the European continent. The opening of our country as an asylum to men of all religions, as well as of all races, and an extension of the trade of the Union, in a short time brought with them large masses of the faithful members of that church of various births and derivation, and these masses are continually augmenting. Our country has not been slow to learn that while religion is with these masses, as it is with others, a matter of conscience, and while the spiritual authority of the head of their church is a cardinal article of their faith, which must be tolerated on the soundest principles of civil liberties, yet that this faith in no way necessarily interferes with the equal rights of the citizen, or affects unfavorably his loyalty to the Republic. It is believed that ever since the tide of emigration set in upon this continent the head of the Roman Church and States has freely recognized and favored the development of this principle of political freedom on the part of the Catholics in this country, while he has never lost an opportunity to express his satisfaction with the growth, prosperity and progress of the American people. It was under these circumstances that this Government, in 1848, wisely determined that while it maintained representatives in the capitals of every other civilized state,

and even at the capitals of many semi-civilized states which reject the whole Christian religion, it was neither wise nor necessary to exclude Rome from the circle of our diplomatic intercourse. Thus far the new relation then established has proved pleasant and beneficent [*sic*].

Just now Rome is the seat of profound ecclesiastical and political anxieties, which, more or less, affect all the nations of Europe. The Holy Father claims immunity for the temporal power he exercises, as a right incident to an ecclesiastical authority which is generally respected by the European states.

On the other hand, some of those states, with large masses in other states, assert that this temporal power is without any religious sanction, is unnecessary and pernicious. I have stated the question merely for the purpose of enabling myself to give you the President's [Lincoln's] views of what will be your duty with regard to it. That duty is to forbear altogether from taking any part in the controversy. The reasons for this forbearance are three: First, that so far as spiritual or ecclesiastical matters enter into the question they are beyond your province, for you are a political representative only. Second, so far as it is a question affecting the Roman states it is a domestic one, and we are a foreign nation. Third, so far as it is a political question merely, it is at the same time purely a European one, and you are an American Minister, bound to avoid all entangling connexion with the politics of that continent.

This line of conduct will nevertheless allow you to express, and you are therefore instructed to express, to His Holiness the assurances of the best wishes of the Government, and of the people of the United States for His

health and happiness, and for the safety and prosperity and happiness of the Roman people. And you will further assure him that the United States constantly preserves a lively remembrance of the many generous and liberal manifestations they have received of His good will and friendship, and that he may confidently rely upon them for the practice of all the duties which grow out of the relations of the two countries as independent members of the family of nations.

You will find Rome a resort and temporary residence of intellectual persons from all parts of the world. Among them are many who, in various degrees, exercise an influence upon the opinions, and, perhaps in some cases, upon the policies of nations. It will be a pleasing duty for you at this moment, when our unhappy domestic conflict [Civil War] is a subject of universal discussion, to vindicate the justice, the wisdom and the moderation of the Government and loyal people of the United States against those who, from interest, prejudice, or passion, are directing their efforts to the overthrow of a Republic, which, we must continue to think, still holds in its keeping the best hopes of the human race.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM SEWARD.

RICHARD M. BLATCHFORD, ESQ.

In the initial days of diplomatic relations, when the papacy's territory was both extensive and important, Washington had 'commercial interests' tying her to Rome. Later, during the Civil War, when a great part of Europe secretly espoused the cause of the South and when even the papacy became a Janus-like temple, looking in opposite directions, the Union had national life itself at stake. But the relationship was always one-sided; not

once through the 1848-1867 diplomatic cycle—and never since—did the Government accept a duly accredited nuncio from the Holy See. Not that pontifical diplomacy, aided at times by hierarchical elements in Catholic America, has never tried to bring about mutual official contact.

As a friendly emissary of Pius IX, Monsignor Gaetano Bedini visited President Pierce at the White House during 1853, presumably for the sole purpose of paying his respects. The prelate was on a Vatican mission to South America, but there is sufficient reason for believing that he was thinking in terms of a nunciature at Washington with himself as nuncio. In fact the same Monsignor Bedini, some time afterward, asked Archbishop Hughes of New York to acquaint him with Washington's attitude toward this proposed nunciature.

The Pope's delegate met with considerable unpleasantness in the course of his private travel and public appearance in the United States. William L. Marcy, Secretary of State at the time, was forced to take cognizance of certain individual cases of bitterness and violence. Writing to Lewis Cass, Jr., American representative at the Papal Court, he apologized in diplomatic wise for such annoyances, 'which have been discountenanced by the Government and very generally reprobated by our citizens.' Mr. Cass was instructed to assure Cardinal Antonelli, the Vatican Secretary of State, of the 'friendly reception given Bedini by the President and his regret that in moments of excitement some people should have forgotten what is due a distinguished functionary.'

As far back as 1830, James Fenimore Cooper detected currents at Rome having their source in the papacy's desire for official representation in the United States. In Cooper's *Gleanings*

in *Europe*, published during 1838, we read: 'I have ascertained that strong hopes exist here of advancing the religion of this Government [Rome] in America. If this can be done, let it, for I am for giving all sects fair play; but as such expectations certainly exist, it may be well for those who think differently to know it. . . .

'You will be surprised also to learn that there is less religious bigotry in Rome itself than in many of the distant provinces subject to her canonical sway. The Government being in the hands of ecclesiastics as a matter of course, no open irreligion is tolerated; but beyond this, and the great number of churches and of the ecclesiastics themselves, a stranger would scarcely suspect that he was living purely under an ecclesiastical Government. The Popes are not the men they once were . . . most of the abuses incident to excessive temporal influence are done away with, and as the motive for ambition ceases, better men have been raised to the papal chair.'

For nineteen years this single-track arrangement between the Papal State and the American Government continued. Throughout this period there was no interruption in the carriage of diplomacy. Then came the incident of 'American Protestant worship at Rome' and the severance of the official bond. In the wings of Secretary of State Stimson's recent announcement is the shadowy ghost of this little-known event. Although from 1848 to 1867 the United States had a duly accredited minister near the Papal Court, in June of 1929 there is no plan looking toward the selection of an American diplomatist for 'the Vatican City.' Is a precedent about to be broken? Or was the American ministry to the pre-1870 Holy See a 'temporary expediency' in the first place — something entirely foreign to the authentic

American tradition? Is that second question squarely answered by the *affaire diplomatique* of 1867, when American Protestant services were ostracized from the Holy City? The worldwide Catholic influence of the Pope and the importance of the new Vatican State, as a wanted or unwanted member in the family of nations, make the whole story of the closing of the American ministry worthy of public record. The average American, whether Catholic or Protestant or Jew, is ignorant of this chapter in our national biography. On this account is appended the revealing correspondence passing between Secretary of State Seward and Rufus King, the last American minister in papal Rome: —

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT ROME,
February 11, 1867

SIR: In the *New York* [semiweekly] *Times*, of January 25, received this day, I observe the following item of intelligence among the proceedings of Congress: —

Protestant church at Rome. — On motion of Mr. Dodge, the President was requested to communicate information in reference to the removal of the Protestant church meeting at the American Embassy in Rome.

Other papers of the same date contain statements to the effect that the American chapel had been removed, by direction of the papal authorities, outside the walls of Rome; and that the American minister, assenting to the arrangement, had hired a villa, where the services were henceforth to be held. I beg to say that there is no truth in either statement. The American Protestant church in Rome remains where it was located at the commencement of the season, and will not, I think, be interfered with, for the present, at any rate.

As the matter seems to have excited much interest in the United States, I will endeavor, by next mail, to prepare and transmit a full history of the case, for the information of the department and the satisfaction of the people.

I am, sir, with great respect, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT ROME,
February 18, 1867

SIR: In the brief despatch which I had the honor to address to the Secretary of State, under date of February 11th, referring to the action taken by the House of Representatives on the rumored closing or removal of 'the Protestant church meeting at the American Embassy in Rome,' I contented myself with a simple denial of the alleged fact, reserving for a future communication a fuller history of the case. I now submit a detailed statement of the matter, for the information of the department and of the public.

In Wheaton's *Elements of International Law*, sixth edition, Page 304, the existing rule as to freedom of religious worship is thus laid down: 'A minister residing in a foreign country is entitled to the privilege of religious worship in his own private chapel, according to the peculiar forms of his national faith, although it may not be generally tolerated by the laws of the state where he resides.' The laws of Rome do not tolerate any other form of public religious worship than such as conform to the teachings of the Roman Catholic church; but the right of any foreign minister at the Papal court to hold religious services

under his own roof, and in accordance with the forms of his national or individual faith, has never been questioned or interfered with. Thus the Russian, the Prussian, the American, and other representatives of foreign powers in Rome, have always exercised and still enjoy unmolested the freedom of religious worship in the several chapels connected with their respective legations. These chapels, of course, are open to all compatriots of the different ministers desirous of joining in their religious services.

So long as the number of Americans visiting Rome was comparatively limited, it was not difficult for the minister, in securing apartments for himself and family, to make suitable provision as well for a chapel. But of late years with the very great increase of travel, this has been no easy matter. It has not infrequently occurred that the congregation worshipping under the minister's roof has reached the number of 250 or 300, and more than once has been much larger than could be accommodated in the apartments provided. These, of course, once set apart and suitably furnished for religious worship, could be used for no other purpose, and hence it has followed that the largest and best rooms in the minister's residence were practically inaccessible to him except on Sundays and holy days.

In 1859, I think, while Mr. Stockton was minister resident here, Grace church in Rome, was regularly organized and placed under the jurisdiction of the presiding bishop of the American Episcopal church. It is under the auspices of this organization that religious worship has since been conducted, in connection with the American legation in Rome. In the spring of 1865, the Rev. Dr. T. B. Lyman, formerly of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was regularly elected by the wardens

and vestry of Grace church as their rector. He accepted the charge, entered upon his trust in the fall of the same year, and has since continued to discharge its duties to the general acceptance of all who united in the services.

During the winter of 1865 and 1866 the residence of the American minister was in Salviati palace, and there the congregation of Grace church, as well as all American Protestants desirous of uniting with them, met regularly for purposes of religious worship. At times the number attending was in excess of the accommodation provided, comparatively ample though it was, and attracted a good deal of attention. The holding of Protestant worship under Duke Salviati's roof, and the crowd thereby gathered, were not agreeable to the proprietor, and he declined to renew the lease of the minister's apartments for another year, except upon the express condition that there should be no chapel connected therewith. Repeated efforts to obtain other quarters suitable for the minister's residence, and free from the restriction attached to the Salviati palace, proved unavailing. It was under these circumstances that Dr. Lyman and the vestry of Grace church decided to hire an apartment themselves, separate from the legation, where they could hold religious services; confident in the belief that they would not be interfered with by the local authorities. Rooms were accordingly procured, fitted and furnished, in the *Vicolo d'Alibert*, a central and convenient locality, and there, since early in November, our American fellow-citizens have assembled for public worship, and still continue to assemble without let or hindrance.

The English who annually flock to Rome in large numbers have been accustomed these 40 years past to hold

religious services, in accordance with the forms of their national church, in a large building just outside the *Porta del Popolo*. They have never been interfered with by the authorities. During the last five or six years the Scotch Presbyterians, perhaps 30 or 40 in number, have met for purposes of religious worship in a private house within the walls of Rome. A few months since a second Scotch Presbyterian congregation was formed, the line of separation between the two being the same that divides the Established from the Free Kirk of Scotland. This division, and the presence and participation of the Duke of Argyll, who chanced to be here, attracted the notice and led to the interference of the local authorities. It was intimated to the ministers of the two Scotch congregations that their services were contrary to law, and must be held outside the walls. They have transferred them, accordingly, to the building immediately opposite to the one so long occupied by the English Protestants. There, I presume, they will be allowed to meet and worship unquestioned and unmolested.

It was supposed by many that the closing of the American chapel, being apart from the residence of the minister, would necessarily follow that of the Scotch places of worship. To prevent, if possible, a step which I knew would create a great deal of excitement at home, and subject our countrymen here to much annoyance and inconvenience, and at the same time, to give ourselves at least the color of right to assemble where we did for religious worship, I directed the arms of the American legation to be placed over the building in which the American chapel is located. This seems to have satisfied the requirements or scruples of the authorities, and thus far no one has interfered

with us; nor do I believe that we shall be disturbed during the present season.

Thus stands the case at present; but it is not easy to see what future provision is made for the American church in Rome. The authorities may, possibly, hereafter insist upon the rule that it shall be held under the minister's roof. On the other hand, the minister will always find increasing difficulty in securing apartments that will accommodate his family and himself, and at the same time include suitable provision for a chapel. Very good rooms can be obtained in the same building in which the English church is located, and I have the assurance of the cardinal secretary of state himself that no interference would be attempted with Americans choosing to assemble there for religious worship, even though separate and apart from the legation, but the locality is objected to on the ground that it is outside (though just outside) the walls. One solution, indeed, of the difficulty has been suggested, but I am by no means sanguine that it will find favor in the eyes of Congress. This is to purchase or hire for a term of years a building for legation purposes, including ample accommodation for a chapel. Under such an arrangement there would be no further question as to the right of American Protestants to assemble for public worship within the walls of Rome, while an official residence might be provided suitable to the position of the American representative at the Papal court, and not unworthy the character, dignity, and influence of the American government and people.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ROME, March 1, 1867

SIR: Recent mails from the United States have brought the rather unlooked for intelligence that the American mission at Rome was about to be closed by Congress; mainly, it would appear, in consequence of the rumored removal of the American chapel from the minister's residence, within the walls of Rome, to a villa outside. In my despatch (No. 83) of February 18th, I transmitted for the information of the department a detailed account of the proceedings had here, in connection with this subject of Protestant worship in Rome; and I have nothing at present to add on that score. There are, however, some considerations which I feel it my duty to submit, and which seem to me conclusive against the policy or expedience of withdrawing the American representative at the Papal court in the present juncture of affairs. I feel the less hesitation in doing this, since I have asked to be transferred from Rome, and do not, therefore, speak from interested motives.

There probably has never been a time when the number of American travellers sojourning in Rome, and of American artists resident here, was so great as it is now, and it may be doubted whether there is a capital in Europe, with the single exception of Paris, where the proportion of Americans, resident and transient, especially during the fall and winter months, is so large as in this imperial city. The presence of an American minister is important to them, since there are numerous occasions and various ways in which he can be of very great service.

I am not, I think, mistaken in the belief that the Papal court is more than ever disposed to cultivate friendly and intimate relations with the United States. I might, in proof of this,

instance not only studied and unvarying courtesy and kindness which I myself have always met with, personally and officially, at the hands of the Papal authorities, but the treatment experienced by all of my countrymen who have chanced to visit Rome during the past few years. Perhaps a still more striking evidence of this friendly disposition is to be found in the action of the Papal authorities at the time of the arrest of John H. Surratt [a Papal Zouave soldier and alleged Lincoln conspirator]. It will be in the recollection of the honorable Secretary of State, that when, in obedience to his instructions of October 16th, 1866, I inquired of Cardinal Antonelli (November 2) whether upon proper indictment, or the usual preliminary proof, Surratt would be delivered up at the request of the State Department, the answer was promptly in the affirmative; and that without waiting for any formal demand on my part, as well as in the absence of an extradition treaty between the governments for the surrender of the fugitives from justice, orders were given for the immediate arrest of Surratt, and his being placed in close confinement. This was done with the single purpose of showing the ready disposition of the Papal authorities to comply with the anticipated request of the American government. At the very same time the Italian government, applied to by our minister at Florence, the honorable George P. Marsh, declined to give any assurance for the surrender of Surratt should he be arrested within their jurisdiction, except upon conditions, which, as Mr. Marsh wrote to me, he greatly doubted whether our government would accept. The Papal government, on the contrary, attached no conditions whatsoever to their promised surrender of the fugitive upon my expected demand. The

sudden withdrawal of our representative now, when, as many believe, the hours of the Papal government are numbered, seems scarcely a generous return for this friendly conduct on their part towards the American government and people.

The present aspect of European affairs is especially threatening. In the east the old quarrel between the crescent and the cross has recently revived, and is daily gaining larger proportions. France, while proclaiming peace, is calling under her eagle a million and a half of men. The King of Prussia, in the speech just delivered to his new Parliament, assumes the character, though not yet wearing the title, of Emperor of Germany. Austria, by fresh concessions to Hungary, is preparing as in the days of Maria Theresa, to rally that gallant people to the defence of her territory and throne. Italy is in a ferment and the revolution threatens Rome. It is hardly possible that six months should elapse without a violent, perhaps, a general convulsion. Is this the time to withdraw from Rome the American minister? Is it magnanimous in us to abandon the sovereign Pontiff in this hour of his waning fortunes? Shall we be the first among civilized and Christian nations to strike this blow at the Holy See? Are we to leave hundreds of our fellow citizens to the possible chance of encountering the revolution face to face, and without a representative to vindicate their rights and protect their interests, and it may be their property and persons?

It has been intimated in some quarters that the closing of the American legation here, though ostensibly caused by the rumored suppression of Protestant worship in Rome, was really designed as an indirect recognition of the right and title of Victor Emanuel to the whole of Italy. But I am un-

willing to believe that Congress would attempt to accomplish by indirection what it hesitates to do directly. The United States has no need to resort to subterfuge. If the time has come for formally recognizing the Kingdom of Italy, as one and indivisible, with Victor Emanuel for its sovereign and Rome for its capital and centre, there can be no necessity of founding upon a false pretext an act which we have the right, if we deem it politic and proper, to perform openly and in the eyes of all the world. If we are to withdraw our recognition of the temporal power of the Pope and to recall the American representative at the Papal court, at the moment when it stands most in need of our friendly sympathy, I trust, as indeed I do not doubt, that it will be done upon grounds and in a manner that will reflect no discredit upon our own country and leave no just cause of complaint to the governments of Europe.

I am reminded by the date of this despatch that the term of the present Congress will expire within four days. Long, therefore, before it can reach Washington, the question as to the suppression or continuance of the Roman mission will have been definitely settled. It is not, therefore, with any expectation of influencing the result that I have ventured to submit the foregoing considerations, but solely to place on record some of the reasons why in my humble judgment this is not the time for recalling the American representative from the Papal court, and withdrawing to that extent our recognition of the Holy Father's temporal authority.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ROME, March 26, 1867

SIR: In my despatch No. 83, of February 18th, I mentioned the circumstances under which the Scotch Presbyterians had been requested to close their places of worship within the walls of Rome, and transfer their religious services to a designated locality outside.

I learned, two or three days since, that Mr. Oldo Russell, diplomatic agent of the British government at the Papal court, who had reported the case to the authorities at home, had in reply received instructions to thank the Papal government for not having entirely deprived the Scotch Presbyterians of the right to meet for purposes of religious worship, and that it still permitted them so to assemble in a building adjacent to the one occupied for the past forty years by the English Protestants. The British government appeared to think that the Scotch, by knowingly violating the Roman law on the subject, had justly incurred the penalty prescribed, and that the Papal authorities in the course which they pursued had acted with commendable forbearance. Mr. Russell duly communicated to Cardinal Antonelli these thanks of the British government, and inferred from what transpired in the course of the subsequent conversation that his Eminence expected that the American Protestants also, if continuing to hold their religious services apart from the residence of the minister, would make use of the building already appropriated for English Protestant worship, in the immediate vicinity of the Porta del Popolo. For the present, nevertheless, the American chapel is in the Vicolo d'Alibert, and no change seems likely to be made during the current season.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. King to Mr. Seward

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ROME, May 7, 1867

SIR: Several weeks have elapsed since the receipt of despatch No. 55 from the State Department, apprising me that Congress had declined to make any further appropriation for the support of the American legation at Rome, from and after the close of the present fiscal year.

In the daily expectation that I would receive instructions as to the course to be pursued under the circumstances, I have refrained from calling on Cardinal Antonelli, for I was somewhat at a loss how to explain to his Eminence the sudden and unlooked-for withdrawal of the American minister from the Papal court; or on what terms to take my leave of the Holy Father himself and his accomplished secretary of state. I am still without the desired instructions, and earnestly request that if not already despatched, they may be transmitted to me at the earliest convenient opportunity.

The intelligence of the closing of the American mission has of course become public, and has elicited very strong expressions of regret from the American artists resident in Rome and transient American visitors here, as well as from my colleagues of the diplomatic corps and various functionaries of the Papal court. I am given to understand that the Pope himself feels hurt by this hasty and apparently groundless action of Congress, and thinks it an unkind and ungenerous return for the good will he has always manifested

towards the American government and people.

On Friday last, Mr. J. C. Hooker, acting secretary of legation, having occasion to call on Monsignor Pacca, at the Vatican, on some matters of business, availed himself of the opportunity to pay his respects to Cardinal Antonelli. His Eminence at once introduced the subject of American Protestant worship in Rome. The season, he remarked, was nearly over, and the time at hand for closing the American chapel. Should it be reopened in the autumn, it could only be under the roof of the American minister or else in the building assigned many years ago for Protestant worship, immediately outside the Porta del Popolo. The Scotch, the Cardinal added, had been holding their religious services in a building opposite the one just mentioned, but complaints had been made in regard to it, and he should inform Mr. Oldo Russell that the Scotch must remove to the building occupied by the other Protestants. Baron Arnim, the Prussian minister, the Cardinal said, had applied to him to know if other religious services than their own would be permitted in the chapel connected with the Prussian legation, and the reply was that they might hold as many and what services they pleased; the Papal government did not enter into that question; it was enough for them to know that the services were under Prussian protection. In other words, the rule laid down and intended to be enforced by the Papal government in regard to Protestant worship in Rome is briefly this: that no questions are asked and no interference attempted as to such worship, provided that it be celebrated under the roof of a minister duly accredited to the Papal court. If there be no minister or no chapel connected with the mission, the Ameri-

can Protestants desirous of holding religious services according to the forms prescribed by their own church must do so in the building heretofore set apart for Protestant worship, outside the gates of Rome. This building, it seems proper to add, has been thus occupied by the English since 1823; adjoins the Porta del Popolo, and faces the entrance to the Villa Borghese; is large, convenient, easy of access, and can accommodate a numerous congregation, and is within five or ten minutes' walk of the principal hotels, lodging houses, and quarters of the city most frequented by American visitors. I have given the substance of the Cardinal's conversation, that there might be no misunderstanding as to the views of the Papal government relative to the toleration of Protestant worship within their jurisdiction. The rule is simple and obvious. It results therefrom that it is not his Holiness the Pope, but the American Congress who by closing the mission here, have driven American Protestant worship outside the gates of Rome. So long as the United States had a representative at the Papal court, and a chapel connected with the United States legation, no interference whatever was thought of or attempted with American Protestant worship in this Catholic city. It owes its suppression in Rome to the suppression of the American legation, to Congress and not to the Pope. It is this fact which renders it all the more difficult for me to announce to his Holiness that the United States withdraws its representative at the Papal court and breaks off all diplomatic intercourse with the Papal government on the alleged but erro-

neous grounds that the Pope refuses to permit Protestant worship within the walls of Rome.

I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant,

RUFUS KING

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
SECRETARY OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mr. Seward to Mr. King

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, March 11, 1867

SIR: I have to inform you that in the 'act making appropriations for the consular and diplomatic expenses of the government, for the year, ending 30th June, 1868, and for other purposes,' approved February 28th, 1867, it is provided that 'no money hereby or otherwise appropriated shall be paid for the support of an American legation at Rome, and from and after the thirtieth day of June, eighteen hundred and sixty-seven.'

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD
RUFUS KING, ESQ., etc., etc., etc.

Unrepresented near the crumbling court of the Pope, Washington watched, during the 1867-1870 interim, the last stage of the fall of the Holy Roman Empire. The magic whirligig of time has again changed the Chair of Peter into a throne. Although the stalwart shoulders of Mussolini frequently support this throne, the same Washington announces that no American minister will diplomatically gild it. Using Secretary of State Stimson as his mouthpiece, President Herbert Hoover simply says the American ministry remains closed.

WHAT PRICE HARMONY?

BY LELAND HALL

I

TRAVEL and sojourn in strange lands teach us more about ourselves than about those lands and the people living in them. They give us a view of ourselves from a new angle, and standards of measurement which bring out our traits in curious and previously unperceived proportions. I found this especially so as regards music.

Being fond of music and somewhat trained in it, for many years I felt my keenest joy in listening to it. Certain great musical experiences of the past lose none of their vividness even in memory. But after months with the negroes along the Niger River, after a year with the Moors, I find myself reluctant to touch my piano and averse to going to concerts.

My education had been usual enough. My piano instructors had preached Bach to me. I accepted him, lived by him musically. The day came when I went to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to hear the B-minor Mass. All that the world of learned musicians had said about the greatness of Bach then seemed true, and more. The Haydn quartettes, the Mozart symphonies, filled me with joy, which not even the history books and the professors, which not even my own professing, could temper. Then there was Beethoven. He too was one of the great composers. Him, like the others, I accepted and worshiped. Once in Paris, shortly after the war, I heard an inspired performance of the Fifth

Symphony under Gaubert in the Salle du Conservatoire. On coming away from the concert I chanced to catch the remark of an American behind me in the street. 'I have heard only one performance to equal this,' he said. Though he was a stranger to me I knew he meant a performance under Karl Muck in Boston some years before; and he told me he did mean that one. The coincidence seems proof of the objective reality of certain musical experiences.

There was Schubert, who unfortunately could not master the larger forms, but whose songs were divine; there was Schumann, whose fantasy soared beyond his skill, yet who was almost the perfect Romantic in music; and there was the stern Brahms, with his admired bleakness. I accepted them all; they were the world's great composers. The world's, mind you!

They were Germanic; but we are all more or less Germanic. Of course, we had our snacks of other races. There was Chopin, with his Polish rhythms and his sick soul; but he wrote only for the piano. Liszt thundered a dozen rhapsodies and more from Middle Europe. *Carmen* could not be the greatest opera because a Frenchman had written it, and with borrowed color. Grieg brought us a bit of Scandinavia, charming, but not suited to the exalted forms. The gorgeous Russians came upon us, and we scratched them to find musical Tartars. Verdi was generally spurned by the upper musical classes. He was an Italian, and Wagner

had spoken slightly of *bel canto*.

Opinion has changed, somewhat, with the times. But for me all has changed. I have lived for a short period among the negroes of West Africa and among the Moors, whom no education — and it was for a long time my business to educate American youth in music — could ever persuade into accepting Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, not as great musicians, but as musicians at all. These three, whom we have set up as the world's greatest! Other races of the world outnumber us, and they have music. We say it is not music; and they say that ours is not. Two Hindu musicians, after they had given over showing me how much they knew about our music, which was a great deal, avowed that they still considered it noise, though admirably complex.

We have, then, composers great only in our music. Beside their masterpieces I now put other music: against the Bach Mass, the Beethoven symphonies, *Parsifal*, I put a little Spanish fisherman singing along the Moroccan coast, an oboe from a mosque tower in Fez during the month of Ramadan, and a great negro who came out of the gloom into the light of the fire round which our boatmen sat skinning a goat they had stolen from a Tuareg shepherd. He played a flute to them and to us, music that welled up from the deepest heart of Africa. There were three virtuosi of the lute vying with each other in a Moroccan café; there was a drunken guitarist in Teneriffe. Each of these represents for me an experience in music as real and as deeply moving as any I had previously within the confines of the great European masters.

II

It is well-nigh impossible to describe the effect of music without recourse to

terms of other than auditory experience. If I should try to describe the effect of the music I have heard in Africa, I could do little more than describe the setting in which I heard it and the suggestions it carried of a life new and strange to me. So I should give the impression that the music itself was a small element in the pleasure I received, that the color and the surroundings were all.

Certainly, if I should take the oboe player from the mosque tower in Fez, whence his rapturous music poured down into streets all full of moonlight, and set him to playing on the stage of Carnegie Hall, a great deal of the magic would vanish from his art. But, if I set the mightiest of our orchestras to playing on the roof of a mosque in Fez, its music would ridiculously lose both grandeur and authority. I would not venture to say which music would suffer more by transportation out of its native surroundings. Both belong in a certain setting.

We have taken ours in from out-of-doors. Along with this we have enfeebled and sweetened our instruments and studied sonorities which lose their resonance elsewhere than in the concert hall. That setting has more color and more meaning than we usually reckon. The empty hall filling, the concert-goers meeting and gossiping, the men of the orchestra coming unattached upon the stage and tuning their instruments, the hush, the arrival of the conductor, his gestures, the applause — all these contribute to create an 'atmosphere' as proper and perhaps as indispensable to our music as the firelight in the jungle to my negro playing his wild flute. Indeed, the atmosphere of the concert hall is a connotation of our racial spirit and the development of our art which should not be disregarded.

We have, to be sure, other settings:

the cathedral for religious music, the chamber for string quartettes, and the theatre for opera. In the theatre we sometimes make a setting of the outdoor world and use music to enhance the suggestion which is before our eyes; but still we have our sonorities, which would dissipate in the open they are fancied to realize. We are so addicted to the concert hall that we feel little impropriety in bringing our Masses and our operas into it for a hearing; our emotional deeds and our religion have become abstractions. The radio and the phonograph now bring us music to the home and free us from the discomforts of public places. This still seems a reduced music; but it is too early to say whether because of imperfections in transmission or because thereby music loses the aura which vibrates round it in the auditorium for which it was conceived.

My description of the effect of a strange music must include not only its setting, but also the suggestions, in which it was so potent, of the life of the people from which it sprang. When in the African night a little band of negro drummers plays for me, and other drummers come from round about till there are eighteen, beating rhythms beyond our experience, I feel some moving sympathy with what lies in the centuries behind them. If I hazard a description of this I am accused of enriching the music. It was not, I am told, the music itself which stirred me so deeply, but all it spoke of.

This is surely true; but what is no less true is that our music moves us similarly through suggestion. What is the orchestra itself but a combination of instruments with each one of which is associated a definite tone color—that is, an almost explicit suggestion? The trumpets are martial, the trombones solemn; the oboe is pastoral, the flute pure. Bassoons make jolly and

the organ is majestic. Besides, we have our drums and cymbals, our celesta and our chimes. It is a collection of voices speaking directly out of the past and out of all the various life which has made us.

Even could we strip every instrument and every voice of the poignant suggestions with which they are fraught, our music must still call to us out of the feelings which are ours, and which moreover, in being ours, are defined. Our whole response is but a recognition. The music of Bach is as unmistakably imbued with the nostalgic self-pity of Protestant mysticism as is that of the negro with longing and superstitious fear. For us the music of the Moors is uncouth; for them Beethoven is bombast. Each lacks the cue to the other, that is all. And this goes to show how little we realize that the beauty and the emotional meaning of our music are no less affected by place and suggestion than are the beauty and the emotional meaning of exotic music.

III

What modified my feeling about our own music, then, was not, essentially, the 'atmosphere' of Africa, but my experience there with a musical stuff different from that of which we have chosen to build our masterpieces. How far our temperament made that choice inevitable, one cannot say; but it is plain to see that as time went on we Europeans, out of a melodic heritage from Byzantium, from Greece, from Southern Rome, — who knows? — selected for our art only what was adaptable to an interweaving of several musical strains at once, which the musician calls harmony. The rest we cast aside. It is worthy of note that harmonic development seems even peculiar to Northern Europe. The Italians and the Spaniards have rarely

surrendered the single melody wholly to it. If some day the testimony of music is taken into the councils of the anthropologists, we may hear of melodic and contrapuntal races as well as Mediterraneans and Nordics. For music, elusive as it is, is astonishingly faithful to all the diversities of temperament.

From two or three centuries before Dante to the present day, the history of musical art in Europe is that of the development of a harmonic science, through several stages known technically as polyphonic, contrapuntal, and so forth. Always the end is the same: the interweaving of melodic strands or parts into a manifold texture of sound. The exactions of such interweaving determine our selection of musical stuff; by them we set our ideas of tone and pitch, of what is consonant and what dissonant. From the study of such interweaving emerge rules, long held as positive laws, on which the structure of our musical composition rests. Our whole system of music, from the very notation of its 'measurable' parts to its recondite theory, coheres and completes itself round the logic of harmony. But this has been a process of both development and restriction.

We have reared up an art which is imposing and sometimes sublime. We hold it up, like our other achievements, as a standard of civilization, by which other music is judged exotic or barbarous. Therefore here, as in all our perspectives, we fail to value, not only the amount, but the fine quality of musical material which the requirements of our own art forced us to discard.

A man needs no sojourn among strange peoples to see the limitations which our sense of art imposes upon expressive sound, within which limitations, moreover, our masterpieces are fixed. Quite of ourselves we have come

recently to a day of reckoning. The terms 'consonant' and 'dissonant,' which might seem to be of fundamental significance, have lost all but a technical meaning.

There has come to us a stupendous doubt of what sounds well and what does not, a realization of the folly of trying to fix such values within a theory. And with these has come a sense of the restrictions we have placed upon music; irreparably, perhaps, upon melody, which we not only cramped within the gamut of two scales for the sake of harmony, but to which we gave rather a bad name. The melodic forms of music were the lesser forms. We worked with themes and motives, which alone were adaptable to the system. Within a few years we have begun to wonder if a transcendent melody of Verdi is not perhaps more truly music than a symphonic texture elaborated by Wagner.

Of the multiplicity of rhythms in life we chose two very simple ones, a rise and fall of two beats and a rise and fall of three. Perhaps we were doomed to that by our blood. Symmetry of phrase and regularity of cadence held our structures rigid. For the benefit of the system we compromised on pitch. The resonance of concert halls demanded a continual refinement of tone in instruments. Little by little, while we seemed to grow in intricacy and magnificence, we were cutting away from ourselves rich and supple substance in music; and the ever-increasing volume of sound, which year by year flattered our security and our luxury, deafened us to our loss.

Of ourselves we have come to realize the relatively narrow limits of our art, and from that sense of limitation to suspect the vastness of musical material lying outside it. But a sojourn among strange people gives us an actual experience of music never fet-

tered by harmony, of melody in which harmony is not even implied, and therefore free in pitch and rhythm, infinitely various and flexible. This is the musical line without our squares and angles, but curving, rising and falling, soaring, fluttering, tracing the immaterial swell of emotion. A single harmonic chord would weigh upon it like a block of stone; for a chord is dimensionable, and this is of the air.

IV

All the strange people among whom I lived had an art of music. Art implies a fixation, and the melodies I heard were fixed by an artistic tradition natural to their singers. Some had been written down; but none would be even thus so fixed that it could not twine and hover in the feeling of the moment. The singer never sang his tune twice the same, but gave in each singing lengths of phrase, alterations of tone, pauses, lingerings, suddenly eloquent departures from the line to drop or float back to it, often slight, but intensely expressive, all inspired by present feeling which passed even in utterance. Not only the lark sang in unpremeditated strains; man sang so once, still sings so in Africa, still may sing so in every art of music save ours. For in all but our system freedom is left for the gush of music from the heart without premeditation — for what, naming it and condemning it, we call improvisation.

To this our art is now firmly closed by its complexities and its proportions. Conservatories give courses in improvising. It is the final proof of our enslavement to organization that we school people in spontaneity. The gradual disappearance of such freedom is interesting to trace, and the shrinking of the space allowed for it in growing musical forms. The public was

fond of it; and only slowly did the art of structure and the tradition of composing every detail in a piece and writing it down, not to be departed from in performance, attain to despotism. As late as Bach, composers noted down in many types of music only a series of chords, on which the performer was free to improvise his own adornments. Fantasias and toccatas were played with the utmost freedom, blooming on the stage. Yet soon the freedom died out of it, and the performer, who made you music while you waited, must make music according to laws, following his head, keeping his wits about him.

For generations after Bach composers still conceded to the virtuoso a place in many of their compositions where he might play or sing a few moments following his own fancy. According to reports of the time, performers profited to the full by this break in the dikes, and much rapturous music must have poured forth. But it became a conventionalized test in virtuosity, and the composers fought it for the sake of proportion. It is plain to see what happened. Display and unruly emotion were damned as meretricious; the logic of form triumphed.

Here and there in the masterpieces one comes across a bit of improvisation, fossilized, as it were, in the form. For instance, the little solo phrase for oboe in the first movement of the Beethoven Fifth. The powerful advance of the orchestra suddenly halts; and, hung aloft in the deep emptiness like a star, a lone note of the oboe holds a moment, then slips down through a little phrase into silence. But if the note from which that phrase descends, the inkling of all the fluid substance of music out of which the symphony has been moulded, if that note were held the fraction of a second too long, for the sensitive musician the whole work

would sag. The proper length is in relation, not to the intensity of the emotion which inspired it, but to all the other phrases and sections which compose the symphony.

But purely melodic music is free of such rigid relationships. Every tone is elastic, so that there is variation of rhythm and subtlety of expression to follow the finest shade of human feeling while it lasts.

It is by contrast with such flexibility, heard in the singing of the negroes and the Moors, that our music now sounds angular and pompous to me. I am convinced that the melodic systems, by destroying which we have built our own, are capable of a finer music than ours.

But to appreciate it we must be finer listeners than we have become. We must restore to ourselves a sensitiveness of hearing and response now deadened in us by our admired volume of sound.

In my opinion the most significant piece of modern music — the greatest, to use a word I cannot define — is Stravinsky's ballet, 'Le Sacre du Printemps.' In its break with the old tradition it has flung far the boundaries of the art, and it has restored to our music the fundamental emotionalism of which our masterpieces now seem more or less formal paraphrases.

In Africa one night I heard from a hotel the distant sound of drums beating continually, and I went out to follow the sound. Across the plain outside the village I came to a festal celebration in a native compound. There was hazy moonlight. Some thirty guests were assembled in the compound, chiefly in white robes, the men and women in separate groups. There were three musicians, professional artists: two drummers and one who played the big xylophone of the country, which is not unlike what we call a marimba. The music was almost too

complex for my ears, which grasped only a continual repetition, yet I felt somehow that the repetitions were full of variety.

At intervals the men or the women stamped in a circle round the enclosure, with bent shoulders, and singing long phrases. The curve of the sung phrases, their accent, their loudness and their softness, were as fluid and unrestrained as the night breeze blowing and dying throughout the whole evening. The musical effect, recalling that of Stravinsky's ballet, was yet more deeply moving. But here were three musicians and a few melancholy voices, whereas Stravinsky's music had used an orchestra of a hundred pieces and heaven knows what variety of instruments.

Thus the proportions of our music stand out to me after living for a while with other music. I hear in it the logic which has destroyed melody; the restriction of an almost infinite variety of rhythm and pitch into conformity with a harmonic system, essentially massive, intricate without subtlety; the perfection of tone qualities which vibrate to their full meaning only indoors; and principles of form which have ultimately debarred rapture. I hear its noisiness: extremes which are only acoustically extreme, clashes and conflicts which have their significance by what we attribute to them. Let one lose for a moment the scale of importances fitting these attributions, and in the bewilderment of such loss the mighty abstractions of our world seem distorted. At a concert one has the sense of being hoaxed. One wonders what it is all about; until, settling back into the old habit, one forgets it is merely about ourselves and not about the world, not at all about the universe, in the echoless space of which its clamors sigh instantly away even as the song of a Niger boatman in the night.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF ENDOWMENTS

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

I

No question was more vigorously debated by the economists of the eighteenth century than the distribution of private accumulated wealth in the form of continuing trusts or endowments. To appreciate the significance of this discussion one needs to keep in mind the background of history which gave rise to the discussions, and to remember as well two facts. First, that the establishment of charitable trusts can only take place in a nation where great accumulations of wealth go hand in hand with a widespread spirit of public service. Great charitable trusts do not arise in poverty-stricken countries, or in countries where the people are trained by long political experience to look to government for the support of all charitable causes, including religion and education. The problem of the charitable trust is not acute in a rich country like France or in a poor country like Rumania. It comes to be significant only in countries where great accumulations of wealth in the hands of individuals are united with a distinct sense of responsibility to the public good. It is a by-product of individualism.

In the second place, one needs to remember that, while we speak of a science of economics, there is no science of economics in the exact sense in which we think of the physical sciences. The economist is in somewhat the same situation as the psychologist. He seeks to deal, according to the methods of

inductive science, with a complicated mass of facts and tendencies, all of them affected by imponderable human forces. The psychologist can never eliminate his own psychology from his thinking, nor can the economist eliminate his own social and political outlook from his conclusions and predictions. The question of the wisdom or unwisdom of endowments must in the long run be settled by the verdict of experience. It is not possible to dogmatize as to the future.

Among the early economists who sought to deal with the problem was Turgot (1727-1781):—

But of whatever utility a Foundation might be at its conception [he writes], it bears within itself an irremediable defect which belongs to its very nature—the impossibility of maintaining its fulfillment. Founders deceive themselves vastly if they imagine that their zeal can be communicated from age to age to persons employed to perpetuate its effects. There is no body that has not in the long run lost the spirit of its first origin.

France is perhaps the most striking example of the fact that the creation of such trusts or endowments in any nation is directly related to the individualistic tendencies in its citizenship. In France the Revolution put an end to individualism, and since that day the supervision of the State has been so minute and detailed as to discourage charitable endowments. Present-day French writers on economic subjects deplore this fact.

Adam Smith, the contemporary of

Turgot, was no less emphatic in condemnation of the perpetual endowment. While he admitted the advantages of a school foundation for elementary education, he argued that higher education and religion would develop more wisely if left to make their way in accordance with the demands and desires of those composing the social order: —

Were there no public [endowed] institutions for education, no system, no science, would be taught for which there was not some demand or which the circumstances of the times did not render it either necessary or convenient or at least fashionable to learn. A private teacher could never find his account in teaching either an exploded and antiquated system of a science acknowledged to be useful, or a science universally believed to be a mere useless and pedantic heap of sophistry and nonsense. Such systems, such sciences, can subsist nowhere but in those incorporated societies for education whose prosperity and revenue are in a great measure independent of their reputation and altogether independent of their industry.

Adam Smith's argument against the subsidizing of education and religion called forth energetic replies on the opposite side of the question. One of the most noted of these was that of the famous Dr. Thomas Chalmers, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, under the title, *The Use and Abuse of Endowments*. His argument dealt wholly with literary and ecclesiastical endowments, and particularly with the latter. In presenting his arguments for an established church, he found it unnecessary to consider the case of the United States, the only large country which had no such establishment. The experience of the United States, he remarked, was at best doubtful (he wrote in 1827), and in any case the United States was 'a dim and distant

region.' At the end of a century this 'dim and distant region' has become the field for the establishment of the most generous endowments for intellectual, social, and moral causes that the world has ever seen.

II

The only country whose experience sheds light upon the history of charitable trusts is England, for only in England has the necessary wealth to create such trusts been unhampered by government and at the same time stimulated by a sense of responsibility to the public good on the part of private owners of wealth.

A 'charitable trust' in the legal sense in England is one that exists for some eleemosynary, educational, religious, or governmental purpose; that has an undefined beneficiary; and that constitutes a perpetuity. All endowments existing for purposes similar to those of the philanthropic foundations in the United States would therefore come under this description. Up to the earlier years of the nineteenth century the charitable trusts in England had existed without governmental or other scrutiny, but between the years 1816 and 1837 a parliamentary commission investigated the conditions and activities of the charitable trusts in all parts of England and Wales. The following charitable trusts were exempt from investigation: —

1. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the colleges of Westminster, Eton, and Winchester; the schools of Harrow and Rugby; and the Corporation of Trinity House.

2. All charities having special visitors, governors, or officers appointed by the founder. (Such charities were, however, included in 1831, and among them were found some of the worst cases of abuse.)

3. Charities instituted wholly or principally for the benefit of Jews or Quakers, as well as those wholly or principally supported by voluntary subscriptions.

The detailed reports of these commissions respecting the widely diverse charitable trusts brought out, as may well have been expected, numerous weaknesses and some breaches of trust. For example, nearly all of the charitable funds in London were, in 1828, under the control and management of some ninety-one city companies, and their annual income amounted to £138,583. One of these charities, St. Paul's School, London, was founded by John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, and came into the hands of the Mercers' Company after his death in 1519. At that time the members of the Mercers' Company were mercers. In 1828 they were mostly merchants, bankers, and insurance brokers. In 1524 the endowment produced an annual income of £122. In 1820 it produced an income of £5252. The examination of the administration of the Mercers' Company in 1828 showed that in 1804 the company had spent £34,600 of the surplus revenue of the school in speculations, loans, and other ways having no bearing on the institution. In 1828 this was being repaid at the rate of £1000 annually and invested in public funds. The management of the school estate, as carried out by the Mercers' Company, was in the hands of two annually elected officers called the surveyor-accountant and assistant surveyor. Salaries to the four masters of the school were respectively £600, £300, £220, and £200, making with emoluments a total cost for instruction of £1513. The officers representing the Mercers' Company were paying a late 'highmaster' a pension of £1000 annually, an amount bearing an unusual relation to the salary of £600 paid to

the active highmaster. In spite of the increase in the endowment, under the administration of the Mercers' Company, the attendance at the school had been allowed to stand at the number fixed in Colet's time, 153, adopted because of the number of fish taken in Saint Peter's famous catch!

Following the report of these various commissions, a permanent board of commissioners was created. It had, at first, only protective and remedial powers, but judicial powers were given it in 1860. Certain charitable trusts, however, have always been exempt from the authority of the Board, except as they voluntarily sought its advice. Roman Catholic charities were brought under its jurisdiction in 1859, and endowed secondary schools in 1874. In 1899, the educational charities were assigned to the Board of Education.

As a matter of fact, the abuses which this investigation of English charitable trusts brought to light were far from being universal. The absence of any strict oversight and the presence in the management of trust funds of trustees not chosen for their fitness had resulted in a far less equitable and effective administration of some trusts than ought to have been secured.

In pursuance of the conclusions of the charity commissioners who are charged with a supervision of the permanent trusts, such trusts in England to-day are under a sharp scrutiny. Even the investments are under the control of the commissioners. The oversight of the commissioners does not extend to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge and to colleges like Westminster, Eton, and Winchester, or to schools like Harrow and Rugby.

III

In the United States the past thirty years have seen an extraordinary devo-

tion of private fortunes to the establishment of permanent endowments. The great bulk of such endowments are held by the colleges and universities, sometimes for stated causes, but in large measure for the general purposes of the institutions. During the same period a number of endowed foundations have been created, notably those established by Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller and, more recently, by Mrs. Harkness, Mrs. Sage, and Mr. Rosenwald. Perhaps over a thousand millions of dollars are to-day held in trust by these foundations.

Their number and magnitude have served to raise the question whether endowments are being provided in cases where the agencies so endowed should depend upon the support of a constituency for their life and usefulness. This question is most opportune. Few would be found to question the statement that too many causes in the United States have been buttressed by endowments. It seems axiomatic that religious congregations, political parties, and social clubs are not fitting agencies to receive endowments. Their very reason for existence lies in their ability to enlist the coöperation of those who make up their constituencies.

It is perfectly clear also that, human nature being what it is, the thirst for endowments will grow out of proportion to any reasonable justification. There is no injunction in the Scripture which has been so thoroughly accepted by the promoters of good, as well as of mediocre, causes as that which sets forth the fact that they who seek find; to them who ask shall be given; and to those who knock the door shall be opened. Knocking on the doors of the charitably minded has become a business.

This process has by no means been confined to individuals. The demands of an enormously expanded educational

programme, backed by energetic propaganda, are taking from the treasuries of states and of communities sums of money never dreamed of in any other country. In a certain prosperous city of several hundred thousand inhabitants, over 60 per cent of the total municipal income is expended on the school system. If the present régime continues, its plans will absorb all the income of the municipality in another score of years unless the patient taxpayer rebels or the conception of what constitutes education is modified.

It is true that endowments in our generous easy-going citizenship are being unwisely sought and unwisely given, just as the tax funds of the community are drawn upon in the name of charitable (generally educational) causes. But this does not touch the question, Is the perpetual endowment, whether entrusted to a university or to a special board of trustees, likely to prove a wise and fruitful agency in civilization?

IV

The perpetual charitable trusts, as they exist in the United States, whether in the hands of a university board or of a special board of trustees, fall into two classes. They are endowments whose incomes are intended for the support of a stated cause, or they are endowments whose incomes are to be used, in the discretion of their trustees, for the support of agencies that are considered to promise well in their respective fields. The first form of trust uses its income as an operating agency in a designated field; the second form of trust is a giving agency distributing its income to such institutions, societies, or individuals as are judged to be capable of effective work in human advancement.

To illustrate. The Carnegie Institution of Washington is devoted to re-

search in pure and applied science. It expends the income of its endowment in conducting, through its own members and laboratories, researches in astronomy, geophysics, nutrition, terrestrial magnetism, and other fields of research. It does expend part of its income in subsidies to research associates working in their own universities in the scientific fields in which the Institution is active, but it is essentially an operating agency in the wide field of scientific research.

On the other hand, the Carnegie Corporation of New York is, by the terms of Mr. Carnegie's deed of gift, to apply its income 'to promote the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States by aiding . . . institutions of higher learning . . . and by such other agencies and means as shall from time to time be found appropriate therefor.' In other words, this endowment is primarily a giving agency whose purpose is to stimulate and strengthen the agencies already engaged in the advancement and diffusion of knowledge, or to create new agencies if they are thought desirable. It is a giving rather than an operating organization.

As a matter of fact, to one who examines the various types of charitable trusts that have been established in the United States in the last three decades, it is clear that in the establishment of the second type of charitable trust just referred to the founders of such agencies were seeking to develop a science of giving. Knowing from their own experience the difficulty of discriminating between the multitude of appeals, they undertook by the establishment of these large trusts, devoted not to one cause but to many, to develop an agency, continuous for generation after generation, that would be able to discriminate between causes

that were significant and those that were transitory, and would year by year and century by century make its contribution to those agencies in the social order that experience and study had shown to be fruitful. Perhaps unconsciously, but none the less truly, notable givers like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller were feeling after a science of giving to be exemplified in an agency which should itself be continuous and which should compare and study the numberless causes that appealed for aid from the standpoint of an impersonal scientific view of human efforts for betterment. Whether a science of giving is attainable is another question. It would naturally be a division of the science of economics!

V

The *a priori* argument of the economists against the creation of endowments is virtually an argument against all continuing organized agencies in the social order. Every such agency — governmental, educational, social — carries in itself not only the seeds of possible decay, but also the tendency to exalt the machinery of organization above the original purpose for which the organization was created. Particularly is this true of organizations that seek to promote intellectual and moral causes (I omit the word 'spiritual,' which has been so overworked in recent years that it deserves a rest). The organized Christian Church converted in the fourth century a Roman emperor, and proceeded to develop the machinery of civil government which completely transformed its spirit and ideals. Our American colleges have certainly gone far in the last three decades toward a form of organized activities that has obscured the primary intellectual purpose for which they were instituted.

Business organizations are subject to exactly the same tendencies, as any man knows who sits on boards of directors. But in a business organization there is a sharp test of efficiency lacking in those organizations that deal with intellectual and social products. A business enterprise is intended primarily to earn money. When dividends are no longer forthcoming, something is fundamentally wrong with the organization, and a sharp, sometimes drastic, reorganization takes place. The machinery of organization is once more readapted to the work it is intended to do, or else it is scrapped.

There is no such sharp criterion by which to test social organizations. It is so difficult to know whether a government, or a university, or a religious organization, is really paying dividends or not. Intelligent judges will differ in their judgment of the work of any designated social agency. We know that tendencies toward deterioration and toward a substitution of machinery for ideals are always present. But we cannot scrap our organized governments, churches, universities, and school systems every quarter century and start new ones. These agencies are in their nature continuous. So long as the social order itself continues and grows and deals with the wants and aspirations of one generation after another, it adapts its machinery as best it can to new conditions and new demands.

The perpetual charitable trust is precisely in the same situation, provided it is sufficiently flexible to be adapted to the changing demands of human development. It has no counsel of perfection, but it has a distinct opportunity for service of great significance. Its possibilities of misuse are precisely the same as those of other agencies intended for the advancement of society.

The weaknesses of the English trusts

as disclosed by the long parliamentary study were: (1) the devotion of a permanent endowment to a temporary or insignificant cause; (2) the choice of trustees ill qualified to direct the trust, and who were in some cases interested in its benefits; (3) the lack of public scrutiny and responsibility; (4) the lack of any authority in the trustees to modify the methods and the objects of the trust with the changing demands of the time, while still seeking to serve the general cause the founder of the trust had in view.

The charitable trusts founded in recent years in the United States have been planned with a view to avoid these weaknesses. They are in the first place public institutions, chartered by the Congress or by a state legislature. They are not only subject to the scrutiny and control of the public, but they have adopted a policy of open publicity as to the expenditure of their funds. Finally, the trustees hold their trust under conditions which enable them to adapt it to the changing needs of a new generation. They are continuing trusts, but they are serving continuing causes, and there is exactly the same reason to expect that they will adapt themselves to new conditions that exists in all other social organisms.

There is reason to hope that the perpetual charitable trust will serve a notable rôle in dealing with the problems of the future. It will gather knowledge from its own experience. It is hampered by no constituency. It has sufficient freedom to adventure in the cause of human progress. In this day of intellectual and social inflation the presence of some social forces binding together the past and the present may prove invaluable to the cause of human progress. A continuing endowment in Alexandria or Athens or Rome in the first century could not have survived the violent political

changes of the next ten centuries. But we can well believe that such a trust devoted to the advancement and diffusion of knowledge among men might have advanced the cause of human progress a half millennium beyond its present stage!

VI

Mr. Carnegie was a keen student of Adam Smith, but he parted company with him on the question of the perpetual trust. He was influenced in large measure by two beliefs, which became so large a part of his thinking that they were the foundations of his social creed.

The first was a profound faith in mankind. To the end of his life Mr. Carnegie was an optimist in his view of human nature. He let no personal disappointment, and he had many, shake his faith in men and in the future of human progress. He created permanent endowments in the promotion of various great causes not because he believed these agencies would always function at the maximum efficiency; all human organisms, he was wont to say, have their periods of activity and of commonplace performance. But taking the long view, looking to generation after generation, he had confidence that successive groups of trustees would deal wisely and justly with their responsibilities.

Secondly, he counted on the freedom given to his various boards of trustees to enable them to meet the varying needs of future generations while preserving the great underlying purpose for which the trusts had been created. He had faith in men and in their common sense if given reasonable freedom of action.

In one of the last of the great perpetual trusts that he established these two articles of faith were strikingly

shown. In establishing the Endowment for International Peace he looked forward to a time when international peace would be a *fait accompli*. He accordingly left to his trustees the following message: 'When . . . war is discarded as disgraceful to civilized men . . . the trustees will please then consider what is the next most degrading remaining evil or evils whose banishment . . . would most advance the progress, elevation, and happiness of man, and so on from century to century without end. . . .' It was a long look ahead by an indomitable believer in his race.

This faith that the great endowments, designed to live forever, might render notable service in the emergencies of civilization had a striking illustration when our nation swept into the World War. Under the freedom of action given them, the trustees of the Carnegie Corporation were able to pour great sums of money into the support of the suffering millions whom the war had devastated. The perpetual trust is an act of faith in mankind itself. Of this faith Mr. Carnegie was the great exemplar.

VII

This paper has been written in the endeavor to point out that the present-day endowed charitable trust has a place in the social order, and that it has sufficient elasticity to adapt itself to changing needs so that it will continue to fill a real want in the future.

The alternative to the permanent endowment is a sum of money to be spent, principal and interest, at the discretion of the trustees at the time. It is being urged by some of the most generous givers that all public giving shall be in this form. An endowment of a university, for example, may be spent, principal and income, by the trustees at their discretion; or a chari-

table trust shall be founded on the condition that the principal shall be distributed by the trustees in a stated term of years.

Such gifts may be of great value as supplements to endowments, but the objection to making all public gifts in this form are serious and lie in the qualities of human nature itself. To illustrate. A university has an endowment to carry on a certain work in education or research. It is ambitious to extend and enlarge its activities. Sometimes this urge to expand is wise; not infrequently it is the result of a temporary ambition, or of competitive zeal. If the rate of spending is suddenly raised by dipping into principal, the probable outcome is an inflated programme which in a few years leaves the work in straits. Such a procedure may in particular instances be wise; as a general policy it spells extravagance and subsequent deflation. Human nature being what it is, it is wiser to retain a certain steady support and get other money for expansion. Our universities to-day are ready to adventure in any field. The responsibility of conserving an endowment is more often a reasonable restraint than a detriment. The same thing is true of a charitable trust to be liquidated in a fixed term. Twenty-five years has been named as a fitting period.

It is not difficult to see what would happen to a large trust under such conditions. Those responsible for it would go carefully about their task in the endeavor to find fruitful and significant causes. With the best intentions in the world they would find themselves approaching their limit of time with a large part of the endowment still in their hands. They would then be compelled to distribute this in huge grants. There is no wisdom in this process.

The truth is, there is no formula of public giving that will fit all cases.

Both the permanent endowment and the gift that must be liquidated in a fixed term have their places. The real problem in the administration of great public gifts, whether of one sort or another, is to find some man (or some group of men) who will give himself with his gift, who will get down from the chair of the giver and obtain a first-hand knowledge of the circumstances, the motives, and the imaginings of those whom he seeks to aid or to stimulate. Such a man when he refuses aid often renders his greatest service by making clear the true perspective of the work that seeks a grant. If humanity could be saved by handing out the cash, the generosity of good men would have saved it long ago. To make great public gifts fruitful and not harmful in the ministry of human needs somebody has to sweat blood in the giving.

That the great endowments will come under a sharper public scrutiny and control we may well expect. Whether the endowed universities will be made subject to such scrutiny and control, or be made exempt, as is the case with the great English universities and public schools, is a question that only the future can answer. These foundations have become a distinct feature of American social endeavor. They are distinctive of American citizenship. Whether Mr. Carnegie's faith shall be vindicated will depend on the wisdom and devotion of those who administer these noble endowments. Of one thing we may be reasonably sure — the problem cannot be solved by surrendering the capital of a great trust to the real, or imaginary, demands of the present moment. Some causes hang on the long result of time. Their contribution to human progress is cumulative. In the service of such causes the continuing trust will find its justification.

FEATHERS TO BURN

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

YOU who have stood in the fresh air of morning out in the middle of some vast golfing course; who have seen and felt and smelled all that can be conveyed to the soul by a perfect patch of putting green, every blade barbered, and doused with dew, and breathing the heady fragrance of fertility; who have seen Washington bent grass woven into a smooth green rug the size of a farm, and have promised yourself that some day, regardless of expense, you would sow a piece of this same sort of carpeting — you will know what I mean when I say that what I wished to achieve around my house was *grass*. Not anything ostentatious or extravagantly turfy, to be handed down from eldest son to eldest son, but something that I could cut, and clip, and refer to casually as 'the grass' without seeming to exaggerate.

'What this place needs is nitrogen,' I declared to Amelia one fine spring morning. 'That will not only stimulate the grass, but it will help solve the dandelion question.' And she agreed with me that, if anything would do that, we ought to get some.

I had looked into the dandelion question at odd times, after spending several seasons in the vain delusion that I could fight the weeds one at a time, and I had found that the most accredited line of attack is to make the grass so live and lusty that it simply crowds the dandelions out. That looked like good doctrine; it proceeds on a formula that Shakespeare himself frequently speaks of: 'One fire drives out one fire; one

nail, one nail.' And again, 'One nail by strength drives out another.' This is one solution of the weed question in general, and it is the whole secret, I verily believe, by which the English have been enabled to build up and establish such wonderful surfaces of turf. It is not that they have fought the weeds so incessantly in time past, as their head gardeners will tell you, but that they have known how to make use of the powers of nature.

For something less than a century the sea craft of England — brigs, barks, and barkentines — have plied back and forth to Chile and Peru, and they have come back loaded with guano from the islands off the coast, and with saltpetre from the mainland. It is a strange thought that the principal ingredients of success in both war and peace — the main elements of gunpowder and of fertilizer — are the products of birds. To birds we have been indebted for any great access of free force by which one nation gets ahead of another. At least it *was* the product of birds up to the time when we managed, by such superpower as we have at Niagara Falls, and such a plant as we built at Muscle Shoals, to get our nitrogen direct from the atmosphere.

And all this guano the English have put on their soil — in addition to what they conserved by their raising of live stock. They have, indeed, 'surveyed mankind from China to Peru'; and in Peru they found mines of manure greater in true value than all that Pizarro ever dreamed of. At one time

they even brought shiploads of mummies from Egypt and turned them into the fertilizer account, it being a simple scientific fact that all flesh is grass. As our own Emerson says, 'The German and Irish millions, like the Negro, have a great deal of guano in their destiny. They are ferried over the Atlantic, and carted over America, to ditch and to drudge, to make corn cheap, and then to lie down prematurely to make a green spot of grass on the prairie.'

There are many facts like these that are strictly to the point — namely, nitrogen; and the way I came to know them all is that I left no leaf unturned in my efforts to get grass and start a garden.

It was while I was in this general state of mind that I made my great discovery in a henhouse. An aged farmer of the neighborhood, who had been slowly and surely declining in vitality until finally the sources of ambition had almost ceased to tick, had recently left his place and gone to the city to live. Upon opening the door of the deserted henhouse one day shortly after, I was amazed to find what a legacy of fertility his long negligence had been piling up. Guano! Unleached nitrogen of a quality that would have been worth transporting all the way from Callao to Liverpool. For five or ten years, I should say, it had been accreting under conditions identical with those of the Peruvian coast; by which I mean that the roof was in perfect condition and had not leaked a drop. It is this condition of rainlessness that distinguishes the coast of Peru; and especially those outlying islands where the unnumbered greedy sea birds, casting about over the ocean and feeding on fish, come in to find a footing and spend a crowded night. The guano, even where it has gathered for centuries and filled up the valleys a hundred feet

in depth, has not lost an atom of its nitrogen by leaching.

The business transaction that now lay before me proved an easy one. It was not hard to get the owners to accept money for a commodity so little valued by them, especially as I was to get a man and pay the charge of hauling. This latter I attended to without delay, and that afternoon I had the pleasure of seeing the whole rich cargo unloading here and there and spreading a magic carpet on the ground. And now all that was needed was rain.

This too arrived with no great delay — a gentle, warm, deliquescent rain that entered right into the chemistry of the situation, melting the guano down and carrying it slowly into the earth. That night I lay awake through several pleasant periods, entering in imagination into the stirring forces of nature. I was not so inexperienced as to expect any great results in a day or two, much less in one night. But on the following morning, when the sun came out with new power after the rain, I was astonished at the whole new scene about me. Every part of the yard was now covered, not with grass, but with feathers.

The scintillating R. G. Ingersoll once said of an oversanguine and visionary man, 'Show him an egg and at once the air is full of feathers.' This saying came to mind as I gazed upon the scene; and it seemed as if all the optimists on earth had been using my place for a camp ground.

There is something very inappropriate, and hence unsatisfying, about having your lawn covered with feathers. People have a way of asking questions, and you are always telling the same story over and over — to their evident amusement. The grocer's delivery man, coming out with some supplies, immediately took occasion to remark that the place looked 'as if

there had been an explosion in a feather foundry.' A neighbor, whom we had usually found helpful and considerate, studied the problem for a while and then merely said, 'I see you folks have been feathering your nest.' Our American sense of humor, which too often consists in taking other people's troubles lightly, needs but a situation like this to feather the barbed shaft of wit or rig up a ridiculous little flight of fancy.

For these reasons I would have got rid of the feathers at once had the thing been possible. But, after giving the subject considerable attention, I was unable to think of a way to do it. When you consider that chicken feathers pass right through a rake, and that a broom only causes each little quill to dig into the dirt or weave its way more intricately into the short grass, the matter becomes no small problem. I should hate to have to pluck even one chicken by the process of picking one feather at a time; and when you consider how these feathers were scattered about the place, how was a man to pick two or more at once?

Of the several varieties of Herculean labors, the most baffling are not those that have to do with weight, or size, or hardness, but those that cope with numerosity. That is how we came to have African slavery in this country. It was not because we had great burdens to lift — a thing that jacks and rollers and pulleys will easily do; or because we had any powerful pushing or pulling to be done — a matter of small concern in an age of steam and coal. It was because we had cotton to pick. Tons and tons of textile material to be gathered in, one light little tuft at a time!

I do not know how long those feathers would have lain there, gradually mixing with the soil, had I not had a new and original idea.

It so happened that at this time I

had been greatly annoyed by some English sparrows that had decided to build somewhere about the house and kept finding some new place to set to work in as fast as I routed them out of the old. I had learned a great deal about sparrows during my years of residence in old Chicago — and by old Chicago I mean the Chicago of pre-automobile days. There are human beings living in the big cities to-day who hardly know what a sparrow or a fly is, so great has been the biological revolution effected by the automobile; but in those days the millions of dirty little sparrows mingled on the sidewalks with the metropolitan crowds, and so used to city life were they that they never stepped aside farther than the curbstone or the gutter. The sparrow was the only bird that I had had an opportunity to study to any extent; and there were two things that I had learned about the species. One is that an English sparrow will not, under any circumstances, go off and build a nest in a tree like other birds. He has no use for nature, and insists on attaching himself to mankind. The other is that a sparrow has no mechanical notion of constructing a nest; he simply gathers a great quantity of rubbish and lays it down as a sort of loose mattress. No time is lost in building; it is all going and coming.

I had learned to dislike sparrows as being too persistent. And when I moved out into the country expecting to see nothing but the birds of nature, I was decidedly displeased to find that the sparrows had now moved out where the horses were. They were about everywhere, defying the farmer's shotgun; and, being driven from one place to another, they had decided to come and live with me.

I routed them out of one place after another, closing all nooks and openings till finally I had a house that proved to

be sparrowproof. But later I built a combination laundry and garage in which an enterprising pair soon discovered an opportunity. In building the bottom of an overhanging cornice, the last board to go in proved to be a foot short of the required length. As the hole was not conspicuous, nor very vital in its effects, I let the matter go until a more convenient time. But it was hardly two days before a couple of sparrows found this entrance to a beautiful covered hallway, and began to fill it with trash. I at once went to town and bought a square foot of lumber. And I came home and closed that hole and carefully painted over it.

It was shortly after this incident that I was confronted with the problem arising out of my effort to improve the grass. Lying in bed one night and thinking upon the general subject of feathers, I had an idea. While it might seem bizarre, I felt it would prove practical.

Intent upon trying it out, I arose early the next morning; and, having equipped myself with claw hammer, cold chisel, and a small wrecking bar, I set to work opening up the hole in the cornice — not without splitting the new board and making many splinters. So that Amelia, noting my strange doings, came out to inquire why I was tearing down the garage.

'I am going,' said I, 'to let that pair of sparrows come back here again. You know sparrows are very fond of chicken feathers. All the trash that I tore out of those tile ventilators, before I closed them up, had a large proportion of feathers in it. The sparrows had to go half a mile for those feathers. Now I am going to let this couple come back and use these feathers right on the place.'

'But do you suppose they could ever use all the feathers we have here?'

'Why not?' I said. 'A pair of sparrows can do a lot between daylight and dark. And if I take what they have

collected every evening and burn it up, they will naturally set to work and gather more. You can't stop a sparrow. They are persistent. And, that being the case, I am going to let them work for me by the day.'

As I do not wish to waste any of the reader's time analyzing and explaining my own pleasant reaction during the days that followed, let me state at once that the scheme worked. It was perfectly practical. I had at last found some use for a sparrow. All I had to do was to sit in my study, engaged in my usual work; and whenever a sparrow flew past with a feather I would reflect upon the beauties and benefits of the study of nature. The sociable little chipping sparrow, our native species, always lines its neat nest with horse-hair. The goldfinch uses thistledown. The shrike values a certain proportion of soft little feathers in building. The pewee and the ruby-throated humming bird construct their nests outwardly of lichens. If you come across a nest lined with nothing but discarded snake skins, and occasionally a piece of onion skin, you may know that it is the work of the great-crested flycatcher. As for the English sparrow, one may say that he is a glutton for chicken feathers, as well as almost any sort of trash. I even knew of an English sparrow picking up a nice soft cigarette that had been cast aside; and as the cigarette was not fully extinguished when it reached the nest, the fire department had to cope with a conflagration that had got a beautiful start.

Professional naturalists say that English sparrows 'line' their nests with feathers; but as a sparrow does not really shape anything that could be properly lined, I consider this a poor use of English. The sparrow piles on chicken feathers — the more he can get the better; and I do not doubt that he would prefer a feather bed.

At the regular evening rite of burning the feathers, Amelia would hover about, on the windward side of the incense, and express her sympathy for the hard-working little couple for whose efforts to raise a family I had so little feeling. But I kept on burning — though one cannot say in strict truth that feathers burn. They shrink and shrivel and curl and writhe as if they felt the fire; one may say that he burns

them at the stake. But still I kept on burning.

I got about two quarts at a crop. When all were gone from the whole surrounding lawn, except a few wing feathers that I had to pick up myself, I got another board at the lumber yard and carefully closed the hole and painted over it. And from that day to this I have not had an English sparrow around the place.

INSECTS AND MEN

BY JAMES E. BOYLE

I

THE world's history needs to be re-written once more. It has already been told in terms of politics, economics, geography, climate, sea power, war, race, sex, and of great men and heroes. It should next be written in terms of insects. This is not the age of man; this is the age of insects. What the yellow fever mosquito, for instance, or the cattle tick, or the tsetse fly has done to the human race is still largely unrecorded.

France has erected in the Midi three battle monuments to commemorate her victory over a single plant louse. This little insect, the phylloxera, was swiftly and surely destroying the grape industry of that grape-famous country. This bug, an American immigrant, was finally defeated by means of help from the United States. Roots of our wild grapevines, immune to this little plant louse, were taken to France, and French grapevines grafted on them. Since the insects attacked only the root, this meant defeat and death to this pest.

There are estimated to be over four million kinds of insects in the world, and all of them are of significance to mankind. Most of them are frankly and openly either our friends or our enemies; few are neutral. They are all our competitors — we are all bidders for the world's limited food supply. Who shall finally inherit this earth, man or bug, will depend in the last analysis on which creature is most efficient in securing his daily ration.

When we remember the bug's appetite for food, particularly for the green and growing plant, and the bug's capacity to reproduce and multiply, we begin to feel uncertain about our own future survival. Consider, for instance, that little tiny green bug, the cabbage aphid. Under favorable conditions, there are thirty generations of these bugs in one year. Under somewhat unfavorable conditions in New York State, from a single pair will come twelve generations in one summer. Twelve or thirteen days are needed for one generation. The mother aphid

who lays her eggs the first of April becomes the progenitor of twelve generations by the middle of August. She produces forty-one young in one generation. Therefore, by the middle of August, if all the mother-aphid descendants should live, there would be alive at one time some five hundred and sixty-four quadrillion aphids! Or to state it more exactly, we should have the astronomical number 564,087,257,509,154,652 aphids. A minute calculation of the weight of these aphids by Professor Glenn Herrick shows that they would weigh eight hundred and twenty-two million tons—that is, almost exactly eight times the weight of all the human inhabitants of this globe.

This shows rather strikingly what one mother aphid can do in four and one-half months, if she has plenty of food and no enemies. In a warmer climate, such as Texas, she would do much better than this. In this connection we must also remember the size of the insect's appetite—especially when it is in the larva stage. Familiar examples of the larva are the maggots—children of the common house fly—and the unsightly caterpillars, grub worms, tomato worms, tobacco worms, and so on, children of the butterflies and moths which play like fairies in the sunlight or moonlight. In fact, most of our common ugly worms are the larvæ of these dainty winged creatures. For many of our insects go through the complete metamorphosis—the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the adult stage. The larva stage is devoted to growth, the sole business of a larva being to eat and grow.

We can get some idea of the appetite of the larva when we note the food consumption of the caterpillar of the common *Polyphemus* moth. When this worm is fully grown, that is, in about fifty-six days, he has actually consumed 86,000 times his original weight. This

is rather a terrifying fact, on the face of it, but we are able to reflect that thus far, at least, we have held our own against these greedy competitors for our food. That is the situation; the balance has been maintained thus far, between man and bug, so that the bug has not yet deprived his human competitors of too much of their food supply except in those few cases of insect plagues. Obviously, it would be very easy to disturb this 'balance of nature.'

Will man or bug inherit the earth? If it is a question of the survival of the fittest, then the argument is all in favor of the bug. The cockroach, for instance, was here a million years before man came; therefore, he will likely be here a million years after man has joined the dinosaur and the dodo. The cockroach came with the coal age. He is versatile enough to adjust himself to his environment. Living first in Asia, he traveled by ship to Holland, and later became at home all over Europe. While he prefers the warm climate, he is found in numbers among the Laplanders of the far north. He even destroys in some years great quantities of the dried fish put away for the winter by these northern settlers. More famous, however, are the cockroaches of Brazil. One traveler reports spending some time in a private home on the Upper Paraguay. Here were a dozen children, each with his eyelashes more or less eaten off by cockroaches. The eyelashes were bitten off irregularly, and in some places quite close to the eyelid. Since Brazilian children naturally have the beautiful drooping lashes of the Latin race, their appearance as defaced by the cockroaches was indeed strange. These same cockroaches also bite off bits of the toenails. Apparently they confine their depredations to children.

As the cockroach has migrated all

over the world, so, too, many other insects are doing. Man's scientific means of insect control, which is his main argument in favor of ultimate survival, is offset by the modern means of travel which the insect now uses. Sailing ships have given place to steamships; horse carts to automobiles; and finally comes the airplane. When Lindbergh finished his 46,000-mile flight in 1928, touching three continents and dozens of countries, think of the scores of new insects he picked up and brought back to the United States! One female insect — even one insect egg — is enough to start a new insect pest in the United States which may have most serious economic consequences. Polyembryony, they term it, when one female insect lays a single egg which hatches out into a large number of maggots.

II

Whence came our present insect pests? Most of them came from foreign countries. The cotton boll weevil is from Mexico; she came, the theory is, in the egg stage, in a dirty cotton mattress of a Mexican laborer. The corn borer is from Europe, the gypsy moth from Japan, the cottony scale from Australia; the Mediterranean fruit fly was landed in Florida by some bootleggers from the West Indies; and so on. And far more serious, they come here without their natural enemies. In this way the balance is disturbed, the disturbance being wholly in favor of the insect. An insect in his home land is often so harmless and obscure that his presence is not even noted. This is because his natural enemies keep him in his place. But transplant this little bug to America, give him plenty of rich food and no enemies, and he will show what the biological laws of reproduction mean,

and what the mathematical formula of geometric progression looks like when put into practice.

We have had many examples of this kind. The best one is perhaps the white fluted or cottony scale which once threatened the complete, speedy, and absolute extinction of the orange- and lemon-growing industry of California. The adult female of this beautiful and dangerous insect has a body which is scalelike and dark orange-red in color.

It was in the seventies when this insect came by ship from Australia to California, and made its first appearance on some acacia trees in Menlo Park. The insect attacked apple trees, fig, quince, pomegranate, roses, and it soon developed a preference for orange and lemon trees. The trees attacked were ruined. Since this insect left all its enemies behind in Australia, it had a free field for action, until the counterattack by man himself began. Few jobs ever done by the United States Department of Agriculture in the field of entomology or elsewhere have been so spectacular and so immediately beneficial as was this fight on the cottony scale. Victory was secured by the introduction from Australia of a particular ladybug whose diet is this cottony scale, and whose appetite is for this insect only.

But to win this battle was not the work of one year, for it was not so simple as it looks in retrospect. First of all, the Department sent two men to California to study the life history of the scales. These entomologists spent one year in this study and came to the correct conclusion that the insect was a native of Australia, but was not a pest there because natural enemies were keeping it down. One of the more seasoned bug hunters of the Department was accordingly sent to Australia to spy out these insects, and to collect specimens of its enemies.

This entomologist, Mr. Albert Koebele, was a skilled collector. He found a small fly laying its eggs on the cottony scale; these eggs hatched and the little maggots devoured the scale. But this was not the final solution. He also found a little ladybug, small, reddish-brown, with a voracious appetite for this one insect. His next job was to transport a number of these ladybugs alive from Australia to California, a very difficult feat, for ladybugs do not have the habit of crossing the equator and going on ten-thousand-mile voyages.

Koebele selected a large number of the ladybugs. He put them in tin boxes, with food. These he placed in the ice box of the steamer at Sydney. Upon arrival in California they were found to be alive and well. A test was immediately made in Los Angeles to determine whether or not the scientist had correctly reasoned out his problem. An infested orange tree was surrounded with a tent of gauze. It was a glorious triumph for the scientist. The Australian ladybugs fell upon the American cottony scales with avidity; indeed, their appetites seemed whetted by the long sea voyage. The results more than justified the most sanguine expectations. It was the 'most perfect experiment ever made by the Department,' said the Chief of the Bureau of Entomology.

There are distinct and peculiar reasons why this experiment was such an unqualified success. First, there is the rate of increase of the ladybugs. Each female lays on the average three hundred eggs, and each of these eggs hatches into a hungry larva. If we assume that one half of these larvae produce female bugs, and maximum reproduction goes on for the summer, a simple calculation shows that in five months a single ladybug becomes the ancestor of seventy-five billions of other ladybugs, each capable of de-

stroying many cottony scales. The ladybug breeds twice as fast as the cottony scale. The ladybug feeds upon the eggs of the cottony scale. And this particular type of ladybug has no enemies of its own, although our American ladybugs have many parasite enemies. Finally there is the very important military advantage in favor of the ladybug in its attack on the scale — the ladybug is a quick mover, while the scale is still. For these reasons the ladybug is almost a perfect remedy for the fluted cottony scale. There have been no failures in its introduction into any of the different countries to which it has been carried. No other insect tried in international work has had such perfect success. California's greatest agricultural industry was thus saved from a complete destruction and one of our greatest and most delicious health foods rescued to us by introducing from a foreign country one small insect which restored the 'balance of nature.'

Next to this achievement stands our success in saving the dominating industry of the Hawaiian Islands — cane sugar — from annihilation at the hands of another Australian insect. In this case it was the cane-leaf hopper. Its depredations ran up into many millions of dollars. The rise and decline of this insect may be sharply pictured by the statistics of sugar production on one big plantation: —

1904.....	10,954 tons
1905.....	1,620 "
1906.....	826 "
1907.....	11,630 "

This diminuendo and crescendo marks the fight put on by the Department of Agriculture. The entomologist sent to Australia succeeded, finally, in finding and carrying to Hawaii the parasite which is the natural enemy of the cane-leaf hopper. The parasite

multiplied rapidly. His rise marked the decline of the leaf hopper. *C'est la guerre!* There is no pity, no mercy, in this war. Like the battle of Kipling's mongoose and the cobra, it ends only when one of the combatants is dead. When Chief L. O. Howard of the Bureau of Entomology visited Hawaii in 1915 he pronounced the situation with regard to the sugar-cane-leaf hopper as 'almost perfect.'

These two brilliant successes in overcoming our insect enemies had one undesirable effect, and that was, they created a sense of false security in the minds of the general public. The feeling became general that for our defense in the war against the insect hordes we may look with confidence to the highly proficient professional entomologists in the Department of Agriculture and in the State colleges and experiment stations. The fact remains that in only a few conspicuous cases have we won the battle against the bug. With most of the harmful insects in the United States, either the bug has definitely won the war or the fighting is still going on. We have already surrendered to the chestnut blight and these noble and useful trees are fast becoming extinct. Congress last year spent ten million dollars in the corn-borer campaign, and the total effect was to mitigate very slightly the ravages of this insect pest. Scientists on the job report that the slow westward march of the corn borer will not stop with Ohio and Michigan, but will inevitably continue until the whole corn belt is covered. We shall have to sign a truce with this bug and give him perpetual tribute in the form of a few million or a few hundred million bushels of corn a year. This pest has never been stopped yet in any country.

In this manner we have learned to live with the Hessian fly, who came over from Europe with the mercenary

troops of the British army during the Revolutionary War. We have already paid him tribute to the extent of hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat, and shall keep on doing so indefinitely.

The Mediterranean fruit fly, one of the most dangerous insects known in the citrus industry, was discovered in Florida early in 1929. In a few months it had traveled westward as far as Dallas, Texas. It now definitely threatens the citrus industry of California.

The cotton boll weevil arrived at Brownsville, Texas, in 1892 from Mexico. By the year 1924 it had traversed the cotton belt and reached Virginia. Its original home is the plateau region of Central America and Mexico. Its only food is the cotton plant. This insect has definitely established himself in every cotton state except California. He is with us as a permanent boarder. The fight will continue against him, as against the corn borer, not to exterminate him, but to keep him within bounds. It would take several pages of this magazine just to list the harmful insects now definitely and permanently established in the United States, all of which are in real competition for our food supply, and all of which are capable of rapid reproduction.

III

We multiply our scientific means of overcoming these harmful insects. But as fast as one bug is destroyed we discover two new ones to take his place. Hence our worst pests to-day are bugs which our grandfathers never heard of. We may venture the prophecy, therefore, that our grandchildren will be struggling with new and more harmful insects than we now know. Even at the present moment entomologists estimate that we are acquainted with only one kind of insect out of eight or ten actually in existence.

The biological methods of fighting insects—those which maintain the balance of nature—are far the most effective. By this we mean the work done by the birds, by insects themselves, and by those most tiny of all insects, the predacious parasites.

First of all, we ought to encourage the birds to come, and we ought to protect them in every way. This may involve getting rid of a large portion of the cats, particularly those night prowlers which destroy birds on their nests. The nuthatch, or the downy woodpecker which works up and down the limbs of trees in the wintertime, inspecting each nook and cranny with meticulous care, destroys the eggs of insects. We can calculate how large a quantity of insects would come from the eggs destroyed in a single day by a single bird if these eggs were left to hatch. Studies made of the food of birds show that from three hundred to five hundred insects are sometimes found in the stomach of one bird. Insects constitute 65 per cent of the food of the downy woodpecker, 95 per cent of the food of the house wren, and 96 per cent of the food of the flycatcher. Birds have their own peculiar habits in catching insects. The phoebe, the flycatcher, and swallows live upon flying insects; robins and meadow larks feed upon ground insects and grubs; cuckoos, orioles, warblers, and vireos catch leaf-eating insects; titmice, creepers, woodpeckers, nuthatches, and chickadees explore tree trunks and limbs for small insects and insect eggs.

It is when we turn to our insect friends, however, that we find the most efficacious means of fighting our insect enemies. Shakespeare makes Touchstone say, 'I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways.' But when it comes to various and sundry methods of killing, the insects have Touchstone beaten. In our boyhood days we became famil-

iar with the thread-waisted wasp, known as mud dauber. This wasp is not merely a skilled engineer and mechanic, but she also has uncanny skill in the use of anaesthetics. At any rate, she lays by a stock of food for her unhatched larvæ, the food consisting of tender, juicy spiders put to sleep by an injection of the wasp's powerful narcotic in exactly the right nerve centre. The relation of the spider to the fly is so well known that it has become a proverb; but the relation of certain flies to the spider is not appreciated. There is a group of hunchbacked, small-headed flies which feed entirely on spiders. These carnivorous flies in the maggot or larva stage live within the bodies of the spiders or in their egg cases.

Some insects attack others openly, as do the dragon flies, and the praying mantid. The praying mantid is the only bug with a religious name,—*Mantis religiosa*,—and he gets this name because he folds his hands as if in prayer. At such moments he is ready to prey on the first insect that comes within his clutches.

Some insects catch other insects in snares, like the spider web, or in pits of ingenious construction, like the ant lion's trap. These predacious insects, as they are called, account for a great many victims. But the great majority of insect-eating insects, when young, live within the bodies of their victims and eat their way out, or within their eggs. These are the true parasites; they are the real farmer's friends. It is not an uncommon thing, especially in vineyards, to find a feeble caterpillar with its back covered with little white oblong bodies, which the casual observer usually takes for its own eggs. These are the cocoons of a little fly parasite known as the braconid parasite. Its larvæ eat and grow within the body of the caterpillar. Just before the caterpillar dies they leave it, and

spin their silken cocoons upon its back.

Most of the caterpillars you see are already marked for an untimely death, for they have a sort of glorified form of tuberculosis. Within their own bodies are the maggots of these parasites, which must eat their way out.

One of the most interesting of these small braconid flies is called the aphidius, and she deposits her egg within the body of that troublesome plant louse, the aphid. The aphid is then doomed to a death more horrible than that of tuberculosis; the parasite in emerging from his host cuts a very regular circular lid in the top of his host's abdomen. You can sometimes catch the mother aphidius in the act of depositing her eggs; she selects the plant louse, and stands with her head toward it. Bending her abdomen under her thorax, she darts her ovipositor forward into the body of the aphid. The dreadful end of the aphid is then a matter of a few days.

The tachinid fly, which looks like a house fly, is an enemy of many insects. Some tachinids lay their eggs on the back of the caterpillar so that the maggot can bore in and live a life of ease and gluttony as long as the caterpillar can carry on. When life departs from the caterpillar the maggot is ready to do likewise. Other tachinid flies deposit eggs on leaves of plants infested with caterpillars. The caterpillar devours the egg with the leaf, but without chewing or injuring the egg. In due season the egg hatches, and the maggot sets up housekeeping within his host. He feeds upon the body of the caterpillar till he destroys it. Still other flies have other means of attacking the nonresisting caterpillar; some deposit living maggots on the leaves, and these maggots attach themselves firmly to the first caterpillar that comes along, and complete their growth within the body

of the luckless caterpillar; other flies deposit living maggots within the body of the caterpillar, which is, of course, then marked for death.

Predacious parasites have even more refined ways of killing. Some of the small flies, the parasitic Hymenoptera, lay their eggs within the eggs of other insects. Here the tiny parasites come to maturity. Dr. Grace Griswold has succeeded in finding parasite eggs within the parasite eggs within the insect eggs.

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,

And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*.

Our scientific and practical progress in entomology during the last fifty years has been enormous. To two people much of this success is due — Professor John Henry Comstock of Cornell, and his wife, Anna Botsford Comstock. Almost exactly fifty years ago (1879–1881) Professor Comstock was in charge of the work in entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture. He had three and a half workers under him. Forty years later there were 545 workers in the Bureau of Entomology. Another outstanding piece of pioneering done by Professor Comstock was the establishment of the first insectary in the world. Indeed, he coined the word himself, applying it to a building on the Cornell campus erected in the early eighties. 'There should be a place,' he said, 'where living plants can be kept with insects upon them, and all the conditions of growth of both plants and insects should be under control.' So a building, named an insectary, was erected. After many years this building gave place to a modern structure. Breeding cages are used for insects. Subterranean insects are observed by means of root cages — boxes with glass sides. Now there are many such insectaries scattered over the world.

RAMSAY MACDONALD

The Portrait of a Man

BY ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS

I

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD is a figure of romance as well as of political significance. He was born in what was then a primitive village named Lossiemouth, in Morayshire, to the far north of Scotland, from parents of peasant stock. His mother was a woman of profound piety and of sterling character, and during the years that the little Ramsay grew and eagerly assimilated the learning available in the village school she became known as the saint of the village; in every house where there was trouble, there Jeanette Ramsay was called on as friend and helper.

Ramsay's abilities were recognized by the village dominie, who carried him along as far as he was able and who encouraged him as he grew toward manhood to strike out for London. There he starved in a garret, doing any work he could pick up. Presently we find him writing for a newspaper and acting as secretary for a Liberal M.P. Already a stir was in the air which was soon to brew a big storm. He was beginning to speak on many street corners and in monster meetings at Trafalgar Square, and John Burns and Keir Hardie were elected to Parliament, the latter wearing his miner's cap when he joined that aristocratic assembly. Ramsay MacDonald threw in his lot with these insurgent forces

and accepted a nomination as candidate for Parliament.

A first fruit of MacDonald's sparse living and of his ardent agitations came in the form of an illness which laid him low in St. Thomas's Hospital, across the Thames and facing the Houses of Parliament and Westminster. There was brought to him a check for his campaign under the signature of M. E. Gladstone. This was but a name to him, whether male or female he knew not. His formal acknowledgment followed. And in a small diary of Margaret Ethel Gladstone's under date of May 29, 1895, one reads: 'First letter from J. R. MacDonald'; while a little later came a second note: 'First saw him Pioneer Club, June 13, 1895,' on which date he took part in a debate on Socialism, with Margaret Gladstone, unknown to him, in the audience. It was not until the following summer that MacDonald saw her. A year later they became engaged, and in November 1896 they were married.

Ramsay MacDonald's wife has been so potent a part of her husband's life that although she died years ago I can never think of him and her as apart. She was the youngest daughter of Dr. John Hall Gladstone, a distinguished chemist and the successor of Faraday at the Royal Institute. Margaret's mother was a niece of the Thomson brothers, famous physicists, one of

whom became Lord Kelvin. Her parents had ample private means. For many years Margaret's father devoted himself to school-board work at a time when this was a truly liberal undertaking. He was gentle and wise in character; 'a quiet and reverent man,' is Ramsay MacDonald's tender description, 'whose wealth, intellectual distinction, and liberality of thought reigned over all.' Religion and charity were the dominating atmosphere of the household; and as Margaret grew and her experiences ripened, religion and charity claimed her more and more. But gradually the forms of expression changed. In her Sunday School class and in her Charity Organization Society visiting, she faced the wrongs of the downtrodden. The ferment of social duty was stirring the depths of her being. Charity was not enough. Her own life was running over with blessings. How could she share them? Thus by 1895 she had groped her way, as her husband described it, from 'the human pity, which was her inheritance, to the reforming faith, which was her conquest.'

For fifteen years Ramsay MacDonald and his wife lived and worked together, and in the first weeks after her death he wrote, as she had bidden him, a little Memoir of her. It is surely one of the most poignant books ever written. In it he reveals her heart, as well as his own. Very different is it from the larger biography which he wrote later for the public. In the small privately circulated volume he tells of his first visit to her in her home in Pembroke Square. The house stands with broad steps and massive front doors and separated by a yard from neighboring houses, 'frugally narrow, but enough to give the detached air of independence,' and shut off by a little distance from 'the bustle which fills the neighboring Bayswater Road.'

When MacDonald told Margaret Gladstone of his love, he spoke of his mother, of her poverty in this world's goods, of her remarkable character, and of her brave struggle for her son. He would wish that the woman who was to share his life should share his love and his reverence for her. The bond which came to bind the two women together was a very rare one. 'I always hoped that, if I ever married, my husband's mother would be living and would like me,' she had written, in her first letter. And in a later letter she wrote: "'My dear Mother!' I am so glad to be able to write those three words together.' Her own mother had died when she was born, and the love of older sisters and devoted aunts and a doting grandmother seems to have left a place vacant in her heart.

MacDonald took his wife up to Lossiemouth to see his mother and his childhood's home almost as soon as they were made man and wife. There they took their children for their vacations. And there they used to leave them when they went on their many journeyings—for Mr. MacDonald is an inveterate traveler, and wherever he went his wife went too. This was not merely the Englishwoman's habit of cleaving unto her mate. It was the passionate desire for another and yet another honeymoon. 'We are going away once more into liberty to be together,' MacDonald described their starting upon one of these journeys. The children they were sure would be well and more than happy with his mother. Thus they visited Canada and the United States, Australia, South Africa, and lastly India, besides making many journeys to near-by places; and each time they returned to welcoming friends and duties and found their immediate family circle unbroken.

II

MacDonald records that his wife was an inveterate worker for the down-trodden and the unenfranchised classes. The endless committees on which she served as the chairman or the secretary were 'but the means through which her untiring and aspiring spirit sought to bring justice and beauty into the lives of working women'—such are the words with which he sums up her activities. And always she wanted the facts; these she gathered for herself from bluebooks or from her own investigations. Even at the dead of night she was often out and abroad, as when she investigated the night employment of women. Her findings were recorded carefully in endless notebooks and memoranda. 'She was the daughter of science as well as of religion, the descendant of a long line of D.D.'s and of LL.D.'s, and F.R.S.'s.'

MacDonald tells of one incident (of which I also heard from friends) which is full of character and likewise of humor. It appears that on one occasion when his wife was to head a delegation her clothes were playfully derided by her comrades. 'You will disgrace us all,' they said. So, for the sake of the Cause, she bought a fine new blouse in which the next day she arrayed herself, and, neglecting to look in the glass, she fastened it back part before! Judge the dismay of the group when she presented herself—the strangest figure, they declared, that had ever met human eyes. It was what her husband called her 'blind eye' toward externals of all kinds. Never did medieval saint pay less attention to the 'flesh and its decorations.'

Their most precious hours, he says, were in the evenings when he was at home and they sat together, she sewing

and darning in the narrow circumference of lamplight, and he reading aloud.

'As I write this, there lie by me Francke's *Social Forces in German Literature*, a bookmark halfway through it showing at the edges, and Browning's *Ring and the Book*, also marked about three parts through. They will never be finished now. With them it is as with other things; the plough has been left in the middle of the furrow.'

There were times, however, when his wife withdrew from companionship even with him whom she loved best. She 'had within her being,' MacDonald writes, 'a Holy of Holies where she sat alone and where the presence of her dearest was forbidden. In the long, dark nights at Lossiemouth in late autumn and winter, with the moan of the sea passing over the land like the cry of toiling creation, the call of the night bird overhead and the mass of stars shining above her, she would retire within herself and go out silently to the shore or the moors in quest of something which haunts life like a dim vision of a strange beauty, or a confused echo of a far-away melody.'

The MacDonalds made their home in an ample apartment at 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields, which provided the social centre hitherto lacking in the Labor Movement. Here comrades came from near and far. It was often said that they established a 'political salon.' But the fact was far different. They opened their home to their friends, and all comrades were friends, representatives of every race and every clime, who were welcomed in a spirit of amplest hospitality. To the two of them Socialism was a religion, binding its converts together, as in a church. Amid their guests they moved, their quick sympathy and unerring memory

of names and faces making them an ideal host and hostess. 'I was lonely until that night, but five minutes in her home were enough to banish my bad mood'—so wrote one who in the early years had come to London a stranger from Canada.

A picturesque incident is told of another visitor, an obscure member of a colonial parliament. 'You must come to us of an evening, and we will introduce you to our friends,' Mrs. MacDonald had said. 'Oh, no!' he exclaimed, abashed. 'I am the merest nobody.' 'But my husband and I are worse than nobodies in most people's eyes,' she answered. Some ten years later, when this former 'nobody' had become Labor Premier in his own land, MacDonald and his wife went thither. They were met by the government launch; every high honor was lavished upon them; and they were laughingly told how the Premier had often related in cabinet meetings what they had done for him when he had gone, a 'nobody,' to London.

Thus they became the centre of a great companionship of men and women doing work in every corner of the earth. The little group of fellow workers widened until at last it stretched around the world. So Mr. MacDonald described the 'political salon' and its ramifications which grew up at 3 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

III

I first met the MacDonalds in 1909. 'If you are lonely in England,' a young friend had said to me, when I was about to set sail, 'find out Mrs. Ramsay MacDonald and hold on to her hand. She has the biggest heart in the whole world. And she has the most adorable children.' Thus it was that when H. G. Wells asked me whom

I wanted to meet I answered, 'Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald.'

I sent my introductory note, and it brought an invitation to luncheon. Lincoln's Inn Fields is a big square lying to the north of the Strand, and not far from the Law Courts. Whatever it may have been when the MacDonalds first made their home there, I found it a business section, and the brass plate bearing MacDonald's name among those of lawyers and other such would have suggested his office had I not held in my hand the assurance that it was his home.

Two long flights of stairs and a long dark entry ushered me into a very large room lighted by four windows, reaching from ceiling to floor, which looked out on to the tops of the trees, and into which filtered pale rays of the winter sun—the first sunshine I had seen since arriving in London. The room, to judge from the toys, mixed with books and pamphlets and papers, piled on tables and overflowing on to chairs, served as study, living room, and nursery combined. And on the sofa sat Mrs. MacDonald with the kindest look I have ever seen in human eyes, and with her fifth child, little Joan, then perhaps a year old, upon her knee. Ishbel and David, then perhaps six and four, were playing in the room. And later, the elder children, Alister and Malcolm, came in from school. Sheila was born a year later. And some months before her birth little David—'our boy,' they called him—died; the one sorrow that clouded their married life.

Mrs. MacDonald made me feel at home at once. Presently Mr. MacDonald came in, wearing the red tie of the Socialists habitual with him in those days, when he was called the handsomest man in the House of Commons; and still more is this true

to-day, although his hair and moustache have changed from dark to silver gray. His talk was as direct and as informal as his wife's. And he seemed as detached as did his wife from the somewhat bare lunch that was served at a table toward the end of the living room.

They arranged that I should go with them in the special car for the delegates to attend the Labor Conference which was about to be held at Portsmouth. 'I shall be much engaged there,' said Mr. MacDonald (which indeed proved to be the case, he being the storm centre of every contest), 'but my wife will keep with you.' She it was who introduced me to all the comrades, and they gave me the passwords which let me into the world within the world, the Labor Movement of Great Britain. Thereafter, wherever I went, I was sent with an introduction to comrades, who met me at the trains and took me in charge, and usually kissed me at meeting and at parting, and gave me an introduction to the next town.

Thus it was that I got behind 'the stately façade, which is all that most people see of England,' and I saw what a very wise friend in the United States to whom I later told my experiences called 'the saddest sight in all Europe — the English people.' At the factory gates of provincial towns I saw the workers, narrow-chested, bent of shoulders, knock-kneed, and dwarfed in stature — the sorriest specimens of humankind I had ever looked upon. But likewise I saw the seeds of the new world which is in the making — the little bands of men and women all over the land who meet together week by week all through the year, as Christians used to meet together in a far-off time, declaring that the capitalist order is in process of dissolution and that it is for the workers to re-

organize the Commonwealth so as to afford a chance for a good life to all.

When the MacDonalds took me over to the House of Commons there was an incident which typifies the material to which the Independent Labor Party has to look for recruits. Mrs. MacDonald and I were awaiting the coming of her husband in the lobby outside of the House called St. Stephen's Hall, and from among the several groups likewise waiting there came one to claim Mrs. MacDonald's acquaintance and to introduce her to the delegation of the unemployed who had come there to tell their representatives that they were starving. I followed across the hall and was introduced to a woman who in answer to my questions told me her miserable story. And then, her face brightening, she had said, 'But God has been wonderfully good to me.' I asked, 'Will you tell me how He has showed His goodness?' 'He has given me wonderful courage,' was her simple answer. It is this courage which burns in the hearts both of the Independent Labor Party leaders and of the rank and file.

IV

Soon after this visit to the House of Commons I went to live at a settlement in Bermondsey, and there I got an impression of a very different element to which Labor must look for its recruits, and likewise I got MacDonald's explanation. Being in England for the specific purpose of seeing the Socialism of which we in the United States were just beginning to hear, I naturally attended all the Socialist meetings that I knew about. Philip Snowden was booked to speak at the Bermondsey Town Hall, and I volunteered to canvass with the fliers. I would ring the bell of the mean little houses and the door would be opened a

few inches, allowing me a view of a slatternly woman whose hair was always done up in crimping pins. I would start to explain about the meeting, but the door would be slammed in my face. I spoke to Mr. MacDonald about these degraded-looking women, and he answered: 'Yes, what you see is the third generation of industrialism. The working women of Great Britain have lost the home-making arts.'

He made the same comment on the dwarflike men and women whom we saw in the cotton-mill district in Lancashire where I went to trail him for a series of meetings for which he was advertised; but there was this difference in the Lancashire folk — that though their bodies were stunted, and no doubt likewise their minds, they had been trained in trade-unionism for several generations, and they have thus retained standards of living and habits of self-help. Thus Lancashire has been the backbone of the Labor Movement.

I got a real feeling of intimacy with Mr. MacDonald during this Lancashire trip, as we stayed in the same hotel at Rochdale, from which he went by train or by trolley to the nearby towns; and one afternoon he asked me to walk with him about the historic town.

MacDonald is a great speaker; he has a rich voice, and his strong Scotch accent gives a new beauty to the English tongue. I have heard numberless speeches from him, first and last, and I never heard the same speech twice. He is likewise a prolific writer, both of bound books and of contributions to a Socialist weekly and monthly. Thus it is easy to see how vast has been his part in shaping the Socialist mind of Great Britain.

MacDonald was first elected to the House of Commons in 1906, when the

Taff Vale decision roused the workers to defend what they conceived to be their rights. That election brought the nation to recognize them as a power to be reckoned with. Mrs. MacDonald was often in the House gallery, and, whether or no, she was up when her husband got home, to give him his supper; and they counseled together over every move that was made.

The last time I saw MacDonald's wife was at a by-election at Croydon, where she appeared one morning and sat among the other helpers as if she were completely one of themselves. My last word was a little message on a post card carrying her picture with little Joan in her arms, as she and her husband were starting for India. They were summoned back by an unexpected general election, to be met by the news that a leading Socialist and most dear friend named Mary Middleton was dying. Almost immediately after the election little David, the most beautiful and gifted of their children, sickened and died, followed eight days later by MacDonald's mother, always a mother to his wife and children. Mr. MacDonald sent me the little pamphlet giving the funeral service held for David. In a few months came Sheila's birth. Meanwhile, Mary Middleton's life was drawing to a close; and when the end came 'the will to live,' said MacDonald, 'seemed to go out of my wife.' She died on September 8, 1911, holding her husband's hand until her hand should be clasped by those who had gone before her. Her husband sent me the pamphlet giving the funeral services at which friends and intimates said their farewell to a dearly beloved comrade.

MacDonald did not dare to speak, so he said, of his wife's tenderness for their children. But he did tell of her realization that they were personali-

ties, due to play their part in the world, and that it was her duty to leave them free and even to drive them back upon themselves, lest she do violence to the life that was their hidden spring. Her work for them was spiritual. 'It would be so easy to spoil them!' she said. And on the last sad day when she had been told that her own hours were numbered she said to her husband, 'Oh, put romance into the lives of the children! Teach them to know the things of the spirit.'

As one sees MacDonald to-day with his children, now grown men and women, about him, one feels sure that he has carried out his wife's behest. Their baby Sheila, always appealing to me because of her romantic name and the tragedy that overshadowed her birth, is a bonny girl, studying at the University of London. Joan is studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh. Ishbel, the oldest of the daughters, left the University of London when her father was first made Prime Minister to do the social functions of Downing Street. She seems to take life very seriously. In 1926, when I was in London, her father was planning a flying trip to the United States, and I asked Ishbel if she would accompany him. She said in an almost frightened tone, 'Oh, no; I could not leave the Committee'; to which her father responded playfully, 'She is the honorary secretary of the School Committee, and she thinks it is her part to do all the work.' She campaigned for her brother Malcolm in 1923, when a general election came on unexpectedly while he was on a debating tour in the United States, and she campaigned for him again in the last election, in which he was victorious. She is now a member of the London County Council.

Ishbel and her father are obviously great friends. She seems untouched by

the prominence of her position. A friend wrote me recently from London: 'I saw Ishbel in the Tube lift a day or two ago; she is a nice-looking child and absolutely unspoiled.' She is alleged to have remarked when she and her father first returned from Buckingham Palace: 'The Queen and I were the only women there whom I consider were properly dressed.'

Of the boys, the younger, Malcolm, won a seat in Parliament in the last election. How MacDonald will enjoy his comradeship! The older son, Alister, is an architect. I got a glimpse of his public mind when I read his protest, several years ago, against the destruction of the Wren bridge across the Thames. He is married and has two children. And their grandfather has little attention for anyone else when they are present!

And little David? I noticed a bust of the child when I was at the MacDonalds' house a couple of years ago. That made me inadvertently use his name, when I meant to ask for Malcolm. 'Where is David!' exclaimed MacDonald with blanched face and in a tone that seemed fit to raise the dead. David evidently lives for his father among his other children.

V

During the war, MacDonald underwent what seemed to be a total eclipse, for he stood for a negotiated peace when all Great Britain would hear no word except more war. In the general election of 1919 he was flung out of Parliament, and he was defeated repeatedly as he stood for one and another constituency. How did he bear his life during those years? Had his wife been with him, one could have understood. But to have closed the doors in his own face when he would have been welcomed into the Liberal

Cabinet and later into the Coalition Cabinet, and to find himself hooted when he took the platform, and then to go to his desolate home — oh, those must have been bitter years! I wonder, was it the Scotch in him that pulled him through?

Finally, however, the tide turned. In 1923, the Tories made a bid for a new lease of power on the basis of what they call tariff reform and we in this country call protection, and MacDonald spoke to crowds at last eager to hear him, all across the country. He was returned to Parliament from Aberavon in South Wales. While falling short of an absolute majority, Labor had the largest block of votes in Parliament, and the King sent for MacDonald to form the first Labor Government in Great Britain.

Labor held office then, as it does to-day, by grace of support from Liberal votes. In 1924, after only nine months in office, it was thrown out of power. Whether the Liberals played fair or played foul may be a matter of dispute. But two big things were accomplished by MacDonald's brief term of office.

First, he demonstrated that Labor is fit to rule, with its own well-trained trade-union leaders and an adequate support from the best of the former Liberal Party; and second, his outspoken stand for peace at the Geneva Conference when he was in office made a profound impression on the temper of Europe. These facts sank into the public mind during the years that he led the Opposition, and in the general election last May his party rose from 162 seats to 288, while the Tories fell from 400 seats to 255, and the Liberals, despite their great campaign fund, increased their seats only from 46 to 57. The Communists lost their solitary seat.

The continued dependence of Labor

upon the Liberal votes is a vast disappointment to ardent spirits. But it seems to me, an outsider, it may become an asset. If Labor were supreme, how could it not attempt to take radical steps to right the wrongs which afflict society? And how could it be hoped that the country would stand behind attempts at rapid transformation?

Ramsay MacDonald is a Socialist in his thought through and through. But he is likewise an evolutionist; he understands that social customs must grow. The goal is always in his mind; but a slow accomplishment is equally present with him. Thus the necessity, which even the most impatient must understand, of attracting and holding Liberal votes may prove a condition which will give to Labor a long lease of power.

Beneath the windows of the apartment in Lincoln's Inn Fields where MacDonald made his home for so many years is a long semicircular bench, and above it a statue of his wife with her arms stretched wide over groups of children — a beautiful and fitting memorial. But Lincoln's Inn Fields is obviously an unsuitable location in which to bring up children, and not long after his wife's death Mr. MacDonald moved up to 9 Howitt Road, in the neighborhood of Hampstead. He has recently bought a stately house in Hampstead called Upper Frogmal Lodge, which has a big garden and from which he can look across London. The Queen asked him, — and this is authentic, — 'Mr. MacDonald, may I ask you why you bought your home?' To which he made answer: 'Madam, I bought it because I fell in love with it!' I confess I felt like asking him the Queen's question. But not so the Labor Party of Great Britain. Without a doubt, they love the stately old English ways. They call

him Ramsay or Mac or J. R. as in the old days. He is the man who stood with them when they were but a mere handful, who was humbly born and hardly reared, and who understands them and their ways. But all the same he is the Prime Minister, and they like to see him housed as befits the first man in the nation.

Ramsay MacDonald stands to-day with no rift in the ranks behind him. Even the Tories agree that his cabinet is an exceptionally strong one. And they, and all the world, are awaiting expectantly what his government will bring forth, to repair and to revise the shattered fortunes of Great Britain.

LIBERTY IN THE SOVIET STATE

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

SEVERAL years ago an American came to Moscow for the purpose of studying the state of civil liberty under the Soviets. This evoked an outburst of uncontrolled amusement from a Russian acquaintance, a former Social Democrat, who had suffered the not uncommon fate of being a political prisoner both under the Tsarist régime and under the Soviet Government.

'Civil liberty in the Soviet Union!' he laughed. 'Soon some historian will begin to investigate the status of civil liberty under Ivan the Terrible. He will find just as much there as your American student will discover here.'

Certainly the things which the average Western European or American associates with the phrase 'civil liberties' — freedom of speech and press for all citizens, freedom of political organization, guaranties against arbitrary search and arrest — are completely nonexistent in Russia to-day.

Not only is there no opposition press in Russia, but every newspaper or

periodical dealing with political questions is under Communist control, and voices in news and editorials alike only the orthodox Communist point of view. There are no privately owned newspapers in Russia; every organ of the press is issued either by a Soviet, by a local or national Committee of the Communist Party, by a trade-union, or by some other public institution or organization; and in every case the direction of the newspaper's policies by a responsible Communist is ensured.

The writ of habeas corpus does not run in Russia. Anyone suspected of a political or economic offense may be arrested, held in prison for an indefinite period, and finally exiled, sentenced to a term of imprisonment, or even, in rare and extreme cases, executed, simply by the fiat of the all-powerful Gay-Pay-Oo, or political police. The full formal title of this institution is United State Political Administration, usually shortened in Russia to Gay-Pay-Oo, which is a combination of the first three letters of the Russian words for State Political Administration. No

one has ever been able to secure any official statistics regarding the number of persons who are in prison or in exile for political offenses in the Soviet Union; but the free use which the Gay-Pay-Oo makes of its sweeping powers of arrest makes it certain that this figure is one of the highest in the world. There was a huge round-up of political suspects after the breach of diplomatic relations with England and the murder of Volkov, the Soviet Ambassador in Warsaw, in the spring of 1927. Most of the persons arrested were released after a period of interrogation, but a number credibly estimated at little less than a thousand were exiled or imprisoned. A laconic note in the Soviet press last January announced the arrest of one hundred and fifty members of the underground Trotskyist organization. The vast majority of political arrests in Russia are never reported in the press.

No meeting may be held in Russia without a permit; and such permits are practically never given for gatherings where even the most indirect forms of political criticism might be voiced. I can recall only two exceptions which tend to prove this general rule. The anarchists held a meeting to honor the memory of the pioneer figure in Russian anarchism, Mikhail Bakunin, in the summer of 1926; and some of the speakers here uttered more or less veiled attacks on Communist theory and practice, from the anarchist standpoint. In the autumn of 1928, during the celebration of the Tolstoy centenary, a Tolstoyan suggested the disbandment of the Red Army, the abolition of capital punishment and of the sale of vodka. Such episodes, however, are extremely infrequent.

During the civil war a few Mensheviks contrived to get themselves elected to Soviet Congresses, but the last of these feeble voices of political

opposition were stilled in 1920 or 1921. Any non-Communist political parties and groups are regarded as counter-revolutionary organizations, liable to summary suppression by the Gay-Pay-Oo. While the Soviets include a certain number of non-party members, they do not provide any forum for the expression of views at variance with the official Communist programme.

Academic freedom also does not exist in Russia. Any professor who lets drop any unguarded word critical of the existing régime or who holds in history or economics, philosophy or science, non-Marxian or idealistic views at variance with the prevalent dogma of materialism is likely to be dismissed.

The severe regimentation of political thought and activity is by no means confined to individuals and groups committed to a capitalist outlook or to the non-Communist interpretations of socialism held by the Mensheviks and Social Revolutionists. Beginning with the autumn of 1927, when arrests of Trotskyist adherents began, the Gay-Pay-Oo has directed more and more of its activity against the Trotskyists and other dissident Communists. Membership in the Communist Party has never been a guaranty against arrest for views and activities which are regarded as subversive in relation to the Soviet State. So in 1923 two secret groups, the Workers' Truth and the Workers' Group, both consisting mainly, if not entirely, of Communist Party members, were broken up by the Gay-Pay-Oo. It is an amusing and suggestive fact, illustrative of the varying conceptions of political liberty which prevail in Russia and in Western Europe, that German, French, and British Communists, avowedly aiming at the revolutionary overthrow of the governments of those countries, have been free to publish daily newspapers and books advocating their views, whereas

no Russian Communist group which disagrees with the party leadership is permitted to make its views known to the party masses through similar means.

II

The Gay-Pay-Oo, the chief agency for maintaining this system of rigorous controls, is probably the most powerful and extensive secret police system existing anywhere in the world. It is the direct lineal successor of the Cheka, the grim secret police that struck such terror into the enemies of the Revolution during the period of civil war. The Gay-Pay-Oo really enjoys most of the rights of the Cheka, including that of inflicting death sentences. The right of the Gay-Pay-Oo to function in the triple rôle of policeman, judge, and executioner is clearly brought out in Premier Rykov's reply to the protest of some British Labor Party leaders against the prompt execution of twenty alleged counter-revolutionists in reprisal for the murder of the Soviet Ambassador, Volkov, in the spring of 1927. Rykov stated in this connection: 'The sentence of the Gay-Pay-Oo is characterized in your telegram as "executions without legal trial." This is not the case. According to the law of our state the collegium of the Gay-Pay-Oo is competent in all cases when it is necessary to take energetic action against the counter-revolution; in these cases it then has all the rights of a revolutionary tribunal.' In practice, however, the Gay-Pay-Oo makes much more sparing use of the right of inflicting death sentences than did the Cheka. Whereas the executions by the Cheka during the years of desperate civil war ran well into thousands, the annual lists of persons shot by order of the Gay-Pay-Oo could probably be reckoned in scores, or, at most, in hundreds.

A veil of impenetrable secrecy is drawn over the precise number of Gay-Pay-Oo executions during the last few years, since no official statistics have been published, and there is no rule that executions must be reported in the press. Mr. Roger Baldwin, in his book, *Liberty under the Soviets*, declares that Menzhinsky in conversation with members of an American Labor Delegation which visited Russia in 1927 gave the figure of 1500 for executions ordered by the Gay-Pay-Oo between 1922 and 1927. I have nothing to add in proof or disproof of this second- or third-hand testimony. The largest number of executions on any one occasion in the Soviet Union during recent years took place after the short-lived uprising of the Georgian Mensheviks in August 1924. Two correspondents who visited Georgia after the uprising, Herr Paul Scheffer of the *Berliner Tageblatt* and Mr. Louis Fischer of the *New York Nation*, were told by responsible Soviet Georgian officials that several hundred of the participants in this uprising were executed, and popular rumor set the figure still higher. It is not clear whether these Georgian executions were included in Menzhinsky's total figure.

The Gay-Pay-Oo has its own regiments, reserved for employment in special emergencies when it might be inexpedient to employ regular troops. Its original head was Felix Dzerzhinsky, organizer of the Cheka and one of the strongest personalities of the Revolution; his successor is another Pole, Menzhinsky. Although it is not formally a Commissariat, its head has the right to attend sessions of the Soviet Cabinet. It has six sections, or departments: the operative, which exercises general supervision over the workings of the organization and directs the troops' movements; the foreign, designed to ferret out cases of

counter-revolution and economic espionage originating abroad; the economic, which keeps an eye on state industry and trade and punishes such offenses as smuggling and counterfeiting; the transport section, which maintains order on the railroads and inspects travelers' passports; the military, which watches out for symptoms of disaffection in the army; and the secret service, which deals with counter-revolutionary activities and tendencies in Russia. It is this last section that inspires most fear in the classes which are chiefly exposed to the supervision of the Gay-Pay-Oo. A survey of the special prisons and places of exile maintained by the Gay-Pay-Oo would doubtless reveal an extraordinary collection of types who had landed in its far-flung net from the greatest variety of causes. There would be priests and sectarian leaders whom the priests themselves would have been quick to denounce in pre-war days; kulaks and speculators and Trotzkyists who thought the party was not sufficiently ruthless in dealing with kulaks and speculators; Mensheviks, Social Revolutionists, Georgian Nationalists, and old Tsarist officers and officials.

The Gay-Pay-Oo makes most of its arrests by night and heightens the terror which surrounds it by operating with a maximum degree of secrecy. Its chiefs almost never give interviews; one would scarcely know of the existence of the organization by reading the Soviet press. Ordinary criminals arrested by the Gay-Pay-Oo are often handed over to the regular courts; political offenders are almost always dealt with by the secret administrative process of imprisonment, banishment to some remote part of the Soviet Union (the northern regions of Siberia are often used for this purpose, as was the case under the Tsar), or a milder

form of exile, which consists of prohibition to live in the six largest cities of the Soviet Union. One of the most dreaded places of confinement under charge of the Gay-Pay-Oo is an old monastery on Solovyetzky Island, in the White Sea. Several years ago some disorder among the political prisoners there led to the killing and wounding of a number of them by the prison guards; and in 1925, possibly as a result of the intensive agitation which was carried on in the foreign *émigré* press, it was decided that all political prisoners should be removed to places of confinement on the mainland. The term 'political prisoner' is rather restricted in its application, however; it apparently does not cover ecclesiastics, for instance, although many of them are certainly confined on political and semipolitical charges; and it appears that some Georgian Nationalists were left on the island. Most of the inmates of Solovyetzky Island now, however, are criminals of the hardened type and persons charged with speculation and other economic offenses.

Inasmuch as no foreign observer has been able to visit Solovyetzky Island it is impossible with any assurance to strike the balance of factual truth between the stories of overcrowding, ill treatment, bad labor conditions, and high death rate which are told by persons who have been confined there and the reassuring denials of the Soviet Commissariat for Justice. It is certainly a place from which the average Russian very strongly desires to keep away.

III

How many of the persons who fall into the hands of the Gay-Pay-Oo are really guilty of offenses against the Soviet State, and how many are victims of suspicion or false denuncia-

tion? In view of the complete secrecy which shrouds the proceedings of the organization it would be as impossible to give an authoritative answer to this question as to state with any certainty how many of the people consigned to the Bastille under the *lettres de cachet* system practised in France under the Bourbons were enemies of the existing régime and how many were imprisoned by accident or mistake.

With its army of spies, agents, and informers and its sweeping powers of arrest, the Gay-Pay-Oo has every reason to be a well-informed secret police; and it has unquestionably broken up many plots and unearthed many economic offenses. One of its most brilliant feats of detective work was the luring into Russia in 1926 of the Monarchist émigré, V. V. Shulgin, and the escorting him about the country on a sort of Gay-Pay-Oo personally conducted tour, introducing him to many 'Monarchists' who were really its own secret agents.

But any arbitrary police system is bound to make mistakes, especially when, as in Russia, the welfare of the State is considered infinitely more important than the security of the individual. A wide shadow of fear and unjust suspicion is cast by the Gay-Pay-Oo and its methods.

The fear of meeting foreigners is very prevalent among the old bourgeoisie and old intelligentsia, and one cannot say in the light of existing conditions that it is unfounded. Foreign residents in Russia are kept under fairly close surveillance by the Gay-Pay-Oo; but, aside from the handicap of being socially isolated from many Russians of the classes which are most exposed to suspicion and the minor annoyance of occasionally receiving letters which have obviously been opened in transit, they have no harsh treatment to complain of. The Gay-

Pay-Oo method of summary arrest on suspicion is for domestic application only. Looking back over seven years of fairly constant residence in Russia, I can recall few cases of arrests of foreigners and still fewer where these arrests were followed by serious consequences in the shape of banishment or long-term prison sentences. Even the right to expel 'undesirable aliens,' asserted by every government, is sparingly exercised in the Soviet Union.

The two cases of arrests of foreigners which aroused the greatest stir both, curiously enough, affected citizens of Germany, the country which has been most consistently friendly in its official relations with the Soviet Union. In the summer of 1925 three German students in Moscow — Kindermann, Wolscht, and Von Dittmar — were arrested and placed on trial before the Supreme Court of the Union, charged with a rather fantastic plot to assassinate Stalin and other Soviet leaders. The chief witness for the State was Von Dittmar, who was hotly denounced in Germany as a 'pathological liar.' Death sentences were passed on the students, but were promptly commuted; and shortly afterward these three young men, along with several other German citizens, were exchanged for a mysterious Russian who went by the name of Skobelevsky and was under sentence of death in Germany for alleged participation in the Communist disturbances in the autumn of 1923.

The other case was the arrest of several German engineers and mechanics in the Shachti sabotage case in the spring of 1928. The engineer and two mechanics who were actually brought to trial were all acquitted; but the whole episode created a bad impression in Germany and is not likely to be repeated.

IV

The amount of freedom enjoyed by foreign press correspondents, while it affects a very small number of persons directly, is obviously of some importance in determining the value of information sent out from Russia. Technically the situation in this field has not changed for a number of years. All news telegrams must be stamped in advance by an official in the Press Department of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. There is no preliminary examination of articles sent by post; but a correspondent who endeavored to evade the censorship by sending through the mails items of information which did not pass the telegraphic censorship would most probably find his permission to stay in Russia speedily terminated.

The news censorship is not severe, as censorships go, and shows a slow but steady tendency toward giving the foreign journalist increasing latitude in conveying impressions as well as facts. One rule of the censorship is that anything may be telegraphed which has appeared in the press; and, while this might seem a hollow concession in view of the fact that the newspapers are all under Communist control and are sent abroad anyway, so much unfavorable material is printed in them, especially in connection with the campaign of 'self-criticism,' which will be described later on, that many of the uncompromisingly hostile correspondents who send their Russian news from Riga and other foreign centres find much of their ammunition in the Soviet press.

In normal times the censorship is little more than a routine process incidental to sending a telegram; it tends to become tighter in periods of severe economic or international stress or acute internal party dissension. Some-

times it is not the substance of a dispatch but the manner of phrasing it which excites critical attention; and friendly philological discussions as to the precise meaning and implications of certain adjectives and phrases between the correspondents and the censor are not uncommon.

No journalist likes to work under a censorship; but, given the peculiar combination in Russia of a government that controls every line of its own press and a foreign press that is not, to put it mildly, overfriendly to the Soviet régime, some arrangement for the control of outgoing news is probably inevitable, and it is better under the circumstances that this control should be open than that it should exist in secret form. I can recall very few important pieces of news which have been completely suppressed by the Soviet censorship during the last few years, although some items have undoubtedly got out in delayed and weakened form. I think a comparison of the news dispatches from Moscow and those sent about Russia from Riga, Helsingfors, Berlin, and other places outside the country would demonstrate beyond any doubt that, despite the handicaps which are implicit even in the mildest censorship, Russia can be reported more reliably, more accurately, and more intelligently from Moscow than from any foreign city.

The assertion is often made that correspondents and foreigners in general in Russia are so subjected to official supervision that they are unable to make any independent investigation or to form any correct idea of actual conditions. I am convinced from personal experience that this assertion is baseless. Of course, under a dictatorship there are always difficulties in correctly gauging popular sentiment which do not exist in countries where people of all shades of opinion feel

free to express their views openly. Many of the old propertied and educated classes make a point of avoiding foreigners, although a very few contacts with these classes are sufficient to give an adequate idea of their views and feelings.

But for the correspondent who wishes to take the time and trouble working-class and peasant Russia, the Russia of 90 per cent of the population, lies open to explore as he wishes. Except for Soviet Central Asia (which was also a restricted zone for foreign travelers before the war, on account of the proximity to India and the fear of British spies), one can travel anywhere in the Soviet Union. I have repeatedly struck off the main lines of communication to visit factory settlements and peasant villages and talked freely with the people without encountering any evidences of official espionage or obstruction; in fact it is a general rule that the farther one goes away from Moscow the less one sees and hears of the Gay-Pay-Oo.

It is true that some individuals and delegations have turned in reports about the Soviet Union which suggest not so much what an impartial outsider might think of the workings of the Soviet system as what the Soviet Government thinks about itself. But I think this is due, not to the existence of any insuperable barriers placed in the way of free investigation, but to the fact that the individuals and delegations in question either were naïve and credulous in their approach to the problem or came to Russia with preconceived ideas which they were glad to have confirmed. I should not wish to suggest that all the superficial and incompetent observation is through favorable spectacles; the visitor who comes to Moscow with a strongly unfavorable bias can pick up enough hostile gossip, most of it exaggerated and

much of it quite untrue, to fill up a book in record time.

V

Passing through a Russian provincial town, I recently saw a Soviet election placard which cited Lenin as the authority for the statement that 'the Soviet State is a million times more democratic than the most democratic bourgeois republic.' Against the background of political repression which is incarnated in the Gay-Pay-Oo this claim may seem so strange as to be almost ironical. Yet there can be no doubt that Lenin was perfectly serious when he made it and that Russian Communists are convinced that their system provides more liberty than exists in other countries.

Their first argument in this connection is that the private capitalist system itself involves the oppression and economic exploitation of a wage-earning majority by a propertied minority. Therefore, by abolishing or greatly limiting private capitalism through the nationalization of industry and transport, banking and the land, the Communists, in their own judgment, have taken a stride in the direction of fundamental economic liberty which enormously outweighs the limitation of individual liberties involved in the present system.

A second line of argument is to the effect that these restrictions are class restrictions, directed against numerically small classes which will vanish altogether in the future Communist society. It is further argued that every great social revolution involves a period of ruthless suppression of the sympathizers with the order which has been overthrown.

Finally it is contended that the so-called civil liberties of democratic countries are fallacious and unreal, because the possession of superior re-

sources of wealth enables the richer classes to control the press and the schools, to influence, directly or indirectly, the procedure of the courts and the issue of elections.

Whatever one may think of these arguments it is only fair to note that the Russian Revolution, while sweeping away even the poor crumbs of civil liberty which existed under the Tsar (a pale and almost powerless parliament, elected on a narrow franchise, a few newspapers which might very cautiously criticize the official point of view, and so forth), has brought certain social liberties which to the uneducated or scantily educated masses of the people are probably more valuable than the right to vote for rival parties in elections or to write theoretical critical articles. In judging the effect of the absence of civil liberties on the mood of the Russian people it should never be forgotten that the vast majority of these people have not the slightest conception of what these liberties are; that they are not so far removed from the insurgent soldiers who followed the Dekabristi, shouting, 'Constantine and Constitutsia!' ('Constantine and a Constitution!') under the impression that 'Constitutsia' was Constantine's wife.

What are the social liberties which are associated with the Revolution? First of all, the disappearance of 'superior' social classes, based on wealth and birth. The worker does not have to cringe before the 'Red director' of the Soviet factory as, in pre-war times, he cringed before the private owner of the factory. He can write letters to the press complaining of conditions in the factory and suggesting changes, something which a worker would scarcely do with impunity even in democratic capitalist countries, where factories are private and not public concerns.

A peasant once remarked to me: 'After the Revolution there was more freedom; I got land.' To him freedom meant, not the opportunity to vote for a parliamentary Peasant Party, but the possession of a slice of the landlord's estate. And this identification of land with liberty is a very traditional attitude of mind with the Russian peasantry. It was no accident that one of the revolutionary societies of the nineteenth century called itself 'Land and Liberty.' It is true that most peasants have not been singing any very loud hymns to liberty since the Communist Party went over to its more radical agrarian policy in the winter of 1927-1928. To the peasant the pressure exerted to make him sell his grain at low fixed prices seems quite as definite an infringement of liberty as the extortion of high rent by the grasping landlord of pre-revolutionary days. But the big landlords have gone forever; it is rather unlikely that the semi-requisitioning methods which have been used in purchasing the peasants' grain during the last two years will last very long.

In general the common man in Russia to-day has the sense of release, of social liberty, that comes with the disappearance of classes which are visibly above him in wealth and opportunity, culture and social status. When I called on the Soviet governor of an important industrial province, a man who had held high office in the trade-union movement and accompanied a diplomatic delegation to England, I found him in his office wearing the high boots and collarless blouse that constitute part of the distinctive costume of the Russian worker. Walking on the streets or riding on a train, he would have been indistinguishable from the textile workers of the province. He certainly represented a different type of official from the deco-

rated 'high excellency' who would most probably have held the corresponding post under the Tsar.

Whether the plebeian leveling which characterizes so many fields of Russian social and cultural life is an unmixed blessing is highly debatable. But that it gives to the masses, at least to those of them who have absorbed some of the revolutionary propaganda, a sense of liberty which they did not possess in former times is, I think, undeniable. Other liberties which have come with the new social order are greater freedom for women, more humane treatment of the soldier in the Red Army, recognition of the right of racial minorities to use freely their own languages, greater liberty for children in the schools — although this last form of freedom, it must be said, is less in evidence where teachers and professors are not in hearty sympathy with the new régime.

One must also note the practice of 'self-criticism,' very widely developed in some spheres of Soviet life, sharply limited or nonexistent in others. Following the Shachti trial and the detection of some scandals in local party organizations, the Communist Party Central Committee in 1928 issued an appeal urging the party and trade-union members to subject to merciless criticism abuses in the state administration and management of industry. The result of this was a veritable flood of letters and articles in the press, revealing real or alleged abuses. For a vivid first-hand picture of the defects of the Soviet civil service and the socialist management of industry one has only to turn to the columns of the Soviet press. In some cases, with the Russian tendency toward exaggeration, the criticism was really overdone, and one had the curious spectacle of a press, published under the strictest control of a ruling party, representing

some conditions as worse than they actually were.

Of course, there are important and substantial limitations on this practice of 'self-criticism.' It never touches the activities of the Gay-Pay-Oo, for instance. The basic policies of the Communist Party are never subjected to critical discussion; and one can scarcely imagine a Soviet publishing house issuing a book entitled *The Man Who Knew Stalin* and animated by the same spirit of satire that characterized Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *The Man Who Knew Coolidge*. A shrewd Ukrainian peasant once gave me what I should consider a fair appraisal of the amount and character of popular criticism permissible under Soviet rule. He said in substance: —

'If our local Soviet president is a drunkard and a grafter, we have more opportunity to complain and more chance of getting him removed than we should have had in putting out a bad official under the Tsar. But suppose we think the whole Communist agrarian policy is wrong — that they ought to stop forcing us into collective farms and give us the right to develop as individual farmers. We haven't much chance to express thoughts of that kind.'

VI

Liberty is always a relative and personal conception; and in the wake of a great social upheaval it is inevitable that what is one man's freedom should be another man's tyranny. The outlook of two personal acquaintances helps to illustrate this point.

Vladimir Nikolaevitch was the son of an educated family of moderate means. From his student days he was a revolutionary, a member of the Social Democratic Party. The Tsarist Government sent him into exile. His reaction

to 1917 was that of the typical radical intellectual. The cruel and destructive sides of the Revolution bulked largest in his mind; he expressed his ideas rather freely and was clapped into jail. He was released after a comparatively short detention because of old friendships with influential Communists, and during the last few years he has led a fairly unmolested life. But to him the Soviet régime is slavery of the worst kind, slavery of the mind as well as of the body. He can only do some kind of mechanical clerical work. He cannot publish a book or article, even on a nonpolitical subject, without the risk of having the censor stop it for some heterodox expression. He cannot even state his ideas in conversation, except to a small circle of trusted friends.

Ivan Ivanovitch before the war was a worker in one of the large Moscow metal factories. He joined the Bolshevik Party in the big revolutionary upswing of 1917, took part in the fighting in the streets of Moscow in November, and was one of the first volunteers to join the Red Army. He fought on one front after another, was captured by the White Army of General Yudenitch, and had his teeth knocked out by a brutal jailer, but thought himself lucky to escape with his life. After the civil war he went back to work in the factory, where he is now the secretary of the Communist local branch. This activity keeps him busy, but he still finds time to attend courses at an evening *rabfac*, or workers' high school, where, besides a firmer grounding in the tenets of Leninism, he gets his first acquaintance with Russian literature and some of the elementary facts of science. To him the Revolution has been a great liberating experience and he would simply regard it as axiomatic that the Soviet State, being a workers' state, is the freest in the world.

One could vary the human types and multiply the evidence on both sides indefinitely. I should rather think that the number of people in Russia who consciously feel liberated as a result of the Revolution probably exceeds the number who feel more oppressed than they were under Tsarism. Therefore, while there is a strong and justified sense of repression among the former propertied and educated classes, it would, I think, be a mistake to assume that the whole Russian people feels itself repressed.

It would scarcely seem that there is any likelihood of serious modification or relaxation of the system of political control exemplified in the Gay-Pay-Oo and its methods. In the latter part of 1927, Stalin, in the course of an interview granted to an American labor delegation, likened the Gay-Pay-Oo to the Committee of Public Safety in the French Revolution and declared: 'The Revolution needs the Gay-Pay-Oo, and the Gay-Pay-Oo will live with us to the terror of the enemies of the proletariat.'

This stringent police system grew up during the period of civil war and intervention; and its maintenance for a time was habitually defended by Communists on the ground that the security of the newly established Soviet State must be protected at all costs against plots and uprisings. Now, since the security of the State is taken for granted, the line of argument has changed to the effect that forces of discontent in Russia, however feeble, always have international connections and support from outside, and that the Gay-Pay-Oo is needed for defense against this alleged external danger. Inasmuch as this danger will presumably only be removed when there are Communist revolutions all over the world, or at least all over Europe, the Gay-Pay-Oo seems to be about as

permanently entrenched as any Soviet State organization.

The Russian and Communist attitude toward civil liberty cannot be fully appreciated and understood unless one constantly bears in mind the fact that Russia lay almost entirely outside the influence of three movements which probably contributed most to implant the ideal of respect for individual consciousness, thought, and judgment in the Western mind—namely, the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the French Revolution. Unless he be a Communist of the most stalwart brand of faith, a Westerner, the more or less conscious cultural heir of Milton and Voltaire and John Stuart Mill, will never feel quite at home under the proletarian dictatorship. It is significant that Western-educated Communists are most apt to become implicated in Trotskyist and similar heresies and to kick over the traces of party discipline.

But it would be a grave mistake to assume that Western psychology coincides with Russian in this matter of the importance of individual liberty. Just as Bolshevik Russia has attempted to leap from a rather early and undeveloped form of capitalism into socialism, so it is attempting to

realize social and economic liberty without any preliminary background of individual liberty. The experiment is full of interest and contradictions.

Assuming that Russia for some time enjoys a peaceful and normal course of development, there are, I think, two factors which may tend to extend the sphere of liberty and democracy and to reduce the consciousness of repression. The spread of popular education will tend almost inevitably to make the Soviet and party and trade-union elections more real and to give the masses a larger effective voice in the management of everyday affairs.

Then the generations which grow up reading Soviet newspapers, attending Soviet schools, deriving their ideas from Soviet books, will most probably contain fewer active and passive rebels and dissidents to invite the attentions of the Gay-Pay-Oo. Will this gradual making over of the people into the Communist and Soviet mould be the final flowering of the social and economic liberty which Communists hold up as their final goal? Or will it be simply an amazing triumph of regimentation of the ideas and habits of a large passive majority by a small active minority? I shall leave this question for the metaphysicians.

THE FALL OF AUSTRIA

BY SIR JAMES HEADLAM-MORLEY

THE tenth of September marked the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Saint-Germain by which the Hapsburg Monarchy was formally dissolved. At the time the world took little notice; attention had for too long been concentrated on the overthrow of Germany, and, with the signature of the Treaty of Versailles, the great period of the Peace Conference had terminated. President Wilson had returned to America; Mr. Lloyd George had gone back to England; all that happened afterward seemed merely an epilogue, an aftermath; the liquidation of Austria and the future arrangements were left to the Foreign Ministers and to the officials.

But to the historian of the future the dethronement of the Hapsburgs and the dissolution of their Monarchy might well seem to be a greater event than the defeat of Germany. Even then it could be foreseen, and now it is well understood, that the Treaty of Versailles would appear simply as an episode in the history of the German nation; if the Hohenzollerns have disappeared, the Reich remains. Territorially it has indeed been cut down here and there, but Germany has come out of the war without losing the essential achievements of 1866 and 1871. The unity of the nation has been preserved, — in fact, it has been cemented by defeat and distress, — and already we are watching the slow and careful process by which Germany is setting about to regain her old position in Europe.

The fall of Austria is an event quite different in character: one of the oldest, the proudest, the most powerful states in Europe has been dissolved and shattered into fragments, and exists no more. For four centuries the history of Europe seemed to turn on the fortunes of the House of Austria; now the state and the army so long the bulwark of Europe against the Turks, which had imposed peace, order, and the elements of civilized government on those wide regions of Halb-Asien extending from the Black Sea to the Alps, have ceased to exist.

To many in England and in America this appeared to be an illogical, an unnatural, an unnecessary conclusion to the war. In the popular mind the war was one against the military predominance of Germany; Austria was of interest only as an ally, and a subordinate ally, of Germany; she was not a principal of the conflict and there seemed no particular reason why she should be the principal victim. We had no special quarrel with Austria; she was the one Power on the continent of Europe that appeared to have no political or military aims which could be inconvenient or dangerous to England, much less to America. Such intercourse as there had been was, as a rule, of a friendly nature.

I

The main criticism of the Austrian settlement is that the Conference, by the dissolution and dismemberment of

the Monarchy, brought about what is called the 'Balkanization' of Europe; that is, it substituted for the military and civil control of Vienna and Budapest a number of smaller states which were naturally at rivalry with one another, in each of which the excesses of nationalism quickly became apparent, and which in their internal affairs fell far short of the administrative capacity, the honesty, and the comparative humanity which the Austrian bureaucracy, with all its faults, had maintained. Whether this change was desirable or not, it must from the beginning be emphatically recorded that the Peace Conference itself had no responsibility for it. Austria-Hungary had fallen to pieces two months before the Conference met, and all that the Conference had to do was to ratify and confirm what had already taken place and to make the necessary arrangements for dealing with the situation which it found in existence.

But we must go back still further. For all that happened during the war, and the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy with which the war concluded, were implicit in the political situation before the war began. The future of Austria was in truth the main problem with which Europe was confronted in the year 1914. It was the direct and immediate cause of the outbreak of war; the fact that the war ended with the destruction of the Monarchy was no accidental or unexpected result. Least of all was it the result of deliberate purpose on the part of the Allies. Before the war began everything that has since happened had been foreseen by acute observers who had recognized that, by appealing to the sword, the Hapsburg Monarchy would be bringing about its own fall. It was doubtful whether Austria-Hungary could survive a victory; it was impossible that she should survive a

defeat. We must therefore begin our investigation with an inquiry into the situation of Austria in 1914 and a consideration of the acts by which the Austrian Government brought about the war.

In order, then, to understand the end of the war it is necessary to go back to the beginning and inquire into the causes which led to it. There was at the time much misconception as to the part played by Austria. It was generally believed that she had been overpersuaded, if not actually coerced, by Germany into acts which made war inevitable, and that even at the last moment she had attempted to free herself from the consequences of these acts. This was all completely wrong. We now know that it was Austria which took the initiative throughout, that the action of Austria against Serbia was proposed entirely on her own responsibility, that the Austrian Government had deliberately come to the conclusion that a war with Serbia was justifiable and necessary, and even that it was better to risk a war with Russia than to desist from the intended attack against Serbia. During the last critical days it was the German Chancellor who was making futile and belated efforts to free himself from the entanglement in which he was involved, but all these efforts were frustrated by the obstinacy of Berchtold and his colleagues.

But even when we recognize the full measure of Austrian responsibility there is a further point which requires elucidation — the motives of Austrian action. It was easy to regard it as a concerted scheme of Austrian and German aggression in the East, as one more stage in the long rivalry between Austria and Russia for control over the Balkans. The quarrel between Austria and Serbia is then placed in the category of a Balkan question. But

this is a very incomplete and misleading point of view. We can now see that the ultimate motive for Austrian offensive action against Serbia was not merely her Balkan ambitions; to her there was something at stake infinitely more intimate and important — the very existence of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy itself. The war against Serbia was deliberately undertaken because it seemed to the soldiers and statesmen at Vienna that strong aggressive action was the only means of checking the decay and the disorganization which were rapidly destroying the fabric of the Monarchy. The world, in fact, was not confronted by the Turkish question, which for fifty years had so often threatened the peace of Europe; for the first time it was brought face to face with something much more serious — the Austrian question. M. Sorel concludes his book on the Eastern question, written in 1878, with the words: —

For a hundred years we have been working to solve the question of the Orient. But the day we think we have settled that, Europe will be brought face to face with the question of Austria.

The Balkan Wars had solved the Turkish question, and the day which M. Sorel foresaw had arrived. M. Poincaré recognizes this. He says, in *L'Union Sacrée*, 1914: 'Inevitably the death of the Archduke, before that of the old Emperor, served not only to reopen the Balkan question, but to emphasize the Austrian.'

II

But if the problem of Austria was the true cause of the war, it was by the war that the future of Austria was to be determined. The history of Austria during the war falls into two chapters. During the first period she came com-

pletely under the control of the German and the military elements in the Empire itself. The real control of the civil power was transferred to the military authorities; it was a time when civil liberty in Austria, to a far greater extent than with any other of the European belligerents, was destroyed, military tribunals took the place of the regular courts, and in particular the Slavonic races of the Monarchy, the Czechs and the Croats, were subjected to the closest control. But if the government at home was transferred to the military, at the same time the course of the military operations brought it about that the Austrian army itself was gradually being put into a position of subordination to the German High Command. It was a time when, in consequence, Naumann, in his well-known book, *Mitteleuropa*, could look forward to a future constitution of Europe in which a subordinate Austria would take its part among the other client states centred round the great institutions by which the victorious German army established its sway over the whole of Europe. At the end of 1916 a great change took place, a change inaugurated by the death of the old Emperor, which was quickly followed by the complete alteration in the political aspect of the war caused by the Russian Revolution and the coming in of America.

The assassination in October 1916 of Stürgkh by Friedrich Adler, the son of Victor Adler, the ablest and most respected of Socialist leaders, was a symptom of the general dissatisfaction with the military and bureaucratic dictatorship with which the country was being governed. One of the first acts of the young Emperor was to relax the strain; an amnesty was proclaimed and the prisons emptied. Moreover, the Austrian Parliament, which had not met since 1913, was now sum-

moned. It was indeed impossible for the government not to be affected by the general change in the political atmosphere which was brought about by the Russian Revolution. Everywhere on the Continent the voice of criticism began to be raised; it was no longer possible to maintain the embargo on discussions as to war aims, and in every such discussion increasing attention was given to the principles of which President Wilson was beginning to make himself the advocate. In July 1917, the majority in the German Reichstag declared for peace, without annexations and indemnities, but in Austria similar principles could only lead to a demand for freedom for the subject races from domination by the Germans and the Magyars. This freedom could take one of two forms, the reform and federalization of the Empire, so as to give full autonomy to each of the constituent races, or the dissolution of the Empire and complete independence.

There were still many who hoped and believed that the former alternative would be possible. The young Emperor had neither the ability nor the character resolutely to carry through so great a change, and indeed it was too late. The Czechs and the Yugoslavs only used the liberty of speech which they enjoyed in the reopened Reichsrat to explain, in scarcely veiled language, their open disloyalty to the State. The crisis came with the defeat of the German armies. This was followed by the surrender of Bulgaria on September 30 and the Austrian and German peace offers on October 4. For the moment the eyes of all were directed across the Atlantic; the Austrians, like the Germans, had asked for peace on the basis of the Fourteen Points.

President Wilson's answer came on October 18; in this he declared that

the Government of the United States has recognized that a state of belligerency exists between the Czechoslovaks and the German and Austro-Hungarian Empires, and that the Czechoslovak National Council is a *de facto* belligerent Government, clothed with proper authority to direct the military and political affairs of the Czechoslovaks.

It has also recognized in the fullest manner the justice of the nationalist aspirations of the Yugoslavs for freedom.

The President is therefore no longer at liberty to accept a mere 'autonomy' of these peoples as a basis of peace, but is obliged to insist that they, and not he, shall be the judges of what action on the part of the Austro-Hungarian Government will satisfy their aspirations and their conception of their rights and destiny as members of the family of nations.

These words were the death knell of Austria. The effect was decisive. The Slavonic members of the Austrian Parliament seceded and returned to Prague and Laibach. October 21 was the decisive day. The city of Prague rose; the government, practically without a struggle, was taken out of the hands of the *Stadthalter* and the Austrian authorities and from that day onward was carried on in the name of the Czechoslovak Republic. Immediately afterward an assembly was summoned at Agram with representatives of all the Southern Slav Provinces of the Monarchy, whether Austrian or Hungarian, and they negotiated and agreed to a union with the Serbian Kingdom, which became effective on December 1.

Already Hungary had formally severed her connection with Austria, and so it came about that by the end of November the Empire no longer existed. In particular the army on which it had so long depended, the army which had always remained both the symbol and the instrument of unity, had dissolved. Immediately after the defeat on the Piave in June, the Magyar

Government, with a singular want of loyalty, recalled all Magyar troops to Hungary. This was the signal for the complete dissolution of the army. The defeat became a rout; regiments broke up in disorder, and the whole army separated itself into its constituent elements. At Laibach station it was possible to see an empire in dissolution — Czechs, Croats, Magyars, Poles, each tearing off the military symbols on their uniforms, violating regimental unity, and starting on their journey to their home country. They were no longer soldiers in the Austrian army; they were citizens of the new states which at that very moment were springing up from the débris.

The attitude of the Allies toward Austria during these last two years of the war has been criticized, as was not unnatural, on the ground that it was vacillating and inconsistent. There were indeed two main motives of policy. As we have seen, Austria was tending to fall more and more under the influence and control of Germany; if, then, the war were to end without a decisive defeat of Germany, the probable result would be that Austria-Hungary would cease to be a Great Power, of equal status to and independent of Germany, but would become a client state, with the result that German power over Eastern Europe would be enormously increased. This above all was to be avoided. There were two ways by which this might be done. The first was the separation of Austria-Hungary from Germany, the second the complete destruction of the Monarchy. Both policies had their advocates; both were being carried on at the same time.

From the time of the accession of the Emperor Charles there was abundant indication that the Austrian Government desired to be quit of the war, desired to make itself independent of

Germany, and hopes were therefore raised that it might be entangled in making a separate peace. We have not space here to retell the story of the intrigues and negotiations, the secret conversations of Prince Sixte of Bourbon with the Emperor Charles, which led eventually to the fall of Czernin and did so much to discredit the Emperor; or of the Smuts-Mensdorff conversations, the story of which has been told to the public for the first time by M. Beneš. It is sufficient to point out that there were at least some who believed there was a real possibility of dividing Austria from Germany and making a separate peace. As we can now see, the hope was in fact impossible. What the Emperor Charles was willing to do was to enter into peace negotiations, but his object always was eventually to bring Germany in also; never did he seriously contemplate open treachery to his ally. Even had he desired this, it would not have been practicable, for the Austrian army was so intermingled with German forces, the Austrian frontier was so open to Germany, that an independent policy had become physically impossible. There remained, then, only the other alternative — the complete destruction of Austria, to be brought about by encouragement given to the subject Slavonic nations, and especially to the Czechs and the Yugoslavs.

At the beginning of the war we may confidently say that there was scarcely anyone in England to whom it occurred that one of the chief war weapons would be open encouragement to rebellion in Bohemia and Croatia. There was little knowledge of or interest in these subject races; how few knew or cared anything about the Czechs, let alone the Slovaks or Slovenians or Slavonians! It took three years of carefully organized propaganda before the leading members of

the British Government had been won over to the scheme. The inception and the success were ultimately due to one man. If there is anyone who may claim the credit—or, as some would call it, the discredit—of the destruction of Austria, it is Dr. Masaryk, the present President of the Czechoslovak State. He is the one man who, as early as August 1914, foresaw the course which the war would take; he at once determined that the end must be the destruction of Austria, and through all his writings, generally so equable, so philosophic, so detached, there runs a vein of hatred—based, as he would tell us, on the profoundest moral reasons—for Austria.

He believed that the opportunity had come for achieving the full freedom and independence of his country, but this he also saw would require a long war, and perhaps he was the only man who definitely foresaw and desired that the war should last for three or four years, for it would require all that time to win over the Allies to his policy and to make them understand that the deliverance of Europe from German hegemony could only be brought about by breaking up Austria into constituent parts and setting up the Slav nationalities each in full independence. In order to carry out this policy he left Austria and in Paris and London began his open propaganda, in which he was helped by his very able lieutenant, Dr. Beneš, who a few months later, at the peril of his life, succeeded in escaping to Switzerland and set up, as he tells us, that organization in Paris which was eventually to develop into a Czechoslovak Government.

III

When, thus, the Peace Conference met, on all the greater matters it had nothing left to do except to ratify and

put on record decisions which had already been made and acts which had already been accomplished. The Austrian Empire had been shattered into fragments. The Conference had to deal with the Republic of Austria, comprising the old hereditary German provinces of the Counts of Hapsburg; so-called Czechoslovakia, the restoration of the old Kingdom of Bohemia, which had been in abeyance for three centuries; and a Kingdom of Hungary, which had dethroned the Hapsburgs and once more claimed to be an independent state. The South Slavonic Provinces had, by their own free act, united with the Kingdom of Serbia; and the great province of Galicia was, as to the western half, already merged into the newly constituted Polish State, while the eastern half, inhabited not by Poles but by Ruthenians, was starting a campaign to maintain its independence of Polish conquerors.

What the Conference then had to do was to give its final endorsement to that which had in fact been achieved, for who would for a moment contemplate an attempt to cancel these acts? When the Peace Conference is charged with having broken up the Austrian Monarchy, the answer is, Do you suggest that British and American soldiers should have been sent to force back the Czechs into a union which they had rejected, or to separate once more the Southern Slavs into separate states?

In some matters the decision of the Conference had been anticipated, even to a further degree, by an arrangement surely unique in diplomatic history. Not only had the Allies given their formal recognition to the newly constituted Czechish State, but the representatives of the Republic of Czechoslovakia were actually invited to take part in the Peace Conference as principals. It was indeed a remarkable position. The Kingdom of Bohemia

and the Duchy of Moravia, as part of the Austrian Empire, had fought throughout the war on the side of Germany. The revolution had taken place at the end of November; it was then, and only then, that Czechoslovakia came into existence, at the same time as, and in the same manner as, the new Republic of Austria. The soldiers of both states had fought side by side during the war; Bohemian representatives had until the very end sat in the Austrian Parliament and even in the Austrian Ministry, but suddenly the Czechs found themselves promoted to the position, not only of friends, but of allies who had taken part in the war against Germany, and they were actually asked to sign the Treaty of Peace with Austria, the state to which they themselves had belonged. When, we may well ask, was Czechoslovakia at war with Austria? Throughout the few days which intervened between the revolution and the armistice they had maintained a representative at Vienna, and friendly relations had taken place between the two infant republics.

That so strange a situation should have been brought about is the highest testimony to the diplomatic ability of Dr. Beneš, who, as we know from his own *Memoirs*, had for a long time been deliberately working to bring it about that his country should appear at the Peace Conference, not in the position which would have normally been assigned to it, as a suppliant, as a subject whose fate was to be determined, but as an active participant in the decisions, on an equality with the older states of Europe.

Let us confess that there is no reason for pride or satisfaction in the manner in which the Austrian question was dealt with by the Conference. Though, as we have seen, the main decisions had been made, there was still much to

be done; all the details of the frontiers had to be determined, and, above all, there was the financial liquidation. In this case there was not merely, as in the case of Germany, the question of reparation and payments to the Allies; the whole question of the liquidation of the Austrian State, the assignment of its assets and liabilities between the constituent parts, the responsibility, for instance, of the pre-war and the war debt, had to be determined. And then again we must never forget that the great importance of the Austrian Monarchy lay not so much in the political or even the military side as in its commercial aspect. It constituted a closed customs union with a population of over fifty million; containing, as it did, both large mineral resources and wide areas of agricultural land, it provided a good market for manufactured articles and for agricultural products. The peasants of Galicia and the manufacturers of Bohemia and Lower Austria both profited by the fact that they belonged to the same commercial unit. Was this to be broken up? Were new barriers of trade to be set up where hitherto all had been free and open? And then there were such problems as the treatment of the railways, the navigation of the Danube, the disposal not only of the fleet, but also of the merchant shipping of Trieste and the Dalmatian coast.

All these things might seem to require early and rapid consideration, for the situation was dangerous. The four years of war had brought about a condition of destitution far beyond that which prevailed even in Germany; there were weeks when mass starvation in the city of Vienna was scarcely avoided. It was above all urgent to restore as rapidly as possible financial confidence and commercial enterprise in order that the ordinary routine of life might begin once more. The Allies

had their representatives at Vienna, who addressed urgent and repeated warnings to their governments, but no notice was taken and no action followed. Four months were allowed to elapse before the consideration of the most difficult parts of the Austrian Treaty was taken in hand, and then the only instructions issued to the commissions was that they should draft the Austrian Treaty on the model of the German Treaty.

There was indeed one exception. The territorial commissions had already begun their work and were busily occupied with the settlement of the frontiers of the new states, one commission for Poland, one for Czechoslovakia, and one for Rumania and Yugoslavia. It will be observed, therefore, that every territorial problem was approached, not from the point of view of the Republic of Austria or of Hungary, but from that of Serbia, Rumania, Poland, and Czechoslovakia; Austria and Hungary were merely the residuum which was left when the new states had been constituted and the transference of territory to Serbia and Rumania had been completed. None the less, so far as the Republic of Austria goes, — and we are on this occasion concerned with that alone, — except with regard to one point, the frontiers are not open to any really serious criticism. The representatives of Austria had indeed in the first enthusiasm of its new existence as an independent state demanded that the German-speaking districts in the north of Bohemia and Moravia should, because they were German-speaking, become part of the Republic of German Austria. The proposal was of course absurd and could not be considered for a moment, for there was no territorial connection between them. The Conference did wisely in accepting the principle that Bohemia should, as to

both Germany and Austria, maintain its old frontiers which had existed unchanged for over five hundred years; unfortunately the pressure exercised by the Czechs led them to assent to some slight diversions, as, for instance, at Gmunden and the Valley of the Morava, which, though in themselves of no great importance, seemed to show an unfortunate bias.

There was more difficulty in coming to a satisfactory arrangement as to the frontier with Yugoslavia, for here a new line had to be drawn; there was no old established provincial frontier which in the least coincided with the linguistic and racial division. The most difficult problem was that of Klagenfurt, and here it was wisely determined to have recourse to a plebiscite, the result of which was that the whole of the disputed area remained Austrian and the frontier was moved south to the natural geographical division, the ridge of the Karawanken Mountains. But as a result the great mass of the German-speaking Austrians remained in their old secular local unions, Upper and Lower Austria, Styria, Salzburg, Vorarlberg, and the Tyrol. The Tyrol, yes; but that brings us to what, by general opinion, is the great blot on the Austrian Treaty, the assignment to Italy of a three hundred thousand German-speaking population who live south of the Brenner!

IV

The ultimate result of all these great events has been to bring about a condition of things which all liberal thinkers before the war looked to as the great ideal to be achieved, and which many of them, now that it has been achieved, make a subject of carping and criticism. Broadly speaking, Europe, including the Austrian Monarchy, has been divided in accordance with the

principle of nationality. The old submerged nationalities, Poles and Czechs, have regained that full independence of which they had been deprived so many generations ago. And in the rest of Europe, roughly speaking, the territory has been so apportioned as to assign the great majority of each race and people to their own national state. The Rumanians of Transylvania have been incorporated in the Kingdom of Rumania, the Southern Slavs have been united to the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, the Slovaks have been freed from Hungarian rule and united to the kindred Czechs. Of course the work has not been perfectly done. There are some places in which the actual drawing of the frontiers seems to be open to considerable criticism. In particular, nobody is quite happy about the northern and eastern frontiers of Hungary, and there is a widespread belief that more Magyars have been transferred to Czechoslovakia and to Rumania than was absolutely necessary. The incorporation, without conditions, of East Galicia, with its Ruthenian population, in Poland, is obviously not an entirely satisfactory decision; it was one taken only after months of arduous labor when no other solution seemed in fact practicable. In many cases any precise apportionment of the different races, each to its own people, was for geographical reasons impossible.

And so we get that 'Minorities' problem of which so much has been heard recently. It is no doubt a serious and interesting and in some ways a baffling problem, but do not let us exaggerate its importance; do not let us be misled into supposing that the fact of the existence of the Minorities problem is, as many would suggest, a condemnation of the new settlement of Europe. Let us get these things in their right proportion; the presence of

a limited number of German-speaking people in Poland, of Magyars in Czechoslovakia and in Rumania, is not comparable to the older situation, when national existence was denied to Poles and to Czechs; all that we have to do with now is the small residuum of a great political problem.

On the whole, in its broad outlines the settlement of 1919 was in accordance with the best political thought of the time and with the principles which had been publicly adopted by the Allies. Whether these principles were right and whether the settlement based on them will prove to have been a wise and profitable one, only time can show. The answer depends not on what was done in 1919, but on the use which the new states make of the opportunities which have been given to them. Naturally enough there was at first a violent explosion of more extreme national feeling. It may well be that in many cases the sudden responsibility thrown upon the newly created states caused a situation with which they did not deal wisely and generously. It is also undoubtedly true that these peoples, suddenly coming into full possession of that independence which they had so long desired, exaggerated just those aspects of state sovereignty which experience showed were most dangerous to the general welfare of Europe. They hastened to show that they could imitate greater states in building up armies, and equally they aimed at making themselves commercially self-sufficient and erected high tariff barriers. They have, therefore, undoubtedly presented to the statesmanship of Europe problems with which it is desirable to deal. Once again do not let us be misled into thinking that the problems of the new Europe are in any way as serious and as dangerous as those of the old Europe which has been superseded.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

NASUS AMERICANUS

MR. SHANDY, father of the immortal Tristram, is one of the first on record to consider seriously the influence of noses upon human destiny. His observations were limited in scope and so his conclusions were faulty in spots. It is too bad that he was unable to visit this continent, for I am sure that the world would have learned something not to be found in the books to-day.

America is historically a remaker of peoples, and her laboratory is between the eyes. Here not only does the nose make the man, but collective noses make the national soul.

As a matter of record, the American Indian conversed in deep breathless grunts. His war cry was a high, nasal howl. His eyes were brooding and sunken beneath heavy supra-orbital ridges. His stoicism has been attributed to dignity, to the encroachment of the whites, to stupidity—all of these symptomatic only. His patient expression strikes a chord of sympathy in the breast of every white American. The European is apt to see in the Indian's face only meanness. Why? The North American Indian has all the appearance of a sufferer from sinus headaches!

These United States were settled by noses and accents of every conceivable sort. The Wessex men of New England pulled 'loabster poats' while the South Saxon Virginian spaded his 'gyahden.' Upstate New Yorkers growled in German gutturals, Georgian Scots burred their words in resonant baritone, Pepysian Londoners turned *i*'s into *e*'s

and *a*'s into *ar*'s along the muddy streets of Philadelphia.

Yet the first American characteristic noted by visiting Europeans was a universal nasality of speech. We were inaccurately noted as the nation that talks through its nose. 'Inaccurately,' I repeat. We are a nation set apart because we are unable to do just that thing. We cannot talk through our noses. Only by grace of surgery can many of us even breathe through them.

Conglomerate as were our racial origins, by the time the migration of pioneers to the Middle West began, a type distinctly American had come into being—the second, third, or fourth generation on this continent. These men, and the women who shared their perils, were alert, long-suffering, laconic, and irascible. Their eyes were sheathed and brooding, their fingers nervous on the trigger. Their bravery in venturing into the trackless wilderness is as unquestioned as is the nasal twang of their speech; but it was a bravery sharpened and intensified by nervousness. Although they showed little or no fear of actual redskins or catamounts, they seemed to live in a perpetual apprehension of the unseen—a chronic, inflammable, bad-tempered dread that raised them to recklessness. In their own phrase, they would fight a rattlesnake and give it the first two bites. Their religion was a sour self-denial through the week, a roaring, hysterical ecstasy on Sunday.

Popular works on family subjects tell us that our lives are allowed to begin through fright. On entering the world we do not know how to start the business of independent breathing, and

we feel stifled. Terrified, we howl aloud, gulping at the air with open mouth. The trick is learned — we are breathing. To close the nose and mouth of the most placid baby will at once provoke a yell of rage, for that first fright is never forgotten. The infant whose breathing is impeded is frightened and knows it. The adult who is not getting a full supply of oxygen is also afraid, but normally he does not know it. Here is the first explanation of American 'nervousness.'

This furnishes the only sane explanation of the fact that our pioneer forefathers took their religion in such uproarious fashion. The Azorean Portuguese is also capable of religious ecstasy; but it makes him smile dreamily and quiets his cheerfully chattering tongue. The true American, under stress of emotion, finds his breath tearing through his throat — not his nose — in sobbing gasps. Soon he is reduced to moaning and writhing, not primarily from the ecstasy itself, but from the way in which the ecstasy shuts off his supply of air. Any sudden change in temperature or humidity, any quick and violent emotion, makes the true American an unpredictable quantity. It overtaxes his already inadequate air supply and sets him nasally bawling for oxygen.

We are almost daily 'lambasted' by viewers-with-alarm as vastly sunk from the high estate of our forefathers. Scholarly articles are written about our racial fear of trivial things, from the shyness with which we buy a gaudy necktie to the burning of the Salem witches, or, more recently, our jihad against the Bolsheviks. I maintain that these very phenomena are proof that we have not degenerated. If we had to, we could again penetrate virgin forests efficiently as soon as we got used to doing without a daily shave. Confronted with a visible enemy, we do no

more running away than any other novice in battle, we quail no more than our European ancestors are known to have quailed. Once instructed in the art of war, we show no lack of courage, endurance, and resource. Our games are notoriously rough and violent.

But the difference is in the things we do not see. It is in the nervous state of mind which multiplies and strengthens the unseen menace of which we have hints, but no real information. In short, while peasants all over Europe breathe oxygen through ample nostrils, we gulp scorched gasoline through tortuous and obstructed labyrinths, and are thus ready at a moment's notice for a sudden alarm which will cause us to reproduce in adult fashion the convulsive gasp with which we started our course through this vale of tears and sniffles. Turbinates may be whittled, septa reduced, tonsils dropped in the bucket, teeth X-rayed, glasses fitted, but our noses remain 100 per cent American. We still have sinus headaches, and we still 'pronaounce' our words.

The great game of deep thinkers and ponderous writers to-day is 'Interpreting America.' This process is usually (a) describing some one American thing as big with potential disaster, (b) assigning as the cause of danger some obliquity latent in the American soul, and (c) announcing an infallible cure which the writer has mined from the diamondiferous clay of his own consciousness.

You are wasting your time, my masters! We are flesh of your flesh. It matters not a jot whence you come or what has been your cultural background; I can find you literally thousands of your brothers among 100 per cent Americans. These Americans have and know all that you declare; but they have something more. They have American noses saddled on the faces and brains of every nation contributing

its quota to the melting pot. These noses permit a mutual understanding of which your effete peoples are incapable. The tie that binds us closest is our ability to prescribe sympathetically for the rhinitis or coryza of friend or foe.

Were I yearning for fame I would not write songs. To paraphrase the well-known sigh, 'I care not who makes the laws of my country, let me but alleviate its noses!' Could I accomplish that feat all history would be my debtor; and world-shaking figures like Hannibal or Napoleon would pale into insignificance.

THE TUNE OF THE TIME

THE Prince came in last, according to his well-known habit. He was dressed, as usual, in black, somewhat vaguely fashioned, as indeed were all the garments of the group awaiting him. Even thus, clad sketchily in the Elizabethan or Jacobean mode, had they originally presented themselves to the imagination of their Author, whose interest in them was rather dramatic than sartorial. The background against which they moved was also vague, and largely composed of arras.

Hamlet seated himself, as is his custom, opposite the King. He knitted his brows thoughtfully.

'It may,' he said, 'have roused conjecture in your minds that I should summon you thus to this undiscovered country.'

'My lord,' said Polonius, who somewhat resembled the picture of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, in the National Portrait Gallery, 'we assume that there is always a method in your madness.'

'It is certainly time,' said Horatio reasonably, 'to seek an unknown locality. We have suffered much in the regions we have known.'

'Ay, there's the rub,' said the Prince. 'It is upon this question I have

called you. We are, I am afraid, to suffer more.'

The Ghost groaned loudly. 'I could a tale unfold —' he began.

'Yes, yes,' said Hamlet, 'I know; your individual, recognizable armor and your sable silvered beard have been ignored; you have even been reduced to a light. We have all been wronged through the centuries, in a variety of ways. I,' — he frowned darkly, — 'I have been played by Women.'

'I have been persistently represented, Your Highness,' said Polonius, 'as a buffoon.'

'What I minded most,' lisped little Osric, slipping to the front, 'was that detestable Modern Dress.' (He was, unlike the rest, attired in brilliant blue and green like a water fly; just as he had floated idly into the mind of his Creator.)

At the words 'Modern Dress' a shudder ran through the group. 'Fashionable mourning in the mad scene!' exclaimed Ophelia, her violet eyes brimmed with indignant tears. 'Alas, we know what we are, but know not what we may be in the hands of a producer!'

Hamlet smiled bitterly. 'A Tuxedo and a cigarette in my greatest soliloquy!' said he.

'But, my lord,' interjected Horatio, in his quieting voice, 'what is the new emergency? Have we not always, in some way, been misrepresented?'

'Never,' said Hamlet, 'with the perverse persistency, the fatuous self-satisfaction, of the present day. Thence arises my fear of evils that we yet know not of.'

'What can it be now?' said the First Player. 'Masks, perhaps? They made us pretend we were marionettes once in *The Murder of Gonzago*. I was thinking a talking movie —'

The Queen spoke, in her sad con-

tralto. 'Are new torments indeed preparing for us, my son?'

'Madam,' said the Prince, 'I observe that another novel custom has appeared upon the stage. As *we* have always been the predestined victims of novelty, and made to march to the tune of the time, I feel a kind of gaingiving lest we should now be required to Think Aloud.'

'Methinks,' said Polonius courteously, 'Your Highness should be accustom'd —'

'I know,' said the Prince; 'but what will the rest of you do? And the fact is, even *I* never did speak my *whole* mind. But that is n't the worst —'

The *dramatis personæ* gathered about him in white-eyed suspense.

'They may insist upon our thinking,' said he impressively, 'not only aloud, but in the Modern Manner.'

'Impossible,' said the First Priest. 'I cannot think in the Modern Manner. It can't be done.'

'Under hypnotism,' said Hamlet musingly. 'They might call up the Unconscious, you know. You may not have followed the Freudian philosophy, Horatio — but I assure you that there are more things in the past of the average adult than we dreamt of in our philosophy at Wittenberg!'

'We might, perhaps, try it,' suggested Horatio mildly, 'lest it be suddenly demanded of us, and we thus be put at a loss.'

'How would you manage a long running aside?' said the First Player curiously. 'Just as a matter of technique.'

'I think the best way would be to turn obliquely away from the others,' said Rosencrantz.

'And speak in a monotone,' said Guildenstern.

'Attempt it now,' commanded Claudius.

At the royal mandate, the two gentlemen stepped forward.

Said Rosencrantz, under his breath, 'Act second, scene second, Guildenstern. My cue is "As fits a king's remembrance"; you'll have to feel for yours.'

Said Guildenstern, essaying the Modern Manner, 'Right oh!'

Each assumed an introverted expression, with eyes half closed.

Said Rosencrantz, as in a kind of trance: —

'Being of so young days brought up with him (I never liked him — never understood him — he had a nasty way — superior — not surprised he's crazy — always was a little off — good chance now to pay him out . . .)'

Said Guildenstern, similarly entranced: —

'When we were eight years old I remember that he gave me a black eye — something to do with marbles — said I cheated — made a deep rut in my experience — shaped my entire life — resentment — fear . . .'

They now opened their eyes, recovered consciousness, and continued the dialogue according to routine; with occasional lapses, however, into the new method.

Said Rosencrantz: 'Put your dread pleasures more into command than to entreaty. (Anyhow, we can't help it!).'

Said Guildenstern: 'But we both obey. (I hope to heaven they'll make it worth our while.)'

'Enough!' said Hamlet. 'Not bad for a beginning — especially as it was n't the juicy part. But, in fact, they would n't demand improvisation; there would have to be a great deal of rewriting — probably done in the United States of America, where this method was developed. What they will do with Mother and me —'

'Surely no man would DARE!' exclaimed a new and deeper voice.

All turned in the direction of the sound, and instantly fell on their knees.

'The Presence!' whispered the Ghost, instinctively recognizing another ghost.

A dazzling light, proceeding from the same point as the voice, increased, and almost prevented the features of the speaker from being seen; but by flashes a great brow was visible.

'Sire,' said Prince Hamlet, 'far be it from me to contradict Him to whom I owe my being. But, even in the past, you may recall Dryden and Nahum Tate — and Garrick. Only the other day, some well-meaning persons made the Falstaff plays into a musical comedy.'

The light proceeding from the Presence had turned deep red, emitting darts of fire.

'With all due reverence both to my Creator and to my Prince,' said Horatio, 'I do not greatly apprehend this form of sacrilege. It involves too many complications. What alarms me is the tendency to impiety in the form of the novel.'

'Ay,' mused Hamlet, 'custom hath made it a property of easiness — Helen, Odysseus, Galahad, Adam — and why not Hamlet, unless the idea were immediately copyrighted? 'T were good to delve one yard below their mines, and blow them at the moon.'

There was a minute's silence. Then Hamlet spoke again, on a deeper note.

'Sire,' said he, 'you gave me once this boon, that I should express forever, in unforgettable words, the whole duty of the player. Would that you had empowered me also to express, for all time, the whole duty of the audience or the reader; had commanded me to make all men know that we — and even you, great Sire! — have our own time, and move to its own tune; that we inhabit our own strange realm of savagery and splendor and passion and delicate elegance and lark-like song; that our words and our garments and

our very souls are woven of a remote past which cannot by any cheap trick be translated to this earth; that between us and the men of all centuries to come there is a great gulf fixed, which *we* can never cross; but that *they*, by an effort of the imagination, uncongenial indeed to the indolent, but immeasurably rewarding, can and must cross to *us* —'

Here Horatio made a conventional gesture, and exclaimed: —

'But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break we our watch up . . .'

Instantly the place and persons vanished, like the fabric of a dream. The last appearance was that of a great Cloud, angrily red, and palpitating as with inner lightning, rushing away above the sea.

THRU ALL MY THOTS

I AM not sure just when thoughts turned into thots, — rhyming, apparently, with dots, and probably as meaningless as a line of them, — but I am sure that anyone who thinks thots is damned. (Samuel Butler, you remember, consigned to eternal hell-fire the man who called trousers pants. A bit extreme. Purgatory would be sufficient for the man who wears gent's pants; besides, we must reserve the lower realm for the thot-ful.) The phrase I am using for a caption I found in a student's theme. Since the course was designed for those with some literary taste, I dropped the offender in favor of a man who, though he frequently misspelled, had the best intentions.

'But,' protested my assistant, a broad-minded fellow, 'we cannot forbid a certain amount of simplified spelling. The students see it every week in such-and-such a magazine.'

I forbore to reply that the students

see every day in the newspapers a variety of crimes, stylistic, narrative, and photographic, which not even the broadest mind would desire to find in their own practice. I did not remind him that out of a nation of ruminants a few perhaps overfastidious individuals reserve their right to abstain from chicle; that though the majority of men go without vests some still wear waistcoats. I did not point out any of these things, because he would have thought me a snob and a mossback. I merely inserted in the printed plan of the course a Law: *So-called simplified spelling will not be acceptable*—thus turning to a good cause (one's own cause is always good) the legislative instinct so proper to a modern American.

Mr. Max Eastman, in a logical and scholarly essay on this subject, has pointed out the inconsistencies, the difficulties, the historical absurdity, of simplified spelling; for my part, I shall content myself with a few observations.

In the name of efficiency, then, why does a people which substitutes 'naborhood' for 'neighborhood' delight to keep 'ye olde shoppe'? Having made night hideous with 'nite,' why does it preen itself in the mastery of a thousand and one names of new products, — Kal-co-voo-moo, Doo-mit-tal-tum, Va-por-do-nol, — all with the correct pronunciation indicated in parenthesis and all entered in the United States Patent Office? In this country we cannot order things simply. We cannot say, 'Let me have a tube of Doe's toothpaste,' or 'Ten gallons of gasoline, please'; rather, 'Have you any Sal-dent-enameline?' or 'Ten gallons of Yorktexicuttachusetts, please.' Ridiculous! In the language of this extraordinary people who write 'express' instead of 'expressed' for fear of a lost moment, a sofa becomes a 'daveno,' a cottage a 'maisonette,' a flat an 'apartment,' a bay a 'breakfast nook.'

If real efficiency, legitimate efficiency, is desired, why not quit simplified spelling and master simple English? The most inefficient document in the world is the modern business letter. Poverty of words necessitates a circumlocution where one syllable would do; attempts at elegance multiply phrases to bewildering jargon. Personal, even intimate, forms, wholly out of place and usually impertinent in a letter of the sort, waste ink and paper. If business men wish so ardently to save time and labor, why can they not sign themselves, as is proper, 'yours truly,' instead of 'most cordially yours,' that highly improper, not to say inefficient, phrase now so much in vogue among advertisers? I have proved ('proven,' our business man would write) to my own satisfaction, at least, that the type of mind hospitable to the new spellings is almost invariably the type which, with windy or dropsical verbiage, bloats expression.

Æsthetically the simplified forms are indefensible. A periodical which employs these forms reprints in every issue a selection of current verse, rewriting according to the taste of the editors. (I notice, by the bye, that although the poems are tampered with, the text of advertisements is left intact.) A poet seeing his work thus mutilated might well find grounds for a lawsuit. The editors have willfully altered his lines; they have removed his work from the traditional literature for which it was intended and have thereby injured the writer's professional reputation. Any man who writes

Through all my thoughts though unexpressed
and finds it reprinted

Thru all my thots tho unexpress
should be awarded substantial damages. Granted that poetry should communicate primarily through the ear; nevertheless, in modern practice

the eye, too, absorbs some portion of the meaning through the arrangement in print. The second version of the line I have quoted is definitely ugly and against poetry. It brings upon its author the suspicion that he may have written it thus originally, and lowers him in the opinion of his readers — or at least readers of taste, to whom, presumably, the writer addresses himself.

But what proof have I that simplified spelling and what we vaguely call literature are incompatible? As I have hinted above, we have gone beyond provable fact and are dealing with matters of taste. I could, of course, point out that no reputable writer employs simplified spelling. I could fall back on Mr. Eastman's arguments, though to do so would bring on me the danger of comparison with excellence. I could reprint a familiar classic in the new forms to shock my readers into agreement. But, in this subject, proof of any sort is nearly useless.

No, I cannot prove this case to anybody. The Victorians had a serviceable, though overworked, word to dispose of anything which, though not sinful, was not acceptable to cultivated men. They used it in describing shrill voices, false elegance, pretentiousness, and all the countless subtleties of bad form. I shall have to fall back on that. Simplified spelling is, in the full sense of the word, common. And good literature is never that.

THE BLUE SKY

ONCE upon a time the charm of lakes and rivers was their stillness. The ripple of the current, the curl of waves along the beach, only deepened their calm. The swimmer slid through the water; the canoeist dipped his silent paddle; a faint whisper at the prow, an infrequent drip from the paddle blade, scarcely distinguishable from the tiny

movements of fish or insect — these alone marked the passage of an alien. Man was assimilated to the element. Infinity opened about him and gave him peace.

But now the silence of lake and river is shattered by motor boats, and the water churned by racing launches whose occupants can barely hear each other shriek above the engines. Imprisoned in a cell of noise, man is no longer one with nature, but bound within his petty personal limits — infinitesimal and alone. As the pedestrian has fled the highway, so swimmers and canoes venture no more upon the open water, but hug the banks in terror of these mechanical demons which banish the very charms they were invented to exploit. Happy the Psalmist, who could walk with God beside still waters! Happy Tennyson, who, at the launch owner's favorite hour, found only

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!

Happy Longfellow, for whom the lovely night in June echoed across the river merely a striking clock, and for whom no motor boat put-putted along the bright reflection of the moon! Alas that the Ancient Mariner was not last as well as first to burst into a silent sea! For the bursters now possess the scene, and few waters are 'stilled at even' in America — not within reach of rock road or steel rail. Silence has retreated to the polar seas, to the mountain tops, and to the heavens. And even there her reign is nearly done. Exploration roars into the arctic; the railroad chugs along the glacier; and the once pathless coast of air is crossed by many trails.

'Thank God,' wrote Thoreau, 'man cannot lay waste the heavens as he has the earth!' Rash optimist! The devastation has begun, and the child is now living over whose manhood the skies

will *not* bend clear and blue and spacious and serene.

. . . The night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies

will no longer be for him an image of healing peace. The blossoming stars will be eclipsed by the glare of aerial traffic, and the heavens will look to him not so much like meadows as like a railroad yard or State Street during the evening rush.

A single airplane winging its silver way through the blue, swooping and sailing like a great bird, shimmering like a celestial dragon fly — here is beauty and strangeness and romance. But what of the heavens when navigation by air has reached the volume of current auto travel? When this truly virgin territory is filled by truck and pleasure planes, by mail lines and freight lines and passenger service? When, instead of the few fine and well-conditioned craft which now soar aloft, the aristocrats of the air are crowded by cheap popular models? When the kids take off in their secondhand plane 'with the cut-out open'? When loose parts begin to drop, and oil to drip, and exhaust fumes obscure the sun? When careless passengers toss out their banana peels and cigarettes? When the speeders crash aloft, the drunks spin on their tails, and the gang goes up with the portable victrola for a little flight after the early show?

Nor is this evil time so far away as one might think. Yesterday, as I stepped from my door, my ears were struck by a loud-speaker broadcasting from above the virtues of a special brand of cigarettes. I stared aloft, and there hung a plane directly overhead, so close that, as it circled to repeat its blatant message, it touched the summit of a giant oak beside my gate. The tree, thus rudely brushed after two centuries of lofty dignity, shook an-

grily. And, for my part, I felt that the human game was up and the last defense of machine-bound man cut from over him if the loud-speaker had claimed the heaven, whose only voice had been the thunder and the wind.

Perhaps laws can be made — and indeed they should be quickly, before vested interests in airways grow up by use — forbidding extraneous noise aloft and confining planes to certain lines of flight and certain altitudes above the city roofs. Yet legislation cannot alter facts. Traffic rules may have prolonged the lives of those who would rather die like men than live like grasshoppers; but they have not made city streets less clamorous and crowded. And so I dread the coming invasion of the skies.

Already the privacy of life has been shorn of two dimensions, and now the third, or vertical, surrenders to assault. Till now the vault of heaven stretched above us to infinity. Till now the soul had room to soar. Till now we had above us only God and the stars. Our lives were roofed by silence, and the narrowing walls of noise closed upon us only from the sides. Yet, even under this horizontal pressure of sound, man at large has almost ceased to think; and, when earth and sky both clang with engine, thought will perish and public opinion die. No doubt invention will devise a semi-silent plane as it has already devised a potentially semi-silent car. But men it cannot change, and experience proves that, given a machine, most men will make a noise. A generation ago the poet could picture in lovely fancy

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales.

But his argosies had 'magic sails,' not roaring propellers. We who have seen and heard the airplane can only gaze at the blue sky above and ponder sadly, 'After Lindbergh, what?'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FEW contributors have been welcomed so frequently and delightedly to the *Atlantic* as **Jean Kenyon Mackenzie**. 'Black Sheep,' her well-remembered letters written while she was a missionary in Africa, appeared during the war. Many times her name has been signed to both prose and verse since then. 'The Trader's Wife' is a performance which we believe will speak for itself. **Count Hermann Keyserling** observes America with an eye unwarpd by preconceptions — at least, by our own preconceptions. **William I. Nichols**, until recently one of the assistant deans of Harvard College, having particular charge of Freshmen, has accepted a post in a business office in Boston. Δ Can nothing be done to prevent the cruel injustice of such situations as **Mamie Hall Porritt** describes from her own experience? **Dean Chamberlin** gives the following account of his education:—

It is hard to remember just when I first started to work in the building game. It is all that I have ever done, except go to school. About a month before my high-school graduation, workmen began to build another school building across the street from the classroom where I was supposedly studying Ovid.

Instead of absorbing the *Metamorphoses*, I was watching the riggers guy their derrick and wondering just how the engineers would drive a connecting tunnel between the two schools. When graduation came, I had to help build that new school. I was a carpenter's apprentice.

In the year between high school and college and during subsequent summers, I 'served my articles' and came out of college with a B.S. degree and a Journeyman's Card. The Card seemed to have a greater immediate value than the diploma, so I decided to give it a trial. The results are in the essay. The diploma is the more valuable.

I am to return to Dartmouth this fall and teach Freshman English. I plan to lock the tool box. Still — there may be big-time rush power houses or dams to help build other summers. There is a glamour about a big construction job (when it is swinging high, wide, and handsome)

that one who has ever been a part of the mad-house never loses. Then, too, it is a wonderful 'purgative' after close association with books.

The game has an honest-to-God personnel. Its men are restless with the restlessness of steam or water; they are hard, for they work with stone, wood, and steel, hard materials; and it is not for nothing that their tools are the level and the square.

At present I am a carpenter on the construction of an airport.

Those who love to ask what is the Great American Novel may spend a pleasant and untroubled half hour with **Edith Franklin Wyatt** contemplating the divagations of the First American Novel and its author. **Henriette de Saussure Blanding** shows that the sonnet may be large in music though small in compass. Δ 'Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years,' by **Harriet Connor Brown**, from which the *Atlantic* has borrowed several characteristic chapters, will shortly be published in book form. Δ *Revolutions*, old and new, are the favorite study of **Lucy Wilcox Adams** and her husband, who is a professor of history. The unnamed personage of 'Not without Dust and Heat' is a symbol which will be easily recognized. **Katharine Lee Bates** will be remembered not only as a poet herself, but as a friend, helper, and encourager of many younger workers in the craft. The quatrain which we print herewith is believed to be the last poem which she wrote; certainly it was composed very near to the time of her death. Δ 'A Diplomatic Incident' is based on research material left by the late Gino Speranza, war-time assistant to Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page in the American Embassy at Rome, and author of *Race or Nation*.

Leland Hall, after teaching music and English at several prominent universities, journeyed to Africa, and found it so pleasant that he now spends most of his time on the Dark Continent. **Henry S.**

Pritchett is president of the Carnegie Foundation for Advancement of Teaching. He has occupied many important positions as an educator and administrator. Δ Readers of Charles D. Stewart's 'Feathers to Burn' may not readily imagine that the humble substance guano has acted as a cause of international conflict. But it is so. This is the year of settlement of that long-standing *cause célèbre*, the Tacna-Arica dispute, over which more than one American arbitration commission labored in vain. The dispute began in 1879, when Chile looked with covetous eyes upon the southern provinces of Peru, especially Tarapaca, with its great guano deposits and nitrate beds. In the course of the dispute, the bulk of the guano deposits has been exhausted. **James E. Boyle** is professor of Rural Economy at Cornell University. **Mrs. Glendower Evans's** name has throughout a long life been linked with the causes of those less fortunate than herself. She sees eye to eye with the MacDonalds and writes of them with an understanding born of natural sympathy.

The second of the series of papers on Soviet Russia by **William Henry Chamberlin**, foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who has traveled and resided in Russia for a decade, reveals again that there are tastes in liberty, as in all things. **Sir James Headlam-Morley** is a prominent English educator and historian. He has served as Historical Adviser to the British Foreign Office.

An almost daily duty in this office is to answer questions about Mrs. Hilda Rose — how she fares and what she needs. A recent letter from her (just four weeks on the way) will answer many queries.

PORT VERMILION, ALBERTA
July 21, 1929

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

It pleased us much to get your letter. The winter was long, but came to an end, and summer is here again. The garden is extra good, as there have been showers nearly every day, and my little cellar will not hold all the vegetables I expect to garner in this fall.

Boy's pups are growing fast and now there are

four dogs to bark at the wolves and coyotes at night. Four powerful dogs no wolves dare tackle and it does make one feel so secure.

The grass and vegetation are so rank and luxuriant. Every fall they die down and if no snow comes we have grass fires. Usually the snow comes early and then the fires come in the spring. These fires are a menace to the new settler until he gets his ploughing done around the cabin. Also the fences go down before the fire unless made of wire.

The homestead is now fenced with a three-strand wire fence, good heavy barbed wire that turns back the range cattle. Then it is cross-fenced into four fields with barbed wire. That fence cost \$366 all together, wire and labor.

The three horses we brought with us died, one each winter. Imported horses nearly always do, because they don't get the care, I presume — warmed water or warm stables or something. Anyway, as one man said about his, 'They up and died on me.' As soon as a horse died I bought a new one in here. They are smaller horses, but tougher and cost together \$350.

We are still in the little cabin, but I am hoping to add another room to it soon. I bought an old log cabin and had it hauled home last winter on the sled. The logs are all numbered so a couple of men can quickly put it together again. It will have to have a new roof, doors, windows, and floor.

I may not be able to get them this year, — biographies sell slowly, — but it is pleasant to see the logs and know that there will be a kitchen by and by. When the day is done I often sit on the pile and plan and dream about the nice kitchen that will grow out of those old gray logs.

The barn is growing also. It is now 20 x 20, but as the years go by it will grow in length until it is 20 x 90 feet. When that is accomplished there will be another story added to it to hold hay. All dreams, but what is life but dreams?

I shall always treasure the copy of *The Stump Farm* that has the editor's autograph in it and Dr. Eliot's and that of all those who helped to make it a success. It was a beautiful present.

Sincerely your friend,

HILDA ROSE

These verses, in the *Atlantic's* mail, were offered as an original contribution. A member of the staff who had once read them on a mellowing tablet in Chester Cathedral demanded an explanation. The lines, it seemed, were quoted by a lady on a Christmas card to a friend who, thinking them original, passed them on to us in the

writer's name. We put them here for our readers' pleasure.

A PRAYER

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh.
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called *I*.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord,
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.

'See things like children with a natural eye,' says the gospel of new Impressionism. A school-teacher sends us from Rome this art criticism of Louis Osborne, a child of five, to which we invite the attention of many contemporary painters and their patient public.

THE WAY TO DRAW

When you draw anything first you get your piece of paper and you get your pencils, then you have a fought in your bean, ('No Louis,' then your 'mind') in your mind. Then what you have in your mind you try to draw on the paper. If you have a horse you make a head and some ears eyes and a mouth. Then you connect it with a neck to a body which has four legs and a long tail. A rat has a long tail but not like a horse's. A rat's is long and thin and a horse's is like a long haired switch. Then you put on some other little marks and ecco the horse!

If you want to do a cow you make a head with horns and ears a different kind of mouth eyes and connect by a fat neck to a square fatish body which has a tail like a shoeing brush on the end of a long rope. Then you do cow-legs, four of them and shoes, cow-shoes, which are not like us but are like two thick finger-nails. When it is on the ground running the nails or hoofs open somewhat. When you have done all this, there you have a cow. Do a small cow but a little different and you have a calf.

To do a goat do about the same as of a cow

but change enough to look like a goat and not a cow. The horns are longer and the tail is different and the hair and the sieze and the smell.

When you draw a boy that is easy. First make a head then some hair and a nose, ears and mouth. Then instead of doing a body you do trousers and stick legs out a coat or sweater and stick on arms and five fingers and five more for the other hand. Make some shoes, make some stockings and a hat and a book in his arm and you have a boy going to school.

To make a girl I really don't know. She is somewhat the same as a boy but some difference such as hair, skirts and such. Well, no, they are not alike and, yes, they are different after all.

To draw a man and woman just do the same difference as for a boy and girl. It depends on what is in your mind.

To draw pictures remember to think first and make your think. That's what I do and Mother says I do well.

As quoted by Mr. Sayre, President Coolidge in his address to Congress on December 5, 1928, said: 'The cost of national defense is stupendous. It has increased \$118,000,000 in the past four years.' President Hoover's recent pronouncement emphasizes the same idea.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In Mr. Sayre's article, 'America at the Cross-roads,' appearing in the July number, mention is made of the cost of naval defense in 1912 as compared with 1926-27. The figures given, 244 million in 1912 and 580 million in 1926, seem on the surface to indicate an enormous increase in naval expenditure on the part of this country. However, when allowance is made for two factors, decrease in buying power of the dollar and increase in population, the corrected figures for comparison purposes no longer appear as alarming as they might seem at first sight. Applying a correction of 60 per cent, the 244 million spent in 1912 appears as the equivalent of 390 million 1926 dollars. Considering further an increase in population of approximately 40 per cent between 1912 and 1926 and assuming that reasonable preparation for defense should increase in about the same proportion as increase in population, the value of 390 million is corrected to approximately 545 million. This corrected figure of the 1912 expenditures is fairly consistent with the actual 1926 expenditure of 580 million. I have not taken the pains to study further the effect of expansion of our foreign trade on any corrected comparison figures of our naval expenditures, but would not be surprised to find the difference of

35 million between corrected 1912 expenditures and actual 1926 accounted for in the phenomenal increase in our foreign trade.

The above calculations may not be exact, as they are the result of a hasty reference to almanacs and yearbooks following reading of Mr. Sayre's article, but they serve to show that America's preparations for war are not as alarming as intimated, and reassure my general common-sense impression that this country has not become increasingly warlike in spirit in the last decade and a half.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM SAYNER

Shakespearean America.

PASCO, WASHINGTON

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The article in your August number by Charles Morrow Wilson entitled 'Elizabethan America,' in which certain portions of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee are described as unique in that the people retain to a large extent the English of the time of Shakespeare, is subject to only one criticism: it ignores other sections which 'enjoy' the same peculiarity.

In southern Indiana, living among the hills surrounding the famous French Lick Hotel will be found a people commonly and habitually using exactly the same idiom. Indeed, there is not a peculiar word or expression set forth in Mr. Wilson's article that I do not recall having heard in common use among these people in my boyhood days.

They are the descendants of early American settlers who came west mostly from Virginia in the days immediately after the Revolutionary War, mostly through the Cumberland Gap — as did the Lincoln family, for instance. The country in which they settled is rugged and largely unproductive, and their experience has, no doubt, been similar to that of those who settled in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. In this vicinity the Lincoln family settled for a time and here is found the grave of Nancy Hanks. Living among the neighboring hills to-day are the descendants of her friends and familiars — still speaking the English that she spoke.

Very truly,
C. M. O'BRIEN

Prompted by a Club paper, 'Our Educational Tablecloth,' a correspondent, Mrs. George Edward Clark, remarks that many years ago an original hostess helped herself to a large number of mossy headstones, with which she paved her dining room. Her guests read with absorbed interest the *hic*

jacets, often in rustic rhyme, which were bestrewn beneath their feet, and no little amusement was derived from the quaint epitaphs over which they hitched their chairs. Breakfast became a brighter meal.

Automobiles and employment.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In the August Contributors' Column, Mr. N. L. Mangouni of Detroit takes exception to Mr. E. A. Filene's statement that 'in the motor industry there is no evidence of even temporary unemployment due to increased production.' Then Mr. Mangouni proceeds to prove ably that Mr. Filene would have been wrong if he had said only that 'in the motor industry there is no evidence of unemployment.' But Mr. Mangouni did not catch the real meaning of Mr. Filene's statement, which, if I read correctly, was this: —

Increased production due to better machinery has caused neither permanent nor even temporary unemployment in the motor industry.

I think Mr. Mangouni will agree with that statement. Detroit's labor troubles arise, not from machinery, but from changes in the market which are always difficult, often impossible, to predict. The machinery is right; the principle of mass production is right; the market is the stumblingblock.

Hundreds of inferior cars may be sold in a single city because one or two 'key people' take a fancy to the horn and buy cars of that make. An otherwise superior car may fail utterly because its colors are not fashionable at the moment. Some years ago, sedans were the smart bodies. Then coaches came in — and went out. Now we have the rumble-seat roadsters. What next?

Unhappily, no one knows. Some day, mass psychology may be so charted that fashion can be predicted. Or mass production so organized that sweeping changes can be made overnight. Until then, employment will be unstable.

But I hope that day never comes. I'd be so bored! Would n't you, Mr. Mangouni?

J. B. YONKER

A republican tribute to royalty.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

F. Lyman Windolph has written for the June *Atlantic* an interesting bit entitled 'King Street,' after one of Lancaster's main thoroughfares. On it met the Continental Congress when a few jumps ahead of the Redcoats in the spacious days of the 1770's; and near it the Proud Saxons,

members all of the Superior Race and of the Christian Church, massacred a band of some thirty Conestoga Indians, old men and women and a few children.

But for the sake of oddity and variety, let us recall another side of the picture of King Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Despite the bitterness of the War for Independence, it seemed never to have occurred to the robust sense of those colonials to change the names of King, Queen, Duke, and Prince streets, and Lancaster still has them. In Brooklyn, too, they have still the King's Highway of song and story, not to mention Virginia with its Princess Anne County and other instances which might be mentioned. Contrast this with the French after the War of 1870-71, when they sought to change history with a stonecutter's chisel, erasing the 'N' from the stone bridges of Paris built by Napoleon III.

But Lancaster has other titles to distinction which cannot be overlooked by 'Truthful Chronicler,' as the First Person Singular loves to call himself; it contains a Providence, an Eden, and a Paradise. But its première claim to immortality lies in the fact that it has a 'Bird in Hand,' believed to be the only one in the Solar System!

DANIEL GIBBONS

'Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.'

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DEAR ATLANTIC, —

When my son, aged three, first saw the ocean he asked for the ocean's name. When I replied that it was the Atlantic Ocean he said: 'I don't think they should use that name for this ocean. The name Atlantic belongs to the magazine.'

Very truly yours,

FORREST E. LONG

Home has so many defenders — institutions so few!

HAMPTON ROADS, VA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

I read Mr. Julius Rosenwald's article on the 'Principles of Public Giving,' in the May issue, with the greatest interest; but, with all due regard and respect for this gallant gentleman, I, as one brought up in my childhood in an orphan home, cannot quite agree with him on the thought he gave vent to in a paragraph regarding the inferiority that life in an orphan asylum creates in the child.

The Children's Orphan Home, Fort Lee, New

Jersey, means, with all the significance of the word, *Home*. There the visitor will find beauty, both in the children and the surroundings in which they abide. There is no inferiority or any such distinction there, for they are brought up with the knowledge of God and country, even as the children of private life; they attend the public schools of that city; have the same advantages of an American education offered to those other families in the vicinity of the Home.

I have been in the Naval Service almost four years, have traveled to several continents, and have been associated with people in all walks of life, both in this country and elsewhere, still I have yet to suffer any inferiority complex because I happened to be an orphan. If an orphan considers himself inferior in any respect, he can generally trace his inferiority to the machinations of his own mind. There are quite a number of orphans who have had good institutional training in their childhood who have made a mark for themselves in life; a mark worthy of the competition of those persons who have been more fortunate in having home life and a mother and a father living. You will generally find that an orphan is most courteous to a woman or an older man, for they inevitably have a vision of the woman who was their mother and the man who was their father.

The children of the Home which I have reference to in this letter are well taken care of; they have plenty to eat; a clean bed in which to sleep after a day full of childish vigor, expended in God's own fresh air; and, last but not least, an American public school in which they are taught the three 'R's.' Religion, the teachings of Christ, and Christlike deeds are furnished these children as 'food for thought.' This same Home can hold its head high and look anyone in the eye who would suggest immorality in the children who have gone from it or those who are now there.

A body of Alumni has been formed by the former children of this Home, and the members of it are paying dues to the Alumni's treasury, to help in their own way those who will come to the Home in the ensuing years. This is probably something unheard of in the annals of orphanages. The consideration of an Educational Endowment Fund is before the Alumni at this writing, which will be started by the payment of dues to this fund by the Alumni members themselves. So we have here an example of coöperation from the former children of the Home, which in itself speaks well for it. This fund will further the education of the brightest scholars in their classes.

JOHN T. JENSEN

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A Group of New Novels

IN a prefatory letter to a friend, **Richard Aldington** tells how he began *Death of a Hero* almost immediately after the Armistice in a snow-covered cottage in Belgium, only to destroy the manuscript and recommence it ten years later. Straight out of the horror of war came a remarkable crop of stark books by young men — Barbusse, Latzko, E. E. Cummings, Dos Passos. Now, after an interval when young authors seemed more anxious to write about the May moon or green hats or anything else unconnected with mud and cannon, comes a second fruiting.

The mood in which Richard Aldington writes is summed up in his judgment of post-war London journalism: 'If this, or indeed anything, much mattered, one might be tempted to deplore it.' The life of the hero — George Winterbourne — did not matter much to himself or to others. But he would have been a little shocked as well as heartily amused and somewhat relieved to see how little his death did matter to the four whom it might have concerned — his father, his mother, his wife, his mistress. Mr. Aldington states his theme in a prologue. Somehow we feel we must atone to the dead, the violently murdered soldiers. But it is not in them but in ourselves, he believes, that lies the blood-guiltiness, 'the poison that makes us heartless and hopeless and lifeless — us the war generation and the new generation, too. So in the next three parts and in an epilogue he tells the story of George Winterbourne and the generations that begat him: George, a symbol, unassertive, inarticulate, honorable; and why his life did not matter. Beneath a superficial insouciance, here is deadly earnestness. The war only brought to a head and let loose the corruption that betrayed these generations. Mr. Aldington is too much of what he writes to avoid the skew that warped the lives of his characters; but for that same reason his book has passion and savor, and its vigor holds it above the petty sentimentality of pathos or reeking realism.

In strange contrast, out of the war **Ernest Hemingway** has drawn an idyll, one of the last things one might have expected him to draw out of anything. I suspect that *A Farewell to Arms* has been a long time in crystallizing

through and beyond the smoky clatter of Montparnasse cafés. This story of the Italian front and Lieutenant Henry and the Scotch nurse, Catherine Barkley, has the strange power of his earlier books in suggesting overtones through laconic dialogue; and beyond this technical mastery a wider and deeper reach of emotion than Hemingway has dared before. Catherine's death did matter, terribly. Here, in a sense, is the antithesis of Aldington's story: the same war generation, in the one case finding in the crucible that the residue was dross, in the other glimpsing its gold only to lose it. Possibly *A Farewell to Arms* is one of those few books which may find favor in the eyes of both the younger generation and the broader-minded of the elders.

It is like taking the Paris express to turn from this to **André Maurois's** *Atmosphere of Love* in the translation by **Dr. Joseph Collins**. Here is a very different sort of love from the fervors of German schoolboys, and yet, though it concerns adults only, I imagine a psychiatrist might rise up to call it somewhat adolescent. Philippe Marcenat could break his heart over his wayward child-wife Odile; and yet, when Isabelle succeeded Odile, bringing the utter devotion which he had thought he craved, Philippe himself became the wayward heartbreaker. *Atmosphere of Love* is sensitive, restrained, subtle, and, above all, intelligent; quite perfect of its kind. Its kind is a little remote; it has more the tone of a memoir than of a novel. Even amid the emotions M. Maurois is more the critic than the creator.

Across the Channel, in far less detached vein, **Sylvia Thompson** also discloses adult male childishness. *Chariot Wheels* sweeps the reader through the vivid story of Cressida as a young girl, her marriage to Lester Midge, a buoyantly successful journalist and novelist who never managed to be quite a gentleman, and their daughter Stella. Cressida yearned for emancipation in the good old pre-war way. Running counter to the serene traditions of her leisure-class family, she married Lester Midge and the glamour of his ideals and his ability. When she came to see the man apart from these, it never occurred to her not to accept the bargain



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

and make the most of it. Because she was not capable of using people to serve her own ends, she continued as the victim bound to Lester's chariot wheels, an ever-present solace to his vanity.

'Artists,' observed Cressida's eccentric aunt, 'are like modern domestic servants — they claim privileges, and don't seem to feel any obligations.' Cressida was a victim (though happily not a martyr — she had too much integrity to pity or even dramatize herself) of a successful husband; in the end it was she and not Lester who continued to believe in the ideals that he had taught her. 'I suppose,' young Stella said bitterly to her father, 'you're like lots of successful people. You're repelled by failure because it's the grisly thing that might have happened to you and did n't. You've been successful in your career, in health, in love — in everything. You can afford to be sarcastic about lost causes — but very often they're the ones that matter.'

Smaller and smoother words would be needed to describe the newest book of another leading English woman novelist, **G. B. Stern's *Modesta***. Miss Stern can write richly and powerfully; she did so in *The Matriarch* and *A Deputy Was King*. But here she is being charming, very charming, in an ultramodern *Taming of the Shrew*, gayly satirizing the English, the Italians, the Americans, and so on. Her Italian sunlight will seem pleasant in the dull days of November. *Modesta* would be an entertaining offering for a traveler Europe-bound on a maiden voyage.

And for a traveler similarly bound to America, what could be at the same time more enlightening and more puzzling than a trilogy of native novels of the past few weeks: **Maristan Chapman's *Homeplace***, **Fannie Hurst's *Five and Ten***, and **Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's *Short As Any Dream***?

Like its predecessor, *The Happy Mountain*, *Homeplace* is a story of the Tennessee hills in the bright clear imagery of the speech of the mountain people. Miss Chapman's prose has something of the quality of J. M. Synge. Possibly it is because both have written of remote places and simple people whose emotions and senses are quick to be stirred by the uncomplicated pageantry of the life about them. *Homeplace* is a happy story of lovers whose troubles finally are driven clean away, an almost unreal happy story it seems to some of us who live under the canopy of city smoke or have glimpsed Miss Chapman's Tennessee only from the outside of its unpainted houses with the lean sentinels of hounds.

Five and Ten has the lush vitality which is Fannie Hurst. Here is the America of staggering fortunes, of great Fifth Avenue houses fronting on the park, of sables, motor cars, and country clubs. But beneath this opulence there is no satisfying happiness for John G. Rarick, who has seen his chain of five-and-tens sprout like magic from the little Nick Nack Store in St. Louis; nor

for Jenny, his narrow-faced wife, whose tiny patrimony started the venture; and still less for their children, restless Jennifer and silent Avery. Their house of gilt is hollow; and in the end Rarick seeks to end his curse of Midas by turning his hundred and eighty millions to preventive philanthropy. Beneath its grandiose display of detail (like an extra-super-movie attraction) and ardent manipulation of character, Miss Hurst's story has human warmth and more than a little salty common sense.

Of a very different lineage comes Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's *Short As Any Dream*. This is the America of the pioneers — in eighteenth-century Maine, in Minnesota during the Indian wars of the sixties, in the early days of California, and the youngest generation back in Maine and alien New York. These Americans had no need to batter down walls of gold. Their trust lay not in betraying riches, but in the beloved traditions woven into the meaning of home. Close to a century and a half runs through this family chronicle in bright flashes glimpsed through moving time, like pebbles in the clear bed of a brook. Its poignant distinction is as different from the flamboyance of *Five and Ten* as a mayflower is different from a peony.

I have saved to the end the book that is hardest to write about — *Ultima Thule*. Its author, **Henry Handel Richardson**, is a woman who has written under this pseudonym for twenty years, and *Ultima Thule*, a complete story in itself, is the third volume of a trilogy whose first two parts met with commercial failure. But through these years the author has gained a quiet mastery of her characters which now produces one of the most impressive books of the season, perhaps for many seasons to come. It is the story of an English physician, no longer young, who returned to Australia to try to remake the fortune he had won there and lost, and of his wife and their children: the lives of them all, and his death. To say that it is pure tragedy may give an inaccurate impression of gloominess, for it is the tragedy of Aristotle, 'complete and whole and of a certain magnitude,' by pity and fear lifting us beyond our own concerns. In a book so deep and sure as this it would seem irrelevant to talk of nationalities or older and younger generations. It is not a mirror of the past or present, but of the realities that we all face when we have the courage.

MARY ROSS

Death of a Hero, by Richard Aldington.

New York: Covici-Friede, Inc. 1929. \$2.50.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. \$2.50.

Atmosphere of Love, by André Maurois, translated by Dr. Joseph Collins. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1929. \$2.50.

Chariot Wheels, by Sylvia Thompson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1929. \$2.50.

NEW NOVELS—and other things



A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN, by *Virginia Woolf* is a very pointed consideration by the author of *Orlando*, of woman's peculiarly ignominious past, rather doubtful present and possibly interesting future,—aided by the author's lunching off partridge in a men's college and dining on prunes and custard in a woman's dormitory,—and finding that whole sections of the British Museum are full of facts about women—written by men. \$2.00

BROTHERS AND SISTERS, by *I. Compton-Burnett* is the English literary discovery of the year. HUGH WALPOLE finds in it "conversations among the most remarkable in English literature. As real and vivid as Jane Austen." RAYMOND MORTIMER writes, "I wish everyone interested in fiction would try *Brothers and Sisters*." \$2.50

THE KEPT WOMAN is the new novel by *Vina Delmar*, author of *Bad Girl* and *Loose Ladies*, and fulfills the New York Herald Tribune's prediction that "*Bad Girl* introduces a talent mature, vigorous and probably significant." \$2.50



THE HOUSE OF GOLD is *Liam O'Flaherty's* most powerful novel and is described by the Philadelphia Ledger as "flawless." "convincing characters, credible plot, smooth style and power, place high among the best novels of the year." \$2.50

THE CRADLE OF GOD is a frank and moving story of the birth of Christianity. Though startlingly fresh in its manner of rediscovering and representing ancient truths, it is a deeply religious book. With the heart and mind of a pagan, *Llewelyn Powys* evokes the mysterious spirit that broods over the immemorial acres of Palestine, The

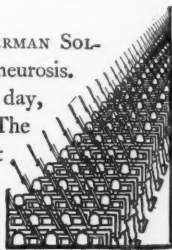


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SEVEN IRON MEN is *Paul de Kruif's* new book about the seven iron hunting Merritts and how they won—and lost—the greatest iron mines ever discovered in our country. The first great romance of the Age of Steel,—by the author of *Microbe Hunters*. \$3.00

A HOUSE IS BUILT, by *M. Barnard Eldershaw*, is the Australian \$5,000 prize novel. ARNOLD BENNETT "finds it hard to discover faults with this extraordinary book. Its quality is epic. Time marches through it in the grand manner. It is a phenomenon of modern fiction." \$2.50

SCHLUMP: THE STORY OF A GERMAN SOLDIER. Here is a war hero without a neurosis. Schlump just lives along from day to day, taking his comedy with his tragedy. The consensus of the German press is "what *Schlump* has experienced is what every front soldier has suffered. It is the folk song of the war." \$2.50



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

Modesta, by G. B. Stern. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. \$2.50.

Homeplace, by Maristan Chapman. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. \$2.50.

Five and Ten, by Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. \$2.50.

Short As Any Dream, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. \$2.50.

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson. New York: W. W. Norton and Co., Inc. 1929. \$2.50.

Up to Now: An Autobiography, by Alfred E. Smith. New York: The Viking Press. 1929. 8vo. 434 pp. Illus. \$5.00.

At a private dinner in May of this year, some forty Harvard professors, representing every department of learning and including scholars of international distinction, had as their guest the late governor of the State of New York. Seldom has an occasion furnished more dramatic contrasts. The circumstances of that dinner shed much light upon American society; they also furnish the clue to the understanding of Governor Smith's career. Undeniably he is one of those rare personalities who arouse and permanently retain public love and devotion. Wholly unlike Fox and Clay, and in his career far happier than either, Smith is very much like them in the control he has exercised over men's feelings through imagination. Imagination, however, is merely the instrument of persuasion. It is the art whereby insight and understanding are made to prevail.

And herein lies Governor Smith's greatest significance. Neither charm nor contagious humanity makes him share with George Clinton the distinction of having been elected four times governor of New York. The man who spoke to the Harvard professors at that dinner moved them not by his bonhomie but by his knowledge of the business of government. He addressed them as one of their own number might have addressed them, save that he talked with more vivid reality, with deeper insight, with more subtle understanding, about the pulls and pressures, the stresses and strains, of government than do professors of government. As Governor Smith concluded his two hours' talk on the actual workings of the present-day government of the State of New York — on what statesmanship is like in action — one of the diners, a Boston brahmin who admires Governor Smith but did not vote for him, exclaimed, 'I wish Aristotle might have heard that!' Without knowing it, Governor Smith is an Aristotelian. His thinking follows the impact of fact. Perhaps, since he has a mind open to fact and powerfully responsive to its meaning, it may have been a real advantage to Smith to have been free from the usual book learning about government.

In this book we are given Governor Smith's own account of the evolution of a modern statesman. I venture to believe that this personal story,

together with the 'source material' contained in the collection of Smith's state papers published last year, would serve as an illuminating introduction for young Americans into the problems of government. Certainly it has more reality, more insight, more meaning, than any book by any professional political scientist that comes to mind. To an extraordinary degree in this instance, the style is the man. The outstanding characteristics of Alfred E. Smith, conceded alike by political friend and enemy, are stamped on every page of this book — simplicity, sincerity, urbanity, and love of his kind.

But *Up to Now* is more than an important political document. It is one more chapter in the story of American civilization. The United States is a culture in process. Its virgin lands, and the variety of peoples that have come to it, are its distinguishing characteristics among nations. More light is shed upon the clash and fusion of groping forces in America in valid autobiographies of significant American personalities than in most of the writings of professional historians. Governor Smith's autobiography joins these books of illumination. It belongs to the literature of America in the making — on the shelf of Americana it must be placed alongside the autobiographies of Booker T. Washington, Jacob A. Riis, Mary Antin, Michael Pupin. All these books revivify one's Americanism — not the Americanism of formal salute to the flag or the demand for a great navy, but the Americanism of which Emerson was the prophet and Lincoln the political symbol.

FELIX FRANKFURTER

Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years, by Harriet Connor Brown. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1929. 8vo. xvi+369 pp. Illus. \$3.00.

THERE is a strange satisfaction about living in the past. We find it as individuals, and more and more as we get older delight to recall and revive the little incidents and circumstances, the varied, long-forgotten human relations, which in their far-reaching insignificance have made us what we are to-day. And the charm attaches more broadly and deeply to the memory of humanity in general. It is not only an interest of mere gossiping curiosity, the collecting and classifying of odd, unrelated events for mere pastime. But all this curious investigation of the past has direct and constant bearing on the present. By learning something of what men have been we are able to divine something of what they are and what they are likely to become.

And it is not only the study of great historical events which makes the past and so the present alive for us. The penetration into the minute detail of the daily life of individuals is often more helpful and more significant. Thus such a vast canvas as is unrolled in this intimate record of Grandmother Brown's long years, petty and trivial as it sometimes seems, sheds a baring, re-



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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

vealing light upon life just as you and I live it, right here, to-day. We are swept back over three generations and find men and women toiling and suffering and hoping and laughing and weeping over the same petty, absorbing human matters which engross ourselves, in their momentary vastness, to the exclusion of everything else.

Here is the rude struggle for existence as it went on in the Middle West in the first half of the nineteenth century, the close sense of the bare realities of life, the gripping pressure of elementary need met by the strenuous exertion of elementary human capacity. Here is the education of a hundred years ago, primitive as it seems to us, yet sturdy and solid in implanting the essentials. Here are the domestic manners, simple, homely, direct, yet with the kindly sympathy that comes from deeper understanding. Here is the sure structure of morals, built not on a slippery expediency, but on the firm basis of the Commandments. 'I'll not compromise when I think a thing is wrong,' says the old lady. And again, in view of some of the things she sees about her: 'If immodesty is n't immoral, what is?' And under it all is the substantial fabric of orthodox Christianity, as securely Fundamentalist as anything in Dayton, Tennessee.

When we read of it all and look about us, we feel in that earlier world an atmosphere of restraint, repression, discipline, which would stifle the rampant twentieth century. 'Do, not as you would, but as you ought.' What a strange, antediluvian, incomprehensible doctrine! Those were the days when the categorical imperative meant something. We wonder just how much it means now.

And here comes in the bearing of past upon present. For it was precisely these instincts, habits, virtues, we used to call them, which made the America of our fathers. If they are forgotten, or banished, or explained and psycho-analyzed, which comes to much the same thing, will the twentieth century unmake America, or will it develop a better, richer, surprising, more satisfying world? Some of us may live to see.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

The Book of Puka-Puka, by Robert Dean Frisbie. New York: The Century Co. 1929. 8vo. 356 pp. Illus. \$3.50.

READERS of the *Atlantic* are already familiar with the young trader who opened a store on Danger Island, remote and lonely atoll, where he was the only white man among natives as little transformed by American and European influences as may be expected in this day when the cowboy, cinema style, is known even in the South Sea Islands. But this connected volume of his reminiscences may fittingly be noticed here, for it contains many adventures not included in his magazine papers and some material which could not have made its appearance in a magazine with perfect decorum. Mr. Frisbie does not pretend that he observed a strict moral code in his ami-

able adventures among the South Sea Islanders. Nor does he make an unpleasant boast of conquests which were scarcely conquests. He has the unusual capacity of carrying his indulgences with a light hand and an easy conscience. If there is a distinction between healthy and unhealthy vices, few readers will hesitate to assign Mr. Frisbie's to the former class.

This is an informal book, which pleasantly snubs the usual classifications. It is wholly free from the calculated search for the quaint, the systematic pursuit of 'local color,' superstition, dark suggestions of orgy, and other meretricious inducements with which the usual travel book is larded. Nor does it make a parade of anthropological lore, dressed out with assumptions of learning. Yet there is an abundance of all that is real in any of these qualities in Mr. Frisbie's book, unsystematically but entertainingly and honestly presented, with easy but resourceful and unfailingly effective language. Mr. Frisbie seems in all truth to have loved his solitude, his books, and the vagaries of trading with natives who bought shoes because they squeaked. If it could be said of him that he found them playing marbles and left them shooting craps, the liberal-minded reader will nevertheless feel that his influence was less destructive than the influence of men with higher motives but less understanding has often proved. He felt a real affection for his neighbors, and amused himself for years on end with observations of their habits and intimate penetration into their legends, ceremonies, and customs.

It remains only to add that in jacket, binding, and illustrations the publisher has done all that he can to discourage mature and self-respecting people from buying the book. There ought to be a new edition, but, failing that, better by far the book in its present form than not at all.

THEODORE MORRISON

Beethoven the Creator, by Romain Rolland, translated by Ernest Newman. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. 8vo. 432 pp. Illus. \$3.00.

ROMAIN ROLLAND, now sixty years of age, says in his introduction, 'I will refresh my eyes a last time at the sun of Beethoven. I will say what he was for us — for the peoples of a century. . . . To-day, when we see a new generation detaching itself from this music that was the voice of our inner world, we perceive that that world was only one of the continents of the spirit.' What that continent is like, no one has stated more eloquently than Rolland in his second book on Beethoven, which is itself the first of a promised series of three on what he has selected as 'the great creative epochs.' The popular legend of the Promethean Beethoven is here revived in greater glory than ever.

If the 'new generation is detaching itself from this music,' it must be largely because of a natural recoil from excessive Beethoven worship

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in the past; though Rolland attributes this detachment to a new view of life resulting from the Great War. It seems to many altogether likely that much of Beethoven's work is bound to survive whatever changes of musical fashion may come and go, while the story of Beethoven the man will become dimmer and dimmer. Future music lovers will know that he suffered, loved, and composed with joy and painful struggle, but they will not try to solve the problem of which particular dated experience led to which particular composition. Rolland is deeply concerned with such problems and is persuasively confident of his own solutions. His conclusions are supported by careful and intrinsically interesting documentation, which, however, is now and again abruptly abandoned if inconvenient or contradictory to a desired dramatic effect. Rolland accepts all of Beethoven's own statements, without allowing for his love of hyperbole. Consequently the book just misses becoming an authoritative source of historical fact. But it is a wonderful and unique accomplishment in the inspired picture that it gives of Beethoven living, feeling, and in the very act of composing.

One other unique feature of this book consists in a new theory in regard to the origin and effect of Beethoven's deafness, based on the recent investigations of Dr. Marage, an eminent authority on the ear. In a letter to M. Rolland, Dr. Marage says, 'The cause of Beethoven's deafness seems to me to have been the congestion of the inner ear and the auditory centres, a congestion due to the overworking of the organ by his furious concentration, his terrible fixity of idea, as you so well express it.' Rolland asks, 'Did not the deafness, in its turn, make the genius, or at all events aid it?' Dr. Marage says, 'His deafness . . . had this peculiarity, that if it cut him off from the outer world it had the advantage of maintaining his auditory centres in a state of constant excitement. . . . Subjects attacked by labyrinthitis frequently hear lovely melodies that fill them with delight, but which, try as they will to fix them, they cannot retain.' A new Beethoven problem!

Ernest Newman has translated Rolland's book with such lucidity and naturalness as to make it an act of atonement for his own *The Unconscious Beethoven*.
EDWARD BALLANTINE

The Life of Lady Byron, by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. 8vo. xvi+501 pp. Illus. \$5.00.

If it is true that there exists to-day a revival of interest in Byron, this book will surely add to its growth. While it will not put an end to controversy (nothing will ever do that) over certain unpleasant aspects of the poet's life, it will, at least, convince all fair-minded readers that Lady Byron was not the cold and inhuman person that romantic opinion has too often and with too much vehemence held her to be. This work is biography at its best. It is not only a book for

the scholar, thoroughly and convincingly documented, but a book for the general reader as well.

In spite of her virtuous bringing up at the hands of middle-aged parents who had waited fifteen years for her, their only child (they wanted and expected a boy), it is not too difficult to understand Annabella Milbanke's infatuation for Byron. It is not too difficult, even, to understand how two years after her first refusal of him, and in the face of the most disinterested attitude ever presented by a lover to his lady, she married him that wintry day at Seaham. She knew some of his indiscretions and suspected others, she knew his temper and his scorn, but she was in love with him and that was enough. She did not need, what this book proves she had in such large degree, the feminine urge to protect and to reform.

It is less easy to understand why he married her. Born with a keen eye for the discernment of cant and hypocrisy, with a love of poetry and some urge to write it, she was yet without that touch of real imagination which gives one the ability to sympathize with the ways and opinions of others. She was held too rigidly in the confines of her own standards, and those standards were both high and narrow. But Byron insisted on her 'placidity.' Did he see in her some sane pattern to lead him out of his chaos? Was he really ill over the situation with his half-sister Augusta and disgusted with the memory of previous affairs? And, at least before the first proposal to Annabella, did he suppose that marriage with her would work some charm to keep him from the disastrous step into incest?

There was not even this possible excuse for the second proposal, made easy though it was by Annabella's letters, for by this time the fate that he had feared had overtaken him and he had surrendered.

Is it enough to say of Annabella that she loved him, in answering the question why she stayed with him as long as she did? Think of him with his dagger and pistol, his rantings, and his loathsome insinuations about Augusta, while she had only to leave him. Had she left him promptly and returned to her parents at Seaham she would never have let herself in for all the condemnation she was to receive later just because she did stay with him. 'Could he really have been so bad?' her accusers were to ask, and to answer for her, 'No.'

The inevitable separation after Ada's birth does not spell the end of Lady Byron's tragedy. That was to be lifelong. Consider the amazing correspondence and 'friendship' with Augusta, the interest in Medora and the next generation after Medora. Think of the 'blackmail' of her on the part of all of them. Was it as a relief from all this that she turned to her juvenile committees, her industrial and agricultural schools? Truly Lady Byron was a strange character. Anyone who would know Byron must know her and must, therefore, read this book, a masterpiece of its kind.
F. R. McCREARY

